

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XXI: : No. 52.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1859.

SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

Poetry.

From the *Harvard Comm. Press.*

GRANDMOTHER.

BY FIAN.

Grandmother had a little old worn Bible,
Then she'd sit and read it from the honest brow,
(The sunbeams and the air was hot and sultry.)
And said to me: "Well, child, listen now,
For I'll tell you the long promised story
Of the man whose name is still a household word;
Although his many years have passed in Heaven,
Joining the angel choir, her voice was heard."

"She was the daughter of our village pastor;
A quiet maiden, full of simple grace;
All loved her for her goodness and her frankness,
And for the winning sweetness of her face.
A few years later, when she was a maid,
Her golden hair, and deep earnest eyes,
Set one a-dreaming, even before he knew it,
Of playful sex, and of clear blue skies."

"When Sabbath morning came, with holy quiet,
You'd never raise her from the usual seat;
She loved to hear the hopeful words of promise,
And psalms and hymns of Zion to repeat.
She was a faithful and an earnest Christian;
And her young heart, so innocent and true,
That, from her soul full eyes, often flashed
Her thoughts of love and purity shone through."

"I loved the quiet maiden, wood and wren her;
And twas the happiest moment of my life,
When forty years ago this very evening,
Dear Mary promised she would be my wife!
Our home was a brown farm house, low and humble,
Nestled amid the spreading maple trees—
Grand wind whips, which sent forth sweet, charming
music."

Answering the twinges of the gentle breeze,
Our ladies, now, are like the valley lily;
They neither toil nor spin—but live at ease;
Yet Solomon, in all his regal glory,
Was not as yet as rich as I am now;
Not so was Mary, who loved to labor,
And diligently worked with willing hands;
Performing, heartily each household duty,
Guiding with love, our little household band."

"Her dress was always simple, neat and modest,
Her voice would cheer one, like the song of birds,
And ever for the outcast and down-trodden,
She had some word, or sweet, or hopeful word.
—I see I can give you a description
Of her virtues, and of every grace;
In the last chapter of the book of Proverbs
Her rare and perfect character you'll trace."

"She had her pets, and plants, and favorite authors;
And took a motherly and tender care,
Of her white lamb, and robin, and her kitten,
And of her garden, filled with flowers fair,
Her library of books was small and precious;
This Bible, her most choice, she left to me;
And now as I read, beside some teaching passage,
The pencil I drew, from her dear hand, I see."

"Ten years she walked with life's varied pathway,
Guiding my footsteps, smoothing the rough way,
Making me truly home, an earthly heaven,
Teaching us love and wisdom, day by day;
Then to her home in Heaven, the angels called her,
Bore her pure spirit up, in the still night;
Safe through the vale of death, o'er the dark river,
Up through the pearly gate, to realms so bright."

"Though now I tread alone the narrow pathway,
Yet 'tis not cheerless—nor am I downcast;
I know with joyful heart she first will greet me,
When over the deep waters I have passed,
—Her voice and smile, and words, and looks so holy
A wreath of memory, and of light create,
To cheer me on my journey—and its sunbeams
Cast their bright light even to the heavenly gates!"
September, 1859.

SEARLE'S CLOSE.

"Gentlemen, the third master, Mr. Black. Junior classics—mathematics—the geography lecture."

There the master drew from behind him—out of his pocket, as it seemed—an individual about four feet and a half high. Upon my honor, he was like nothing so much as a pair of kitchen-tongs, topped with a human head of more than ordinary size.

Mr. Black was apparently bodiless. He had, indeed, a waistcoat about three inches in length—as an indication of the spot where a body was due—but it formed a mere line or strip between the waistcoat and his trousers and his chin. A terrible spinal curvature had, in fact, robbed the poor man of some fifteen inches of his natural height; for his head was massive and finely shaped; he had long, wavy black hair, fine as silk, and grand, expressive features, that might have served as a model for a Jupiter. Moreover, there was something in his large brown eyes that at once repressed any inclination to smile at the grotesque little manikin thus abruptly presented to us.

There were several peculiarities about Mr. Black. In the first place, he noticed that he could never endure to be alone. In school, or playtime, he was always among us. At night, he lingered in the dormitory, talking with the elder boys; and when at length withdrawn to his own room, would leave his door ajar, and pace quietly up and down, as if delighting in the sound of human voices, though he could not catch the purport of our discourses.

Then, as was at all times eager and restless, as if impatient of a moment's mental inaction; and carried this so far, that in the necessary pauses of a conversation, while waiting the reply of his interlocutor, he would stamp and mutter to himself, frequently uttering words which could have no connection with the subject, and which not a little startled and puzzled those who caught them!

Twice a week he used to walk out by himself and remain absent about three hours. Nobody knew the object of these excursions, from which he usually returned looking pale, agitated and exhausted, but restless as ever. It was clearly not for the enjoyment of his own society. That he could not bear. Yet we ascertained, accidentally, that he always selected the very loneliest path in the neighborhood—a green lane leading nowhere, unless to two or three miserable cottages; and, by a short cut, seldom trodden by any but a poacher's foot, to a strange old mansion which few people knew except by name. It was

called "Hearts Hall," or, more commonly, "Hearts."

I shall tell you a little about it. Hearts—as Miss May will bear me out in asserting—are subject to innumerable, and sometimes very remarkable changes. The mansion bearing this interesting name had certainly fulfilled the conditions attached to it. Few country-houses of its years (they did not exceed two centuries and a half) had been so checked, so distinguished, and at the same time—I am distressed to add—so unprincipled a career. Built originally by a quiet old Quaker, who had made his fortune by the sale of Dutch dolls, the earlier years of Hearts went by as pleasantly, and, no doubt, as unimpeachably, as did those of the well-known Thralbals, who is always bragging of the felicity that attended his youth.

No shadow of reproach, or even of suspicion, attached to this orderly and exemplary period. Long, however, before the winter winds found strings enough for their wild harpings among the elms and chestnuts planted by the first proprietors, the staid reputation I have alluded to had given place to dark rumors and deeper mystery; and before the first ivy-tod had succeeded in peeping into the lady's lattice, Hearts had lent the shelter of its reverend gray walls to deeds and circumstances which may not be recorded without a shudder and a pang.

It had been the rendezvous of a political conspiracy. It had been the scene of a dismal murder. It had been the cradle of a college of Jesuits. A learned physician of the Prebendary persuasion—tempted by its seclusion and excellent supply of water—next established himself, his pumps, and his patients, on the spot; but the decease of the majority of the latter, followed by that of the excellent practitioner himself, changed it, by a transition somewhat less abrupt than usual, to a madhouse.

A fire, occasioned by the carelessness of a tipsy nation, dispersed the inmates of this last-mentioned establishment in the wildest terror. It was in the depth of a winter's night, and, for some weeks thereafter, every bumpkin in the neighborhood found himself—to his equal surprise and embarrassment—in the position of host to at least one lunatic visitor. A protracted squabble with the assurance-offices prevented the re-occupation of the mansion by the burnt-out tenants, and it remained vacant—melancholy—and, as it were, out at elbows, for nearly twenty years. At the end of that period the rats and owls, who had insidiously extended their encroachments until their hordes nearly overran the entire territory, suddenly received notice to retire within their natural limits; and this order being enforced by means of a body of masons, carpenters, and artificers, cunning in internal decoration, the place was completely repaired, and restored to its original aspect.

The new occupants were known to be an old Indian officer, Sir Lewis Latimer, and his young and beautiful wife; and that was about as much as was known, for they were seldom or never seen.

What, you will ask, has all this about Hearts to do with our poor little master? It lay near the line of his walks, and that's all. Why he preferred that direction was a secret known only to himself. Did he visit anybody? Was it possible that the poor, deformed little man, was in love with some rustic beauty? There was nothing, as I have already said, but some wretched little tumble-down cottage—and only two or three of those—tenanted by the very lowest class of laborers. Could the refined intellect of our master have stooped to such bondage? 'Twas odd enough. Our attention became irresistibly attracted to the subject. We sniffled a romance, and perused the working features of the little man as, hot and weary, he sat down after these excursions to his desk, as though we could glean from them the particulars of the first volume.

One thing was to be observed. Neither bodily fatigue nor mental suffering ever betrayed him into the slightest neglect of his duties. Neither in body nor in spirit was he ever absent during school-hours. He pressed the tasks with a vigor and earnestness that would have rendered him a valuable ally of Queen Stork, had he flourished during that brief and brilliant dynasty, and it was evident that he stood high in Old-Style's favor.

One day an event occurred. It was a sultry afternoon in early summer—for the lilacs and laburnums were out, and sent a faint fragrance through the open doors and windows from the garden we could not see. The drowsy murmur of the school was enough to send any heavy-headed chap fairly to sleep. Lots of us were regularly nodding over our books. We had had roast beef and Yorkshire pudding for dinner; and I—Cesar in hand—was just thinking, half asleep, what a bore the Romans must have voted it, to have to fight after dinner, especially if they had had Yorkshire pudding, when a low tap was heard at the door. Nobody answered, of course, as Styles did not. It was repeated. "Come in," said Styles, sharply and suddenly. I declare I think he had been in a half-dozed himself.

The door opened, and in came a boy of a very singular aspect. I never set eyes on such a boy. I winked and rubbed those organs to be quite certain he was real. He had an overhanging forehead; he squinted fearfully with one eye, and had a brown scar which elongated the other to a hideous degree. His nose was nearly flat, and he had a hare-lip which displayed some glistening fangs, as though in a perpetual snarl. He looked, judging from size, about fourteen, but his face was altogether of a kind to baffle conjecture, and might have belonged (if such a being may exist) to a prematurely-aged hobgoblin.

He went lolling up to the nearest desk. The boys seated at it half rose, as if instinctively acting on the defensive—and no wonder! so truculent and threatening was the intruder's manner.

"Who is he? what does he want?" thundered Styles.

The boy looked luridly up, and—his eye flickering in an opposite direction—held up towards Styles a small letter.

"Well, sir, bring it hither," said the master, impatiently. "Now, gentlemen, what are you all staring at? Is that Herodotus ready?"

The hideous urchin had meanwhile obeyed his mandate. Styles took the letter carelessly, and was in the very act of breaking the seal, when a sudden movement of Mr. Black's chair caused him to raise his head. Again looking at the letter, he apparently for the first time, noticed the address.

"Mr. Black, I beg your pardon," he said. "I had nearly made myself master of your secrets, well secured as they are." And he exhibited a seal nearly as big as the letter.

Those who looked at the little master at this moment were shocked at the change that had come over him. His face was perfectly livid. His hands were clenched. His lips moved as if he tried to smile or speak, but he could do neither.

Styles, however, did not seem to notice this, but, giving the note to one of the boys, desired him to take it to Mr. Black; then, turning to the ugly messenger, inquired if he was directed to await an answer.

"Ye-es," said the boy, with a guttural laugh, "there's an answer, sure enough. But I'm not to bring it—not such a fool!"

Styles pointed to the door, and the boy stumped out, banging it after him, however, with such evident intention, that Styles engaged, directed that he should be followed and brought back. There was a momentary hesitation, for the master had not named any one of us in particular; and somehow, no one liked the job. Several eyes were directed toward the big Greek, Christian Holme, whose place was near the door, and Christian felt it incumbent on him to go. Two other fellows accompanied him, and the pursuit commenced. To our astonishment, nearly ten minutes elapsed. At last, back came Christian and his myrmidons, heated and bewildered, but without their prey, and reported that, not finding him in the passage, as they expected, they had dashed full speed through the house, and out at the front door on to the high road, which could be commanded, in either direction, for at least a quarter of a mile. He was not to be seen!

A servant-maid had, it appeared, observed him pass along the gallery. He must, therefore, have quitted the house by the usual entrance, but to have got out of view within the brief space that followed was more than mortal legs could manage. There was something odd and out-of-the-way about the whole occurrence. The puzzled expression of the pursuers' faces almost made us laugh. Styles himself looked queer, and scratched his nose thoughtfully with the feather-end of his pen. All this while, I must mention, the little master, who had read his letter, sat motionless, gazing straight before him at the blank wall, with a countenance pale as death.

Though this incident had roused us from our drowsy stupor, it did not improve our disposition for study. The extraordinary aspect and bearing of the boy—the effect of the letter upon Mr. Black—and, lastly, the messenger's mysterious disappearance, combined to excite our curiosity to the utmost. The romance was, indeed, improving! We began to form the wildest conjectures. One daring youth boldly avowed his belief that the boy was no boy at all; but an imp—or a gnome—or a satyr—and that it would have been impossible, or inexpedient, to punch his head, had they caught him!

Styles, who had got up once or twice, and sat down again, now rose and addressed us.

"Gentlemen, I know not how it may be with you; I have done my best, and I candidly confess I cannot do my work to-day in any fitting manner" (*rumours of congratulation*). "Mr. Sibley, how are your classes? Is there much in arrears?"

Mr. Sibley, who had himself indulged, at intervals, in a peaceful doze, reported favorably to the utmost limit of his conscience.

"It is some time since we have allowed ourselves any departure from the regular routine," continued Styles. "Let the remainder of the day be a holiday. *Reddite libras.*"

With a joyous cheer, the school dispersed in a second. We left the little master seated at his desk, in the same attitude, and we never saw him again. Nobody ever did—except But let me go on regularly.

When tea-time came, and no little master, were certainly surprised. But when, at bed-time, he had not returned, there was something like alarm. Inquiry showed that he had availed himself of the half-holiday to take his accustomed solitary walk; but beyond that, nothing was known. So Mr. Sibley, who came in his place to take away our candle, assured us.

We lay awake later than usual that night, talking. Somehow, the little man had got possession of a larger share of our regard than we had imagined; and the idea of some misadventure having befallen him grew painful as usual, but there was no sound of little steps pacing to and fro; and, above all, no cheerful "Good night, my boys," as he would reluctantly close the door upon the last two talkers.

Had never seen Old Styles look more troubled than when, on entering the school-room on the following morning, he glanced at the master's vacant chair. Beckoning to Mr. Sibley, and to three or four of the seniors, he held with them a sort of council, the

result of which was the despatching of the said individuals in various directions, while Mr. Sibley charged to examine his colleagues' desk and room, reported everything as usual, without any indication of a purposely-prolonged absence.

All inquiries proved fruitless.

After the lapse of a day or two, Styles became so anxious, that, besides reporting the matter to the local magistrates, he wrote to London, requesting the attendance of an experienced detective, to assist the investigation. Scarcely had he done so before he received an anonymous letter of a very curious kind. It was written in a beautiful female hand, firm and flowing, as if disdainful of disguise; and it directed to him, in an imperative manner, to suspend efforts which, he was assured, could lead to no result, except such as might be dangerous to himself! (Old Styles smiled at that.) The missing man, it was stated, had quitted England, never to return, and desired no more than that his name should be forgotten, his effects of every kind destroyed, and the circumstances of his having ever appeared in the neighborhood buried in profound oblivion.

"Cool head, this!" said Mr. Sharpham, of the detectives, as Styles read him the letter.

"But what do you say to this?" asked our master, as he pointed to the foot of the page, where there appeared, in characters unmistakably genuine,

"I approve of the above."
"G. BLACK."

The officer paused, and screwed up his lips.

"We'll see about it," he said.

Mr. Sharpham did see about it. He devoted himself, body and mind, to the solution of the mystery. For the week or ten days he remained with us, I don't think he took, at any one time, more than two hours' repose. But nothing came of it. A closer scrutiny of poor Mr. Black's desk disclosed nothing that could throw any light on the business. There was, indeed, a packet of letters, apparently of old date, some in a female hand, signed "Laura"—some in his own—copies of replies. Of these I shall speak hereafter. They were sealed up for the present, with his other effects, while efforts were made—without success, however—to discover his relations or friends. Of the note delivered to him by the mysterious boy, no trace could be found. As for the messenger himself—as no one professed any knowledge of such a person—his description was printed, and a reward offered for his production. The like ill-success attended this measure; the general impression seeming to be that a creature, such as that described in the hand-bill, had never been seen at all, out of a caravan.

Of course, Mr. Sharpham had included in his circle of inquiry the tenants of the few poor cottages I have mentioned as lying on the retired track chosen by Mr. Black for his melancholy walks. But nothing was elicited calculated in the remotest degree to connect them with the mysterious disappearance. As for the proud, secluded inhabitants of Hearts, nobody ever thought of troubling them. But old Sir Lewis, hearing—goodness knows how—of what was now beginning to be called the "murder," sent word to Mr. Sharpham that any local information, or assistance of any kind, his establishment could afford, was entirely at his disposal.

At length, however, the experienced officer admitted that he was completely at fault, and had never succeeded in obtaining the slightest glimmering of a clue to the mystery. With this announcement he quitted the neighborhood, to try, as he told Mr. Styles privately, another course of action.

What this might be, I never knew—but I doubt whether it would have led to much, had it not been for the wise call of a coincidence—the superstitious a warning—and a very rum thing.

Hester Moggs, the slatternly kitchen-maid, had suddenly into a very nervous and decidedly fond state. It was next to impossible to augment the neglect and disorder which habitually distinguished Hester's attire, but she refused her beer. That was a bad sign enough, but when it was observed that she could not resist her tea, the cook became seriously alarmed, and fearing she might be meditating some rash act, took away her garments at night, and locked the door.

Hester's melancholy increasing, Queen Mob was appealed to, and through that lady's energetic interposition the girl was induced to confess that she had had a dream—a terrible dream. If she had only had it once, she wouldn't have minded it the stuff of a candle; but it had come three times—and always just the same.

Poor Mr. Black (Hester didn't know why he came to her—she had always swept his room out properly, and had never spoken to him in her life) had appeared to her in her sleep—gazed upon her with a ghastly and distorted face—and then, turning his head aside, exhibited a wound which had lopped away the left ear, and left the side of the head, the neck, and shoulder, "matted," as Hester said with blood.

The cook corroborated Hester to the extent that the latter had made some slight mention of this first dream. Concerning the second, which was in all respects, similar, Hester preserved an alarmed silence. Ditto, as to the third. But, here, the girl was haunted with an idea that the apparition had addressed some word or words to her. Sometimes she thought she could recall them—sometimes not. They were uttered in a broken, melancholy tone—

Like hoarse night gusts, sepulchral wails among. But Hester Moggs had never read Keats, and described the accents simply as "choky like."

The word or words, however, constantly escaped her.

Now, just at this point of the conversation, it happened that a brown-paper parcel was brought in and presented to Queen Mob. It was from a tradesman in the town, and contained some garments for a little chap in the school.

Queen Mob opened it carelessly.

"Searle's clothes," she remarked.

Hester Moggs uttered a piercing scream.

"Searle's clothes! Searle's clothes!" shrieked the girl. "Them was the very words!" And she burst into hysterical tears.

"Searle's clothes!" repeated her astonished mistress. "What in the name of common sense, can Searle's jacket and trousers have to do with poor Mr. Black?"

Hester confessed she did not know; but averred, most solemnly, that these, and none others, were the words she had heard. Styles himself sent for the girl, talked to her in his calm, grave manner, and restored her mental equilibrium (such as it was) still, nothing could induce her to alter her story—that "Searle's clothes" were the mysterious words she had heard in her dream.

Here was a new enigma, of which nobody ventured any solution. Another day or two elapsed, when the cook, finding herself one morning *teleo-tete* with the milkman, detailed to him in confidence, Hester's dream.

The milkman was a thoughtful and sagacious man. He put his hand to his chin. After a minutes' meditation:

"I have been trying to remember something, Mrs. Besley," said the milkman, "and I—I think—yes, I am sure," he added, briskly, clapping one hand into the palm of the other, "that I have it. There is a place—I am not quite sure of the ground—not that I could find it in a month, but it's somewhere in the neighborhood of Hearts Hall, that went, years ago, by the name of Searle's Close. It's a lonesome, dismal spot as ever you see, and lies so off every thing that its very name is forgot in these parts. That's the place he was talking of, poor gentleman! and not a boy's breeches, Mrs. Besley, and there, depend upon it, something will be found."

And he clanked away with his cans.

The cook sunk upon a chair, and faintly summoned Hester, to whom, and to Queen Mob and Styles, the milkman's idea was successively made known. Styles looked incredulous enough; nevertheless, he thought the circumstances sufficiently remarkable to merit attention, and decided that, were it only to satisfy the servants' disturbed minds, the scrutiny should be made.

Accordingly the same evening, our master having engaged the attendance of a couple of the rural police, proceeded, in company with a gentleman of the neighborhood, in the direction of Hearts Hall. They were presently joined by a rough-looking individual, with a countenance half-shy, half-sly, like a newly tamed savage, whom one of the officers introduced to the notice of the gentlemen, as "Hastey Young," the biggest poacher in the country.

"But I can't caught him yet," added the policeman aloud, "and I hope I mayn't. He can get work when he has a mind to, and he's got a mother to keep. If he's nabbed, she'll go to the workus."

"It's that 'ere dog that does it," said Hester, giving a backward kick in the direction of a wicked-looking cur that followed him. The animal had lost one paw in a gin, half one ear in a difference with a badger, and was altogether the very impersonation of canine vice and the evils which attend it.

"He's always a runnin' in the coverts—and I a'ter him, of course. He'd clear Randal Wood in a week—if I didn't—he would."

The officer only smiled, and informed Styles that Hester knew every hedge, stick, and stone in that part of the country, and would earn his first honest half-crown for some weeks past, by conducting them to the spot once known as "Searle's Close."

The party thus constituted, took the direction of Hearts, passed the green lane and cottages, and presently cutting across a fallow field, turned to the right, and skirted a piece of dense coppice covering the base of a low eminence.

Suddenly Hester stopped.

"In here, gentlemen, please."

The wood was really so thick as to seem almost impenetrable without cutting an entrance; but Hester, seizing an armful of thornbush as though it had been lavender, pulled it aside and disclosed a passage. It had the appearance of a path, long disused, and grew wider and wider till it opened into a space of cleared ground, in what appeared the very heart of the wood, for the surrounding and overhanging trees made it almost dark as night, though it wanted an hour of sunset.

"Searle's Close, gentlemen," said Hester. "Twas twice as big when I was a boy, but the wood have grown in. It belongs to Hearts. I've heard say there was a right 'o' way through it once, but as it didn't lead nowhere, and wasn't no use to any body, the parish sold it for a lump of money to the last proprietor."

It was, in truth, the very place for a deed of violence. The voices of the party sounded hollow, as in a cellar. Without any delay they proceeded to examine the spot most minutely. Hester's three-footed dog hobbling and snuffing after them, as though to make quite sure. Nothing, however, was found of a nature to excite suspicion, and the party were on the eve of retiring from the dismal spot—Styles half annoyed at having lent even a qualified belief to the suggestions of Hester's fancy—when Smouch, the dog, uttered a low whimper, and plunged his nose viciously into a tuft of rank grass near the foot of a tree.

"That's good," said Hester. "Someat there. Hold 'n, good dog."

Smouch lay down—but without "holding"

him—seeming to content himself with intently contemplating whatever he had found, his eye glowing in the deep shadow like a little red lamp.

Hatsey, who appeared to notice something unusual in the animal's deportment, now went up to him, and parted the tuft with his foot. Nothing was visible; still the dog remained unmoved. Seeing this Hatsey knelt down and made a closer examination. After a few moments he drew back his head, as though stung by an adder, and leaped to his feet.

"See here, gentlemen—here! what would you call this?" he said, pointing to something in the grass, just clear of the dog's snout.

All stooped down, and distinguished a small shrivelled object in the middle of the tuft.

"'Tis a man's ear!" cried Hatsey.

There was no question of it. In spite of the gathering darkness, there was no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that this morsel of withered flesh had once adorned a human head, and on this apparent corroboration of Hester's vision the search was recommenced, the officers lighting their lamps for the purpose.

They had examined every inch of ground in the open space and its immediate vicinity, and were for the second time about to discontinue the search. Styles was leaning, fatigued, against a large beech.

"What time does the moon rise?" asked his friend.

Styles glanced up mechanically towards the sky, and the next instant, started from the tree.

"Look there!" he said, grasping his companion's arm, and pointing upwards at the boughs. "The light—the light! Higher—higher!"

The officers directed the united power of their lanterns towards the place indicated.

Higher than the first division of the tree—at least twenty-five feet from the ground—there hung a human body. Though scarcely bigger than a child's, and but indistinctly visible in the flickering light, there was no mistaking it. It was indeed that of our poor little master.

Now I've nothing to say about the "coincidence." I can only tell you the *fact*. I don't say that Hester Moggs—who was born and bred in the neighborhood—might not in her infancy have heard the name of Searle's Close, and even then have associated the dismal precinct with ideas of crime and terror. I don't know. But there are scores of such coincidences, and if ghost-stories were nowaday allowed to be told in a witness-box, you would hear some sworn depositions that might startle you; aye, of crimes that, in all human likelihood, would never have been discovered but for that very "coincidence," which is nevertheless refused the seal of authenticity, because it's so strange.

Just So.

Oh, never thus, from childhood's hour,
We've seen our fondest hopes decay;
We never had a dog, nor cow, nor
Hen that laid an egg a day,
But what was muddled and took away.

We never raised a sucking pig,
To glaze us with its sunny eye,
But when it grew up fat and big,
And fit to roast, or bake, or fry,
We couldn't find it in the sty.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Reminiscences.—No. 3.

My Editor.—In my last communication for your Journal, wherein I described Pittsfield and its surroundings, or else in my next to the last one, in which was furnished a description of New Lebanon and the Shakers, did I not promise to have a word to say, at some future time of Northampton?

Lovers of the beautiful, who have visited the latter place, can never forget the richness and gorgeousness of the scenery, at least if they have been interested spectators thereof, in the "leafy month of June," when nature is dressed in her gayest attire, her most brilliant robes—for, as a modern gifted author has observed, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Yet the same is more easily appreciated and more thoroughly enjoyed by the eye and the mind, than fittingly described by the tongue or pen.

There is no striking display of the finest specimens of art, and few finished architectural adornments in Northampton; while the hand of man has seemingly done but little save arranging some of the trees and beautifying the unassuming dwelling-houses, the substantial stores, and modest churches. But a stranger on visiting this rural place, having ascertained little beforehand of its singular attractiveness, is both surprised and charmed on finding such a peculiarly lovely delightful, yet unostentatious village, nestled amid the everlasting hills, and embosomed in shady bowers of elms or maples.

On the South and on the East you may perceive standing, as guardian sentinels, Mt. Tom and Mt. Holyoke; while to the North, Yonder Sugarloaf, of less lofty pretensions, raises its wood-crowned forehead toward the bright blue sky. On the West, ranges of terraced hills arise, terminating in the far-off Green Mountain ridges of Vermont. Away in the distance, as you perceive, comes gently gliding on the famed Connecticut River, until it meets one of the boundaries of Northampton, when it takes another sweep, giving to the town a broad expanse of the most fertile meadow lands in the world,—in all about 4000 acres.

We wonder not that Jenny Lind, who made it her chosen and favorite home for a season, at the renowned water cure establishment here, should style such a sweet picturesque spot the "Paradise of America."

It has some fine edifices and elegant residences, especially at Round Hill, but is not so much distinguished for magnificent ware-houses

and costly palaces of merchant princes, as for the still more beautiful works of nature, or rather of the God of nature.

A superior bridge, above a thousand feet long, connects this town to Hadley; a little way south of which is located Mt. Holyoke Seminary, the best female educational institution in the United States. While Amherst College buildings, seven miles to the North-east are within sight, reminding the beholder of classical literature and excellent scholarship.

That "old serpent, the devil," found his way into the first Paradise, to poison the minds of Adam and Eve, "bringing death into the world, and all our woe," as John Milton graphically expresses it. So into this paradisaical territory of Northampton and the adjacent regions, a serpent has found its way to poison the bodies of men and injure ere long the otherwise rich and luxuriant soil greatly to the grief of the better portion of the inhabitants, the friends of physical and moral purity. I refer to the cultivation of that vile, noxious, disgusting weed, tobacco.

It pained my heart to see a crop thereof growing near the centre of the town, in close proximity to a friend's permanent home, almost as much as it did to hear of a young man, a clergyman's son, one of the first to be placed in the new Insane Hospital there, who had lost his reason through the excessive use of this poisonous and deadly article.

Where's George Trask, the chief apostle of the anti-tobacco enterprise? He "still lives," as we learn from a tract lately issued from his Depository at Fitchburg, titled "An Appeal to a Deacon who raises Tobacco on the banks of the Connecticut, which is a reform document in this important cause is excelled only by a published letter from the same author, addressed to Rev. Gardiner Spring, D. D., with reference to the tobacco-box which he displayed at the last and most exciting anniversary of the Tract Society, in New York.

The meeting house of the First Congregational Church in Northampton, over which Rev. Jonathan Edwards, afterwards Pres. Edwards, was originally settled, and wherefrom he was subsequently driven by those who turned against him, is very large, containing the most sittings of any house of worship in Mass., although the new church in Woburn, when completed, will probably excel it in commodiousness, as well as symmetry and beauty.

The ancient cemetery in the former place, is much visited by those who feel an interest in standing at the grave of Brainerd, the devoted missionary among the Indians, who died Oct. 10, 1747. "If the greatness of a character," as a certain writer well remarks, "is to be estimated by the object it pursues, the danger it braves, the difficulties it encounters, and the purity and energy of its motives, David Brainerd is one of the greatest characters that ever appeared in the world, compared with this standard of greatness, what little things are the Alexanders, and the Cæsars,—the conquerors of the whole earth!"

Did not those who attended that State S. Convention, a few months since, which has given rise to the present article, esteem it a privilege, if not an honor, to walk the same streets once trodden by the footsteps of Stoddard, Edwards, and Brainerd? But our object was not so much to admire nature's inanimate works, or wander among the tombs of the departed dead, as to mingle sympathizing among live men, women and children, catching inspiration from their words, looks and songs, and identifying ourselves more closely than ever with one of the most praiseworthy and useful of benevolent causes. Since then, if never before, many have been ready to adopt as their own the noble resolution of that noted Northampton Divine, the immortal Edwards, "Resolved, while I live to live with all my might." W. C

Business Cards.

CENTRAL CASH STORE!

THE Subscribers having taken the store lately occupied by Mr. O. Beaman, in Kelley's Building, Main street, would respectfully give notice to the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, that they will keep constantly on hand, all kinds of

West India Goods, Groceries,
Provisions, Flour, Grain, Crockery, Earthenware,
Glass, Stone and Wooden Ware.

THE Subscriber would announce to the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, that having sold out his establishment in Boston, he is now located in Woburn, at the corner of Jackson Street near Jones' Blacksmith Shop, where he will be happy to attend to his former patrons and to all who may be pleased to do business with their orders. All orders by mail, at his place of business, promptly attended to.

JUN 19, 1857.

AMOS NICHOLS, Jr.

WHEEL WORKS.

CARTER & CONVERSE,
BAKERS,
No. 2 RAILROAD STREET, - Woburn.
HAVING again united in co-partnership,
and newly fitted up their place of business, are
now prepared to furnish their customers with every
kind of BREAD, CAKE, CRACKERS, &c., usually
kept at a first-class bakery.
Woburn, June 11 - 3m.^o

II. RAMSDELL informs the inhabitants of East Woburn that he keeps constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of CROCK-
ERIES, of all descriptions, and of the best quality; also, Crockery and Glass Ware; all of which will be sold at the very lowest cash prices.
East Woburn, Sept.—y7f.


WILLIAM PRATT,
Watch-maker and Jeweller.

CASEY'S CAST STEEL SAWS OF ALL KINDS,
At their Factory, East Woburn, Wareroom, 31
Exchange St., Boston, Mass.

Repairing all kinds of Saws at reasonable prices. Slicker,
Scraper, Bullers, Currier's Springs and Blades
Planishing Trowels, &c., of superior quality and
temper.

March 15. '86.

FAIRBANKS'
CELEBRATED



GN
and
—

Railroad, Hay, Coal & Store
 **SCALES.**
OF EVERY VARIETY.
FAIRBANKS & BROWN,
No 34 KILBY STREET, Boston.
FATHER KEMP,
AND

B. F. NICHOLS,
Respectfully give notice to their friends and the
public, that they have opened a
NEW BOOT AND SHOE SALOON
142 Hanover street,
Next door to the Tea Store; between Blackstone
and Union Streets,
June 13. 18
BOSTON.

NEW STORE

ON
— AND —
FASHIONABLE GOODS!
MRS. M. A. BUTLER, has removed to a new and eligible situated store one door west of the Webern Book Store, which she has had furnished by fitted up expressly for her
MILLINERY BUSINESS
She takes much pleasure in offering to the ladies a Webern and vicinity a NEW and FASHIONABLE STOCK of

NOTICE!

THE undersigned will attend to the answering of all sealed letters, whether describing diseases, or any other business which may be referred to them.

- OF -

HATS & CAPS


For 1862,

NOW MANUFACTURING AT
W. A. HASLAM'S,
Cor. of Main & Walnut sts., Woburn.

☞ **Silk Hats Warranted Waterproof.**

HATS and CAPS made to order at short notice
the Hats renovated and resole to last.

JOHN C. COLE,
PAINTER AND GLAZIER.
Paper Hanging, White-washing and Coloring
done in the neatest manner. Also, Graining and
Marbling. SHUTTERS AND BLINDS of every descrip-
tion furnished. PAINTS, OIL AND GLASS, of the
best quality, constantly on hand.
Situated first building south of the Branch Rail-
road Depot, Main street, Woburn. Feb. 11.—yif.



HAT MANUFACTORY.
W. A. HASLAM,
PRACTICAL HATTER,
Invites the attention of the inhabitants of Woburn
and vicinity to his stock of **HATS & CAPS** of his
own manufacture, and hopes, by good attention to
business, to give perfect satisfaction to all who may
call upon him.

SINGLE HATS MADE AT SHORT NOTICE.
Those persons who find it difficult to get a hat to sit
at the head, can have one made by having their mea-

TO LET!
A NEW AND CONVENIENT DWELLING HOUSE, with STABLE attached,
located on Lowell Street, Woburn.
Apply to WALTER WYLLIE,
Woburn, June 21st, 1891.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. IX. : : No. 1.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1859.

SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

Poetry.

AT RICHMOND.

At Richmond, in the month of May,
I climbed the city's lofty crest;
Below the level landscape lay,
And proudly streamed, from east to west,
The glories of the dawning day.

There stand the statues Crawford gave
His country, while with bleeding heart,
She showered upon his open grave,
The laurels of victorious Art,
And wept the life she could not save.

How grandly, on that granite base,
The youthful hero sits sublime;
The leader of the chosen Ranks,
The noblest of the sons of Time,
With all his future in his face.

And he who framed the matchless plan
For Freedom and the nation's good,
Type of the just, sagacious Man,
Like Aristides, calm and grand,
Within the Roman Vatican.

Nor less he wears the patriot's wreath,
The foremost of the three, who stands
As when, with his prophetic breath,
And flashing eyes, and outstretched hands,
He cried for "Liberty or Death!"

Here surely it is good to be—
Where Freedom's native soil I tread,
And, on the mound, transfigured see
The Fathers, with whose fame we wed
The endless blessings of the free.

But when the sun's simple crown
Flamed with the morning's dawning heat,
I turned and slowly passing down,
With curious gaze, from street to street,
Went wandering through the busy town.

And lingered, where I chanced to hear
The voices of a crowd which hung,
With laughter and oaths and empty jeer,
Beside a door o'er which was swung
The red flag of the antheimer.

In truth it was a motley crew;
The brutal trader, sly and low,
The pliant with his sordid hue,
The life townsman, and between,
With face unwashed, the foreign Jew.

Within, O God of grace! what sight
Was this for eyes which scarce had turned
From yonder monumental height,
For thoughts upon whose altars burned
The fires just kindled in his light!

So when the rapid discipline came
From Taber on that blessed morn,
What thrilled so soon their hearts of flame?
The fierce denunciations, wild and torn,
Of the human guilt and shame.

For here were men, young men and old,
Scorched with hot iron and the lash;
And women crushed with griefs untold;
And little children, cheap for cash;
All waiting, waiting to be sold!

For me, each hourly good I crave
Comes at the bidding of my will;
For them, the shadows of the grave
Have gathered, or the woe that fills
The life-long bondage of the slave.

Too long my thoughts were schooled to see
Some pretext for such fatal thrall;
Now Reason spurs each narrow plea,
One thrill of pity sets me free,
One throb of pity sets me free.

VIRGINIA! shall the Great and Just,
Like sentries guard the slave's den?
O rise, and from your borders thrust
This thrice-acursed trade in men,
Or hurl your heroes to the dust!

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

A CONFESSION.

A STORY FOR MARRIAGEABLE YOUNG LADIES
ONLY, TO READ.

My friend H— married in early life.
The lady that he chose was a beautiful
and weak-minded girl. H— was a whole-
souled, pleasure-loving youth, the life of
every circle that he favored with his company.
The club of which he was a member ac-
knowledged that he was the wisest and
handsomest man among them; but as I have
already said, H— married early; and now,
let me add, only three months had elapsed
when we observed a marked change in our
favorite.

His bright smile was changed for a serious
and often sad expression; he came to the
club-rooms less frequently than had been his
habit, and while there he read his paper, sel-
dom joining in any conversation.

He had been in the habit of taking out
one cigar during the evening, and that was
sometimes thrown away half consumed. Now
he seemed to smoke, as some persons drink,
"to drive away dull care." When the door
opened he started and held the cigar half
hidden by his paper, as if afraid of being
caught in some forbidden enjoyment.

After I had observed my friend, evening
after evening, and felt convinced that some
secret sorrow was destroying his peace, I one
night left the room with him offering to walk
home by his side. He drew my arm within
his own, and gave my hand a friendly pres-
sure; as he turned his face towards the gas-
light, I saw a tear stood in his eye. I said,
"H—, you are in trouble—can I relieve
you? Do you need pecuniary aid? If so,
let me have the pleasure of bestowing it."

He paused, and turning to me, said,
"I have a young wife, and your expenses
must have necessarily increased—perhaps
more than you anticipated; and young law-
yers have to wait long for their fees. If
you would like to borrow money, say so; I
have more than enough for an old bachelor."

"Old bachelor! Would that I were—"
Here he paused, and turning to me, added,
"I have always been like a brother to me,
and you shall know the cause of my distress;
I am sure you will never make an improper
use of what I tell you."

After assuring him that he might safely
confide in me, that I would never divulge his
secret until I had received his permission, I
listened to the following recital:

"I married too hastily; Clara's beauty
dazzled me, and I saw not her defects; the
poor girl declares she loves me, but prefera-
ble would be her hatred. I cannot leave her
presence without being obliged on my return
to account for every moment of my absence.
Any spot is better than my home, yet I can-
not seek peace elsewhere without a certainty
that I must pay a severe penalty. My wife
forbids me to smoke in her presence, there-
fore, I must go abroad to enjoy what I can-
not discontinue at once. Indeed the desire
for such indulgence increases with my efforts
to leave it off."

Suddenly starting, my friend exclaimed—
"O, there she is now, with head out of the
window this cold night, though I have be-
sought her not to expose her health in this
way; but such is her revenge for my going
abroad. Can you wonder that I am changed?
I would rather die than live thus."

Ere I had spoken many words of consola-
tion we were at my friend's door; I was
pressing his hand when the door opened, and
a delicate and beautiful lady held a light
which showed too plainly the frown which
disfigured her fair face.

"Well, sir, home at last!" and the door
was closed ere my friend had finished saying
"good night."

I was enraged, and declared any man was
a fool to submit to such treatment. I re-
solved that I would marry in less than a
month, to show H— and other unfortunates
that a woman can be governed.

I lay awake that night thinking over all
my lady friends, and considering which
should be my victim. Some were too silly,
others too plain-looking; but I remembered
that one was beautiful, and so high-spirited
that to subdue her would be a grand achieve-
ment.

I had wealth, position, and (excuse my
vanity) not a bad person. The fair one in
question I had always admired, and she had
invariably received me well. Indeed, I had
been assured by an acquaintance with Miss
C. that I was a favorite with her. But as I
had resolved to lead a single life, I had never
entertained any serious intentions toward
the one I now determined to marry if she
would accept me. I decided to put on the
chains of matrimony to prove that they could
not always enslave.

In three weeks from that night I had caught
my bird. We were to be united towards the
close of the coming week in accordance with
my wishes that we might spend the holidays
with my parents in Virginia.

On our return we took possession of our
newly furnished mansion. We gave a large
party, or rather it was my party, that I might
invite all my married bachelor friends, as
well as some unhappy married ones.

I was astonished when my bride agreed to
all my arrangements, though she knew as
well as I did they were peculiar.

I could not offend by any of my proposi-
tions; she gave no unasked advice—merely
assented to all I said.

"O, a new broom sweeps clean," thought
I. "She will show out when no longer a
bride; I know, very well, that she is proud
and spirited enough."

The evening passed delightfully, and I con-
fess I was skeptical as to my ability to dis-
turb my wife's peace of mind.

The guests retired, after paying many com-
pliments on my choice of a wife, and we were
once more alone. As soon as I could inter-
rupt Mary's gay and charming conversation,
I said:

"My dear, what did you think of my hav-
ing the wine and smoking arrangements for
the gentlemen?"

"O, it was a capital idea. It must have
pleased your bachelor friends to see that you
could not forget their comfort, although no
longer one of them. I must note it down
that it may never be forgotten when we give
entertainments; married people are too in-
different about the comfort of poor old bachel-
ors."

I was again disappointed; but I determined
not to retire until I called forth one frown or
pouting look.

My wife had been sitting with one arm
around me; I gently drew myself from her
embrace (I could not do it rudely), and took
a cigar from my case. I knew that before
our engagement she disliked the habit of
smoking.

I calmly seated myself upon a lounge and
puffed away.

"Did you observe Mrs. M.'s brooch?" in-
quired my wife, coming toward me, and scan-
ning herself by my side.

"No," I replied, and smoked away vigor-
ously.

Mary continued to chat gayly, but sudden-
ly turned pale and dropped her head on my
shoulder. She had fainted, I rang for a ser-
vant, opened the window and applied re-
storatives. We bore her to the sitting-room,
and she soon revived.

I asked, "What made you ill? Was it the
cigar? Why did you not speak when you
first felt its effects?" and I felt myself blush
with shame as I hurriedly asked the ques-
tions.

"I wished to accustom myself to your
smoking," answered my wife; "for I cannot
bear to drive you away from my presence
every time you wish to enjoy a cigar."

"Angel!" I exclaimed, "I shall never
smoke again."

"O, my husband," said she, "make no
vain promises; the habit is not easily over-
come, and I do not ask you to discontinue
it; now that I know I cannot bear it, I can
retire to the library when you wish to smoke."

She has never been obliged to leave me
thus; I have never smoked since, and would
not be hired to take a cigar into my mouth.

A night or two after the above occurrence
I was sitting by my wife, who was amusing
me by recounting the events of the day which
had just passed, some anecdotes relative to

to her house-keeping, &c. I was charmed
by her affection and naivete, and would glad-
ly have remained by her side. But she was
to be subdued in all respects, and in one she
had not been tried. Since our marriage I
had not visited the club-rooms. I looked at
my watch and said carelessly, "I shall go to
the club, Mary; if you grow sleepy, do not
wait for me, I have a key."

A shade of sadness flitted across her beau-
tiful face, but it was succeeded by one of her
sweetest smiles. Springing from my side
she ran to the hall, brought out my overcoat,
shoes, etc., placed them before the fire, and
said,

"Do not forget to warm them before you
leave the club, my husband, and walk fast
that you may not get cold; indeed I have an-
other reason for wishing you to hasten home;
it will be a lonely evening without you; but
you have deprived yourself of better society
so long that I can bear to spend an evening
in anticipation, instead of in the enjoyment
of your society."

I hesitated—almost decided not to go; but
it would not do to yield. I went, and was
almost as dull as H—, who was also there.

He observed my manner, and whispered, "in
trouble already?"

"Yes," I answered, "and I shall be in
trouble until I acknowledge myself conquered."
I married to enjoy the pleasure of taming a
shrew; but I find myself wedded to an
angel. I must confess my mistake, and
make myself worthy the wife God has given
me. Some other bachelor must woo a woman
to show that a female can be ruled. I am
vanquished, and gladly do I yield to such a
victor."

Poor H— sighed, rose and walked the
floor for some minutes; then approaching me
he said, "Why this indifference? Your wife
is beautiful and graceful—so is mine. Your
wife says she loves you—so does mine."

"Hold," interrupted I, "your wife says
she loves you—mine proves it by consulting
my happiness. You warned me against my
wife's pride and spirit; I grant she possesses
a large quantity of both, and what would a
woman be without these traits? Mary has
excellent sense and tact. These teach her
how to control these characteristics, which
might make her unhappy. Any man that
has brains at all must not choose a beautiful
wife without intellect; rather let him wed
one with a plain face, warm heart and good
sense."

I shook hands with H—, and pitied him
sincerely, and then crossed the hall to the
room where were assembled many members
of the club. I made a farewell address, in
which I advised them to follow my example
and shook hands with them all. Some ban-
tered me, but the greater number said their
acquaintance with my wife had induced them
to look around for an opportunity to do
as I had done; and they all promised to
accept my wife's invitation to come freely to
our home whenever they felt like having quiet
domestic enjoyment.

I hastened home, entered the dining-room,
where I saw the gas burning; my slippers
were warming before the fire, near which was
drawn a great arm chair; on the table were
a cup and saucer, besides other arrangements
for a comfortable supper.

I rang the bell and the waiter appeared.
I asked who had placed my slippers there;
he smiled and said, "I saw mistress put
them there, sir."

As it was not a late hour, I was surprised
that my wife was not waiting, although I
requested her to retire, if asleep.

I asked, "has Mrs. B. retired?" The ser-
vant replied, "no, sir, she is in the kitchen,
teaching Nancy and Ellen to read."

I told the waiter not to disturb his mis-
tress, but to wait in the buttry until I called
him.

I then stole quietly down to the kitchen,
and peeped through the glass over the door.
The large pine table contained books, slates,
etc. There sat my wife between two black
females; one was reading to her, and the
eyes of the other were gazing on the face of
her mistress as if she considered her being
from a better world.

I returned to the dining room, rang the
bell, and when the waiter re-appeared, I bade
him inform his mistress that I had arrived.
I fear some long word was left half-pro-
nounced, for in less than two minutes she
was in my arms.

"O, how good of you to return so early!"
cried she; "but why did you? was it not
pleasant with your club?"

"No, my wife," I replied, "I shall go to
it no more. It answered very well while I
had no home of my own; but now I have a
draw, sensible, loving wife, who is more at-
tractive than all the clubs in Christendom."

Mary blushed at the compliment, and
burying her face in my bosom to hide the
tears that would come in spite of the smile,
said:

"May I ever deserve such praise and love
from you my husband; when you left me
this evening, I sat one moment in the lounge
and shed tears because I felt so lonely; then
I thought, this will not do; Charles must
sometimes leave me; I will improve usefully
every hour of his absence. So after prepar-
ing for your return, I went to the kitchen to
instruct our woman."

My wife insisted on my going to the club
once a week, lest my bachelor friends become
jealous of her, but they have witnessed so
much of our happiness that I think the club-
room will not much longer be the resort of
any but miserable rejected husbands.

"Tilly," said a mother to her daugh-
ter, who had seen but three summers, "what
would you do without a mother?" "I
should put on every day just such a dress as
I wanted to," was the prompt reply.

Lost and Restored; A Word in Sea- son—How Good is It.

BY AN ITINERANT.

"You have just returned, from Manson,"
said Livingston, "from your western jour-
ney?"

"Yes," he replied, "I have; and there
was a circumstance which will make it the
most memorable event in my whole life."

"Indeed, what was that, my friend?"

"Ah, it would take more time than either
you or I could spare," said Manson, "for
me to relate, and you to listen to the particu-
lars; but I will attempt a very brief sketch
of the substance. When I went to school
in Connecticut, I had a very dear friend and
associate, named John Mc—d. He was
one of the brightest and most beloved pupils
in the school. He grew up; paid his ad-
dresses to a beautiful and excellent young
lady, a member of the church. At length
he was married to his Mary, and they pre-
pared immediately after that event, in pur-
suance of a previous plan, to leave the state.
The day we were to separate, perhaps for-
ever, I had a tender interview with my bosom
friend and his lovely wife; it was deeply af-
fecting to us all. The next morning they
departed, with the affectionate farewells of
many old friends and neighbors in the town
where they were born and reared, and with
a handsome provision made by the parents
of both, who were in affluent circumstances.
Ten years elapsed, during which time I was
called to the Methodist ministry in distant
places, as my lot happened to be cast. Not
a word concerning them reached my ears in
all that time. The course of duty called me
then to the vicinity of the place where my
friends had settled, and I resolved to go out
of my way considerably and give John and
Mary a call. Arriving at the town, and in-
quiring for their residence, I was told they
lived some distance from the centre of the
village. At length I found the place. At
first glance my mind misgave me. The
sight of the miserable cabin made me sick,
and after hitching my horse, I scarcely dared
to enter. Knock, I could not; there was no
door—nothing but a blanket stretched across
the passage. Removing this, alas! what did
I behold! There was Mary sitting on a stool,
with an infant on her lap, and another child
in the corner on the ground, for the cabin
had no floor.

O, sight of woe! how altered was the lovely
Mary!—

"O, Mr. Manson, is it indeed you! We
are ruined; John is lost, and the children
and myself are starving here. We have not
had a morsel to eat since yesterday morn-
ing."

"Great heavens," said I, "and where is
John?"

"He is at the store, and has not been here
for several days."

"I must see him," I replied.

"Better not, sir; he is savage now, and
will ill-treat you."

"I must and will see John."

I started immediately for the store accord-
ing to her direction. There was no time to
lose, for I was to be at Conference, whither
I was bound, at a certain time appointed.
I readily found the store, and entered. The
first sight disclosed four men playing cards
at a table. The next glance disclosed a man
stretching out alongside a whiskey hoghead.
The landlord was sitting by, but instantly
hopped up and ran behind the counter to
wait upon me, supposing I was a customer:

Says I:

"Is John Mc—d here?"

"They looked at me, on hearing that ques-
tion, as if I had been the 'Evil One,' or a
sheriff."

"What is that to you?" he suddenly re-
plied.

"I want to see him."

Whilst I was speaking, I took another
sweep of the room with my eye, and saw
something like a man asleep in the corner.

"Is that John?"

"None of your business," answered the
surlily barkeeper.

"It is of my business, you will find
it some of my business."

So I went to him, recognized him, though
in this shocking beastly plight, and began to
try to wake him. This was no easy job, and
while I was about it the rumrunner and his
guests remonstrated, telling me to go away,
threatening chastisement, and showing vio-
lence. I had in my hand a loaded whip,
and am not inferior, you know, in point of
virtue, muscular power. In the whole of the
twenty-seven years I have been in the min-
istry, I never felt so strong a disposition as
at that moment, to give four or five men a
thrashing. They were intimidated, and I
succeeded in getting him off homeward, my
presence and the exercise sobered him, so
that when he reached hissked he was in his
right mind.

I forgot to mention that when I first went
into the house, the child upon the ground
started up frightened, running to her mother,
crying—

"Is he going to carry me to jail, mother,
where father was?"

And that mother sobbed upon my hand,
as if her heart would break. Well, I con-
versed with them an hour, talked of old
times in Connecticut, the old village and
school boys. He was softened, his heart
was touched. Then I urged the pledge; his
wife put in her earnest, almost frantic plea.
She felt this indeed to be the hour of des-
tiny.

"Do you think I can keep it?" at length
asked the miserable man, once so promising
now so fallen. "Is it possible for me to be
saved?"

"It is," said I with a confidence and hope,
"you can keep it. I know you can, and in
the name of humanity and religion, try it,
dear John, and God will help you."

At last he consented. We knelt down on
the earth—there was no chair nor table in
the house—I took out the pledge which I al-
ways carry in my pocket, placing it on the
stool where Mary had been sitting, and hand-
ed him my pencil. He wrote his name. Not-
withstanding his condition, it was beauti-
fully written, as I afterwards observed, for
he was an excellent English scholar. We
did not rise till I had relieved my overbur-
dened heart in prayer, and I prayed with all
my struggling soul, and his despairing wife
joined me in all the solemn invocation, that
the Father of all mercies would receive the
returning prodigal to his arms, and that he
might never go astray again.

It was now quite time for me to go, and
resume my journey; but I could not leave
the town before I called upon the class lead-
er, left him some money for the family, and
enjoined on him to look after them, and throw
around John the shield of all good influences
to prevent his suffering a relapse. What-
ever further charges he should incur on their
account, I promised to pay as soon as in-
formed of them.

Another decade rolled by, during which
no tidings came to me at the east from this
interesting couple. At length I was called
again to visit those western regions, and to
pass near the residence of this unfortunate
brother. On reaching the town, my disap-
pointment was extreme to learn that he had
removed to a distant county. I anticipated
misfortune, but, as the place designated was
not far from my intended route, I resolved
to go on and see him. When I entered the
town, I made inquiry for his dwelling, and
was told it was the second house on the left
hand side of the road. Being now so near,
I hastened onward eagerly, and presently a
nice framed building, painted white, appear-
ed. I could not help putting up an ejacula-
tory prayer that my dear friend might be so
happy as to occupy any house half as respecta-
ble as this. Expectation now became pain-
fully intense. What in mercy was I sent to
see? A scene like that, or worse, which,
ten years before, left such awful traces on
the memory, never to be obliterated? I
could not tell. At a sudden turn in the
road I thought I discerned another white
house at a distance among the trees. Yes,
it was so, with green blinds, and as I went
nearer, gravelled walks were seen, a hand-
some paling, ornamental trees, and a shrub-
bery. Surely, there is a mistake in the di-
rection; this cannot be John's house! Yet
it is the second on the left.

Fastening my horse to a hook, I went to
the door and knocked. A girl, just on the
verge of womanhood, opened it.

"Does Mr. Mc—d live here?" I asked,
with trembling voice.

"He does, sir."

"Is he or his wife at home?"

"Mother is within, sir, but father is in the
field. Please walk in, sir."

My eyes glanced through the open parlour
door. There were handsome chairs and
other furniture; but I saw no more, for Mrs.
Mc—d by this time was informed of a
gentleman's arrival, and lost no time in
making her appearance. "Good God!"
was all I remember to have heard from her,
as she rushed forward on seeing me, and
clasped me by the neck. She almost fainted,
and shed a flood of tears, and my own con-
dition was not much more composed. Re-
covering a little, she informed me that her
husband was at home, but out upon the
farm. Too impatient to wait, I hurried
away to see him. He met me as he was
coming home. As soon as he knew who he
was, he ran forward and grasped me in his
arms, saying, as he strained me to his bosom,
"Thank God! thank God! you are my
savior from heaven. This is all your work,"
said he, looking around. "O, I am rejoiced
that you are here to see it!"

When we had returned to the house, the
ten years' history of struggle, repentance
and reformation, was recounted. Prosperity
was the consequence. The dwelling was
his, the farm and all. His wife was happy.
The beautiful girl, almost a woman now,
was the dirty child that was crawling on the
ground at my first visit. There were three
children now.

"To crown the whole," said he "after I
had persevered a year in abstinence, accord-
ing to that blessed pledge, taken on that
awful day, on the stool in the log hut, which
rises to me sometimes with spectral horror—
after keeping it sacredly a year, I committed
myself to the church, of which my wife, who
has been an angel helping me, was a mem-
ber. Prosperity attended my worldly busi-
ness; I wanted to be more useful; I needed
something more; and commenced studies
for the ministry. My dear friend and brother,
I am now a minister of the everlasting
gospel."

EDITING A PAPER.—An exchange says:—
"Of all the employments there is none that
so taxes the mind, temper and flesh, as that
of editing a paper; none that requires a
nicer tact, a sounder judgment, a more con-
stant application, a quicker wit, or a kinder
heart. A churchman could never suc-
ceed as an editor; nor a narrow minded man,
nor an unforgiving one, nor a hasty one."
An editor must turn himself inside out to the
public. He cannot be a hypocrite any more
than a man could be a hypocrite in his wife.
He must expose himself in all he does, as
much in selecting the thoughts of others as
in publishing his own, and the better way
for him in the outset is to begin frankly.
Whosoever succeeds tolerably well as an editor
is something more than an ordinary man,
let his contemporaries think of him as they
will."

Autumn.

Bright flowers are sinking,
Streamlets are shrinking,
Now the wide forest is wither'd and bare;
Light clouds are flying,
Soft winds are sighing:
We will be thoughtful, for autumn is near.

Blossoms we cherish'd
Have wither'd and perished,
Scenes which we smiled on are yellow and drear;
Feelings of sadness
O'ershadow our gladness,
And make the mind thoughtful, for autumn is near.

Thus all that is fairest,
And sweetest and rarest,
Must shortly be sever'd and call for a tear:
Thou let each emotion
Be warm with devotion,
And we will be thoughtful, for autumn is near.

[Glasgow Courier.]

The Death-Bed of Horace Mann.

"How am I, doctor? Do you think I
shall recover soon?" were the symptoms fa-
vorable?" "We thought last night," re-
plied the doctor, "that the disease might,
perhaps, take a favorable turn; and indeed
we have all the time thought your recovery
possible; but—" Mr. Mann's eye carefully
watched the face of the doctor while making
the foregoing answer, and when he hesitated
he sternly said, "But what? Don't hesitate.
Go on, doctor; say what you were going to."
"I will leave Mrs. Mann to say the rest."

"No, doctor, say it yourself. If I am going
to die, I would like to know it. I have a
great many things to say, and will take
some time to say them." He was then
told that he could live but a few hours more,
and whatever he had to say must be said
speedily. All then left the room but his
wife and two younger sons, (the older one
being absent) with whom he conversed for
nearly an hour. He was perfectly calm, per-
fectly free from all excitement. He betrayed
no symptoms of fear—no misgivings for the
future, nor any solicitation for the happiness
of that future. He spoke not of himself—
thought not of himself. His anxiety was
for others. He spoke confidently, but firm-
ly; and with that same sweet voice, clear
accent and melodious cadence with which he
so often charmed and thrilled the scholar
and the multitude. After having given his
parting advice to his family and three or
four of his more immediate friends and at-
tendants, he sent for all the students who
were remaining in town. He spoke with
each one from three to five or six minutes.
With some few his interviews were private,
but to most of them he spoke so as to be
heard by several others. He gave to each
one of them such advice as seemed appro-
priate. One pale, slender student was ad-
vised to be more careful of his health, to
bathe, to exercise, and to go more in lively
company.

Another one, who was

The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPEY, Editor and Proprietor.
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.
TERMS:—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher, and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One Square, (fourteen lines), one insertion, \$1.50; each subsequent insertion 50 cents. Half a Square, (seven lines), one insertion, 75 cents; each subsequent insertion 25 cents. One Square, per year, \$12.00; six months, \$7.00; three months, \$4.00. Half a Square, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.50; three months, \$2.00. Less than half a square charged as a square. Special Notices, *local*, 10 cents a line, for one insertion; 4 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted FREE, otherwise not, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly in advance, at the rates required by us.

AGENTS.
North Woburn.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & CO., 201 Woburn Street.
South Woburn.—E. T. WINTER, 100 Woburn Street.
Boston.—S. M. PETERSON & CO., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. RICE), 100 South Woburn Street, Boston; and JOHN T. BURRILL, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions for the JOURNAL at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.
The large and increasing circulation of the JOURNAL renders it valuable as an advertising medium. It is read and preserved by the best families of Woburn and surrounding towns, among whom it circulates to an extent enjoyed by no other paper. It is not excelled, in typographical appearance, by ANY PAPER published in Middlesex County. By preserving uniformity in arrangement, equal prominence is obtained by ALL ADVERTISERS. Our terms of advertising are moderate.

JOE PRINTING.
We would call the special attention of our readers to our facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of JOB PRINTING. The variety of NEW and HANDSOME TYPE with which our office is supplied is very extensive, and our pressmen are new and efficient, our workmen experienced and skillful. We have therefore, every facility for doing all kinds of work, QUICK, NEAT AND CHEAP. Orders left at our office, or sent through our agents, will be promptly attended to, and the prices will be as low as can be found elsewhere. Orders solicited.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.
SUBSCRIBERS will confer a favor by giving notice at the office when they fail to receive their paper regularly, or change their place of residence, so that we can give notice to our carriers.

Middlesex County Convention.

THE Republicans of Middlesex County are requested to send delegates to a Convention to be held at the CITY HALL, in CHARLES TOWN, on THURSDAY, October 13th, at 12 o'clock, noon, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the offices of Sheriff, District Attorney, Clerk of the Courts, one County Commissioner, two Special Commissioners, and three Commissioners of Insolvency.

The basis of representation will be one delegate from each city and town, and one additional delegate for every two hundred voters, according to the last State Census. A majority portion will entitle a town to an additional delegate.

By order of the County Committee,
GEO. F. McLELLAN, Secy.

THE COUNCILOR CONVENTION FOR THE THIRD DISTRICT will be held at the same place and on the same day as the Middlesex County Convention, at eleven o'clock, A. M.

By order of the County Committee,
GEO. O. BRADSTOCK, Chairman.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 8, 1859.

The Extra Session.

One week ago the Legislature appropriated nearly one hundred thousand dollars from the public revenue for the payment of members and their mileage, and the inquiry becomes pertinent, What have the people received as a consideration for this great sum, paid, or to be paid, out of their pockets? And the answer, up to the time when the appropriation was made, must be, nothing, or what is very much worse than nothing. The two houses have not only failed to make any considerable advance in the business they assembled to consider, but have set a thoroughly bad example to all succeeding Legislatures, by spending their time in almost senseless discussion upon wholly unimportant matters, or in accusations and counter-accusations passed between the two houses.

On Saturday last an attempt was made by Mr. Hinchey of Barnstable, so to amend the appropriation bill, as to pay only those members who have been in attendance upon the sitting of the Legislature, and the question was very pertinently asked: Why should a member draw pay for attendance when in fact he was not in the State House, but at home attending to his own affairs? Of course no answer could be made to this question. Nevertheless the amendment was rejected by an almost unanimous vote, and a call for the yeas and nays was only seconded by nine members out of two hundred. Among these nine we were glad to notice Mr. Nathan Wyman, who has not been absent a single day during the extra session and only one day during the regular session, when his duties as town clerk rendered his attendance at the annual town meeting indispensable. The house refused to order the yeas and nays, because a majority of the members were conscious of the fact that they were about to take what did not belong to them, and while they were unwilling to record their names among the plunders.

How much longer the Legislature is to sit and do nothing, we will not attempt to guess. The end of their labors appears no nearer than it was three weeks ago. Day after day is occupied in useless talk about mere words, and in committees of conference between the two houses which end in smoke.

A very small portion of the people are acquainted with the manner in which their money is being expended while their interests are sacrificed by the Legislators whom they have chosen. It is their duty to inform themselves, and as soon as they have done so they will come to the conclusion that the people are themselves to blame. If the people would choose their own Representatives and Senators, and not suffer the work to be done for them by a few interested party leaders, they would soon change the aspect of the Legislature; they would take into consideration the qualifications of candidates and elect other than ignoramus to fill three-fourths of the seats in our Legislative halls.

The present Legislature is fast acquiring a reputation paralleled only by that of the Legislature of 1855, and if they continue in their present suicidal course it is safe to say

that five years hence there will be less than eight of the present members still in office. More money has been appropriated by the Legislature of '59 than by that of '55, and if the present assembled wisdom has had no success in its investigation it has made itself equally ridiculous over the Revision of the Statutes.

We write these paragraphs with no feeling of unkindness; as we have remarked we blame the legislators less than we do the people. Legislators have probably done as well as they knew how, and the people must take the consequences of their own folly in sending such men to represent them.

New Congregational Church.
The ceremony of depositing, in one of the corner stones of the new Congregational Church, the records of the Parish relating to the building of the church, and other documents of a religious and secular character, took place on Monday last, at about one o'clock, P. M. A large concourse of people of all denominations in town, assembled to witness the ceremonies, which were commenced by the reading of appropriate passages of Scripture by the Pastor, Rev. Daniel March, followed by singing the 24th part of the 148th Psalm from Watts and Select Hymns. The singing was performed by the choir of the church, in a manner quite creditable.

The Rev. Mr. March then briefly addressed the assembled people on the ceremonial of laying corner stones, its ancient origin and use. He said they did not propose to lay a corner stone in the literal meaning of that term, as practised in days gone by, but to deposit in the firm rock which formed the foundation of this church, edifice, ample evidence of the Christian principles upon which the religious faith of this Church and Society was founded; so that, at a future age, the documents now deposited in the solid rock should be discovered, they would bear testimony that Christ was the corner-stone of our religion, which rested upon the revealed word of God, and that our faith was well founded.

A copper box with the cover firmly soldered on, contained the documents deposited, which are as follows:

1. The doings of the Parish at the several meetings called for the purpose of taking measures for the construction of a new house of worship, and the final resolution for the completion of the work.
2. Historical statement in regard to the organization of the Church, Nov. 22, 1842, together with a catalogue of the present officers and members of the Church; Creed, Covenant and By-Laws.
3. Statement in regard to the organization and objects of the Ladies' Charitable Society, the Woburn Library, School Society, the Woburn Anti-Slavery Society, the Woburn Juvenile Society, and the tract Society, all of which are connected with the church and congregation.
4. Catalogue of the Church and Congregational Libraries.
5. Constitution and By-laws of the Woburn Young Men's Christian Association.
6. Catalogue of the Woburn Library, School Society of the Town, Report of the Trustees, *Middlesex Journal* and articles from several numbers of the *Journal* relating to the building of the new church; *Woburn Budget*.
7. Reports of the Bible, Home Missionary, American Missionary, Colonization and Oceanic Society, the Massachusetts African, African Repository, Christian Union, Tract Journal, Child's Paper, Advocate of Peace, Sunday School Times, Temperance Alliance, Report of Cong. Library Association, and Minutes of Mass. General Association.
8. A photograph of the Pastor of the Society, printed copies of three of his sermons, *Middlesex Journal* of Oct. 1, 1859, containing an account of the installation of Mr. March as Pastor of the Society.

In reading the list of contents of the box, Mr. March briefly spoke of the reasons for selecting the articles enumerated, and the appropriateness of the selection, all but the last, No. 8, in relation to which he said it was no part of his duty to say why these were placed there.

The North-east corner stone of the edifice was made the receptacle of the box and contents. Rev. Mr. March deposited it in the cavity prepared for it, and Messrs. Colla and Hall, two of the building Committee, applied the cement and fitted on the topstone. The exercises closed with prayer and singing the doxology.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.—At the October meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we recognize, in the recent removal of our Brother, CHARLES DEBLOIS, by death, the hand of Him who doeth all things well, however dark and hidden His providences may appear unto us; and we having in submission to his sovereignty, with hearts subdued and softened by our bereavement, would try and make the solemn lesson instrumental in bringing us nearer to the happy place to which we can trust the loved, cherished and departed one has already gone.

Resolved, That we tender to the friends and relatives of the deceased—especially the aged parents, called in their advanced years to lay in the silent grave the son of their old age, him on whom they hoped to have leaned as their feeble steps neared the "dark valley," and to have been the joy and solace of their declining years, our Christian and brotherly sympathy and condolence and hope, that now their treasure is taken from them, it may but prove an additional incentive for active preparation to meet him in the bright home on high when they are called to leave earthly scenes, where partings are unknown; light ensues the lamp of their faith, which shall burn brighter and brighter the nearer the revolving wheel of time brings their confident though feeble steps to the grave.

Resolved, That we wear an appropriate badge of mourning for one month, and that the reading-room be trimmed in a manner befitting the occasion for a similar length of time, as a token of our regard for the deceased.

ED The deep anxiety which long prevailed in the community regarding the fate of Mr. La Mountain, the balloonist, and his companion, Mr. Hadlock, was set at rest on Tuesday last, by the reception of a despatch from the wanderer, dated at Ottawa, Canada. The voyagers were driven from Waterbury, N. Y., by a South-easterly wind, directly over the limitless forests of Upper Canada, and landed in the wilderness. Four days they journeyed toward civilization, without food, and after many perils and much suffering reached Ottawa in safety.

OLD HOLLAND once said, "Doubtless can never be President, for his coat tail is too near the ground, sir! too near the ground, sir!—N. F. Dagobah.

ED See advertisement of the GRAND MATINEE at the Boston Theatre this afternoon.

Educational Meeting.

If all the friends of public education in Woburn were assembled in Lyceum Hall on Thursday evening last, we are sorry to learn that the number is so small.

The meeting was called to ascertain what could be done towards contributing to a fund to be expended in the erection of a Statue in honor of Horace Mann. At 7 1/2 o'clock, less than one hundred persons being present, the meeting was called to order by Dr. R. P. Stebbins, who was chosen chairman. Dr. S. made some very interesting remarks concerning the life and services of Horace Mann; a discussion ensued as to the best manner of accomplishing the desired object, in which Messrs. C. C. Woodman, E. P. Stone, W. A. Stone, W. T. Grammar, Rev. B. F. Bronson and Dr. Stebbins participated. It was at length voted that the teachers of the public schools be appointed a committee to collect subscriptions from our citizens and to take up collections in their schools.

We must say, without meaning any disrespect to other gentlemen, that the most telling speech of the evening was made by Mr. John Cummings, who said he would pledge the town for \$150. If one third of the towns in the State do as well, the whole amount demanded for the object will be raised, and an appropriate monument be erected to one of our greatest public benefactors, and one of our most worthy and devoted public servants. We are sorry to find that so little general interest is manifested in the great cause of public instruction, and trust another more effective effort will be made to awaken the people to a knowledge of its vast importance.

COUNTY AND COUNCILOR CONVENTION.—The American Republicans of Woburn met to-night in the Town Hall for the purpose of choosing delegates to represent them in the County, Councilor and Senatorial Conventions. Highly important county offices are to be filled by the candidates nominated at Charlestown on Thursday, the 13th inst., and a deep interest is manifested in the result of the deliberations of the Convention. The number of candidates for the office of Sheriff has not increased since our former reference to the subject, and we still believe the chances to be in favor of the nomination of Mr. Chas. Kimball, of Winchester, who would fill the office to his own honor and for the public advantage; the other prominent candidates are Messrs. Eames, Eddy and Keyes. For District Attorney we have heard the names of Morse and Sackett of Lowell, Lynde of Milford, and Ripley of Cambridge. For County Commissioners it is reported that Mr. Goring does not desire a re-nomination; we cannot vouch for the truth of this report. For the office of Councilor two candidates are presented, both eminently worthy of public support, Edward Mansfield, of South Reading, who was a prominent candidate for the office of Senator last year and only withdrawn in consideration of the superior claims of Woburn for the nomination, and J. Q. A. Griffin, of Malden. Two Special Commissioners, three Commissioners of Insolvency, and a Clerk of the Courts for the County, are also to be nominated. As the candidates at Charlestown will probably all be elected, and as they are to be immediately responsible to the people of this county, we trust the voters of Woburn will manifest their interest in the matter by attending the meeting this evening in large numbers.

EARLY CLOSING.—It is especially desirable that all men should enjoy proper opportunities for the cultivation of their minds, and of the social virtues, and to this end that they should be relieved for as many hours as possible from the cares of business.

No class of men is so wholly deprived of the great blessing of time which they can call their own, as the class of village traders and their assistants. Would it not be well—as suggested by a correspondent in another column—for all the store-keepers in town to enter into an agreement to close their places of business every evening at reasonably early hours, say eight o'clock, from the 15th of October to the first of April? This arrangement would give all an opportunity of making their daily purchases, and still leave a gold portion of the Fall and Winter evenings upon the hands of the traders and their salesmen and clerks. Such an arrangement as this we propose has already been in operation in Lowell for a considerable time, and meets with so much popular favor that the citizens will not purchase after hours of the trader who acts contrary to the rule.

A COMMON OCCURRENCE.—The *Edie Observer* notices a case of thoughtlessness, the counterpart of which we frequently find in our own newspaper experience. It says, "A few days ago, one of our business men called upon us to notice in our local column, 'free gratis for nothing,' of course, a matter connected with a church in which he is deeply interested. We politely informed him that we would do so with pleasure. After he had left us, and although an editor's charity covers a multitude of sins, we could not but recollect two facts—first, that this same gentleman does not take our paper; secondly, that when he wants any job work done he either goes to another town for it, or employs an itinerant card printer who has no interest in the town. Now the question is, if everybody did the same, would there be a paper here to notice 'free gratis for nothing,' either church matters, or any other matters of interest which it is absolutely necessary the public should know?"

GAS COMPANY.—At the annual meeting of the Woburn Gas Company, held on Monday evening, the entire board of officers for the past year were re-elected. The affairs of the company are prospering slowly but surely. The total earnings this year are \$1139 over the total expenses.

POST OFFICE.—By instructions from the head of the department, Post-masters are now required to keep an account of all letters passing through the several offices. We learn from Mr. Thompson that for the quarter ending Sept. 30th, 29,616 letters passed through the Woburn office.

E. D. HAYDEN, Esq., in addition to his office in Woburn, has opened an office in Boston, with W. J. Hubbard, Esq., at 39 Court Street.

DOVER FAIR.—We understand that several gentlemen of this vicinity who have a fancy for good horses, are on a visit to the fair at Dover, N. H., always famous for its show of horses. The public may expect to see some good specimens of their judgment on their return.

BUY AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for Coughs, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA for Scrofulous complaints, and AYER'S PILLS for all purposes of a Purgative Medicine.

WORKS CENTRE, Oct. 7, 1859.

DOVER FAIR.—We understand that several gentlemen of this vicinity who have a fancy for good horses, are on a visit to the fair at Dover, N. H., always famous for its show of horses. The public may expect to see some good specimens of their judgment on their return.

BUY AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for Coughs, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA for Scrofulous complaints, and AYER'S PILLS for all purposes of a Purgative Medicine.

WORKS CENTRE, Oct. 7, 1859.

Political.

The first instalment of news from California since the State Election has been received. Although the accounts are extremely meagre, enough is known to warrant a belief that the entire Lecompton Democratic State ticket, Legislature included, has been elected. In San Francisco the Independent Vigilance Committee party has triumphed.

On the 11th of October, elections take place in Minnesota, Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and in some of the Southern States, in which the result is less doubtful. Senators are to be elected by the next Legislatures of Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, and Minnesota. The Presidential contest being so nearly at hand, these elections have a peculiar importance, and the progress of the canvass is regarded with interest.

A Texas paper proposes the organization of a new party—as though we had not parties enough already—to be called the Union Democratic Party, and nominates Hon. Sam. Houston for President, and Robert C. Winthrop for Vice President. These nominations will suit as well as any, the Union Democratic Party.

It is definitely decided that the Democratic candidate for Governor is to exhibit his person to his fellow-citizens, on the stump during the present canvass.

On Monday last the Conference Committee appointed by the two houses of our State Legislature brought in their report, which was accepted and adopted. The report provides for commencing the work on the revision of the Statutes all over again on a new plan. If similar expedients had not already been tried with only a bad result, we should have more faith in the success of the present.

The annual Town Elections in Connecticut, as far as heard from are rather favorable to the Republicans. In a few towns large Republican gains are reported, while in one or two instances the Democrats have made slight relative gains.

Hon. S. A. Douglas declares that he has no intention of answering the letter of Judge Black, which reviews his Magazine Article. If any rejoinder to the Attorney General's letter appears, we are to understand it to be unauthorized by the distinguished Illinois Senator.

The latest attempt to create a disturbance in the politics of the State, was made on Tuesday, at Worcester. The capital invested was very small; twenty-two delegates assembled and called their meeting a Free School Convention. A State ticket was nominated with Geo. N. Briggs for Governor and Edward Miller for Lieutenant Governor. We hardly think these gentlemen will write letters of acceptance to the Convention.

On Thursday, the Republicans of Charlestown held their Caucus for choice of delegates to the County and Councilor Convention. After a stormy session delegates were chosen who are understood, says the *Traveler*, to be favorable to the nomination of Mr. Eames for Sheriff.

The opposition have elected two members of Congress, in Georgia.

Gen B. F. Butler was advertised to speak to the Democrats of Charlestown, on Thursday. As we see no mention of a meeting in the papers of Friday, we suppose it did not take place.

THE REPORT is issued this week in an enlarged form and presents quite a neat appearance. Its contents afford evidence of improvement. We trust it may enjoy such a degree of prosperity as will enable the proprietors to grow rich.

NEW CLOTHING STORE.—A new Clothing Store has been opened in the store formerly occupied by N. Wyman, Esq., in Wade's Block. Attention is called to the advertisement in another column.

APPLES.—This indispensable fruit is said to be scarce and of inferior quality this year. There are some exceptions, however. We paid a visit to Mr. Wm. Winn's orchard in Burlington a few days since, and found him up to his eyes in apples. Baldwin's of good quality. He says his crop of apples is of better quality this year than they have been for several years past. Some how or other, friend Winn always comes out "right side up."

SINGING SCHOOL.—Mr. W. Williams, known to many of our readers as a successful teacher of vocal music, will open a singing school in the vestry of the First Cong. Church on Monday evening, 10th inst. We advise all who can, to learn to sing; and as the present opportunity is a good one let it not be neglected.

Mr. Editor.—This is the month when the traders in most of the towns in our vicinity commenced closing their places at eight P. M., and in behalf of those who would be greatly benefited by it, I would ask the favor to enquire through the columns of the *Journal* why the same thing cannot be done as successfully here as in other places? I am told that it was tried here once, and from some cause proved a failure. Now, I think all acquainted will bear willing testimony that our traders are gentlemen who place as high value on the benefit and necessity, both to themselves and their employees, of suitable time for rest from business, as those of any other town, and I see no good reason why the change should not be made.

By the present arrangement, those engaged in our stores are usually deprived of leisure during the evening, until the hour for retiring arrives. Who among our business community will object to a plan calculated to benefit so many and injure none?

WORKS CENTRE, Oct. 7, 1859.

DOVER FAIR.—We understand that several gentlemen of this vicinity who have a fancy for good horses, are on a visit to the fair at Dover, N. H., always famous for its show of horses. The public may expect to see some good specimens of their judgment on their return.

BUY AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for Coughs, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA for Scrofulous complaints, and AYER'S PILLS for all purposes of a Purgative Medicine.

WORKS CENTRE, Oct. 7, 1859.

READING.

For the *Middlesex Journal*.

A reunion of the "rejected" or "lopped off" members of Kemo's "Old Folks,"—not members of his class now, by any means,—or in other words, the "Original Old Folks" had a social and a most delightful gathering at the residence of Reuben Nichols, Esq., on Tuesday evening, where one of our most esteemed members, Miss Charlotte Nichols, entertained them with many good things that have a tendency to make one feel comfortable when the appetite is keen. After about an hour spent in this agreeable way, they made an attempt to "revive some of the good old melodies," and although none professed to be "great in stature," nor "exquisitely beautiful in musical culture," still they were a "smiling countenance" throughout, and called out the tones without stint,—without any one to scare them, or "make them afraid." Soon it was found that some had been provided for a ride about town, and quickly they were "all aboard." A call was made on several citizens of the town, among which I may mention Sylvester Harnden, Esq., J. H. Bancroft, Esq., of the Superintending School Committee, Needham Nichols, and several others at Western Square. All of these were serenaded with music as is music, with spirit and enthusiasm. We all "tuned our violins," such as nature gave us, and had a good time generally. The sweet, ringing voice of Miss Owen, from Lowell, never sounded better, and the no less beautiful alto of Miss M. H. Robbins, of Carlisle, lent a charm to the whole, while the rich and deep-toned basso of H. M. Brown, resounded in the distance with peculiar richness, echoing and re-echoing o'er hill and dale. Our friend S. M. Pratt, (former treasurer of the "Originals") was present, and it was deemed proper to inform him that our object in visiting many parts of the town, was not to make money but to see all we could and enjoy ourselves, for he could readily see that it could not be a money making enterprise as there were too many of us. Mr. P. seemed to enjoy this short address, as he at once thought we were about to choose a "Board of Auditors." The "Originals" contemplate erecting a grand reunion in Lyceum Hall, which will be previous to their departure for Europe. When this comes off, Mr. Editor, we propose to have you present and take an observation,—your other half will come, too, of course.

TRIMS.—The stores close at eight o'clock, P. M., until the 20th of next March, Saturday evenings, and the evenings before the Holidays excepted.

The Selectmen have issued a proclamation, not for a Thanksgiving, but having reference to the enforcement of the Liquor law. It is a most ingenious document, and the authors of it may well lay claim to its originality. I propose to send a copy for the *Journal* of next week, and should you, Mr. Editor, think proper to publish it in your columns, I think it would be read with the deepest interest.

The Henry of Mrs. Moore, was entered a few nights since, and three chickens lost their heads, but the individual who did this is now quartered in the House of Correction for three months. The "Vigilance Committee" put this thing through. LENO.

Mr. Editor.—Permit us to introduce to the acquaintance of your readers, Master Ned and Miss Fanny, recent arrivals at the Aquarial Gardens, 21 Broadfield street, Boston. Ned will undoubtedly recognize the introduction by a boisterous greeting, while Fanny will modestly present her flipper to shake hands, and both with eloquent, speaking eyes, almost human in their intelligent expression, will gaze alternately at you and the Manager, waiting for the signal to commence their theatrical performances. Were it customary to speak of Seals as stage actors we should be at a loss to designate the Star performer. Ned is noted for devotion to the English language, while Fanny is no less diligent in acquiring facility for various gymnastic evolutions. Phenologically speaking, Master Ned has the organs of language, self-esteem, combativeness, and alimentiveness more marked than Fanny, while she, by her more evenly balanced organization, excels in submission, docility and obedience. Though either one is "fat as a seal," yet Ned excels in corporeity, and his skin seems constantly puffed and distended to the fullest extent, yet shame to his greediness and lack of gallantry, he will not hesitate to slap Miss Fanny, and bawl out his threats and command her to get in the water and take an extra bath, whenever she demurely presents herself to solicit a little food and attention from the Manager.

We did intend to give a general description of the Novelties on exhibition at the Gardens, but when we recalled to mind the thirty-four tanks, each of which would furnish a day's study to the lover of Nature's marvels; when we recalled the varied attitudes of the Shark, Alligator, Horned Toads, Rays, Newts, Creeping Snails, etc., we despaired doing justice to the scene, and therefore resolved to chronicle the latest arrivals, and at a future time attempt a more general description.

It will hardly be credited that the seals of which we have spoken, were captured but six weeks since, and were then wild, fierce, and to the last degree ungovernable.

Mr. Cutting is just the man for the vocation he has selected. Very kind and gentlemanly to visitors, he is also peculiarly adapted to the task of training amphibious animals, and teaching their ideas to shout.

We were truly gratified to learn that Messrs. Cutting and Butler find their enterprise highly remunerative, warranting them in the project of adding another large Hall to their present establishment, and sending to all parts of the world for new attractions. We were assured that if any visitor did not feel that he had received the worth of his money in the entertainment offered, it would be most cheerfully refunded and on our own responsibility, we would add that if such a satisfied visitor could lay the slightest claim to amphibious origin, we doubt not he could receive a liberal salary to remain on exhibition as the greatest curiosity of the Aquarial Gardens. L. L.

Mr. Editor.—Permit us to introduce to the acquaintance of your readers, Master Ned and Miss Fanny, recent arrivals at the Aquarial Gardens, 21 Broadfield street, Boston. Ned will undoubtedly recognize the introduction by a boisterous greeting, while Fanny will modestly present her flipper to shake hands, and both with eloquent, speaking eyes, almost human in their intelligent expression, will gaze alternately at you and the Manager, waiting for the signal to commence their theatrical performances. Were it customary to speak of Seals as stage actors we should be at a loss to designate the Star performer. Ned is noted for devotion to the English language, while Fanny is no less diligent in acquiring facility for various gymnastic evolutions. Phenologically speaking, Master Ned has the organs of language, self-esteem, combativeness, and alimentiveness more marked than Fanny, while she, by her more evenly balanced organization, excels in submission, docility and obedience. Though either one is "fat as a seal," yet Ned excels in corporeity, and his skin seems constantly puffed and distended to the fullest extent, yet shame to his greediness and lack of gallantry, he will not hesitate to slap Miss Fanny, and bawl out his threats and command her to get in the water and take an extra bath, whenever she demurely presents herself to solicit a little food and attention from the Manager.

We did intend to give a general description of the Novelties on exhibition at the Gardens, but when we recalled to mind the thirty-four tanks, each of which would furnish a day's study to the lover of Nature's marvels; when we recalled the varied attitudes of the Shark, Alligator, Horned Toads, Rays, Newts, Creeping Snails, etc., we despaired doing justice to the scene, and therefore resolved to chronicle the latest arrivals, and at a future time attempt a more general description.

It will hardly be credited that the seals of which we have spoken, were captured but six weeks since, and were then wild, fierce, and to the last degree ungovernable.

Mr. Cutting is just the man for the vocation he has selected. Very kind and gentlemanly to visitors, he is also peculiarly adapted to the task of training amphibious animals, and teaching their ideas to shout.

We were truly gratified to learn that Messrs. Cutting and Butler find their enterprise highly remunerative, warranting them in the project of adding another large Hall to their present establishment, and sending to all parts of the world for new attractions. We were assured that if any visitor did not feel that he had received the worth of his money in the entertainment offered, it would be most cheerfully refunded and on our own responsibility, we would add that if such a satisfied visitor could lay the slightest claim to amphibious origin, we doubt not he could receive a liberal salary to remain on exhibition as the greatest curiosity of the Aquarial Gardens. L. L.

Mr. Editor.—Permit us to introduce to the acquaintance of your readers, Master Ned and Miss Fanny, recent arrivals at the Aquarial Gardens, 21 Broadfield street, Boston. Ned will undoubtedly recognize the introduction by a boisterous greeting, while Fanny will modestly present her flipper to shake hands, and both with eloquent, speaking eyes, almost human in their intelligent expression, will gaze alternately at you and the Manager, waiting for the signal to commence their theatrical performances. Were it customary to speak of Seals as stage actors we should be at a loss to designate the Star performer. Ned is noted for devotion to the English language, while Fanny is no less diligent in acquiring facility for various gymnastic evolutions. Phenologically speaking, Master Ned has the organs of language, self-esteem, combativeness, and alimentiveness more marked than Fanny, while she, by her more evenly balanced organization, excels in submission, docility and obedience. Though either one is "fat as a seal," yet Ned excels in corporeity, and his skin seems constantly puffed and distended to the fullest extent, yet shame to his greediness and lack of gallantry, he will not hesitate to slap Miss Fanny, and bawl out his threats and command her to get in the water and take an extra bath, whenever she demurely presents herself to solicit a little food and attention from the Manager.

SOUTH READING.

For the *Middlesex Journal*.

The South Reading Literary Association held its monthly meeting on Monday evening in one of the rooms of the own House. Most of the teachers and committee were present, though but few others. The evening was spent very interestingly in a free and familiar conversation on the subject of the co-operation of parents with teachers, &c. It being thought advisable to hold the meetings in the different districts in town, the next was appointed at the Montrose School House.

On account of the great number of meetings on Monday evening, but few persons could attend each. We have heard of no less than 7 gatherings, viz: Of the Literary Association, Republican Caucus, Singing School, Semi-annual meeting of the M. & A. Association, Yale Engine Company, Hook and Ladder Company and Writing School. The two schools were most fully attended. At the Singing School about 150 were present. Mr. Solon Walton was selected to teach the school.

At the Republican Caucus held at the Town House on Monday evening, B. B. Wiley, Esq., was chosen Chairman, Capt J. W. Locke, Secretary. The following persons were chosen to attend the several Conventions:

Senatorial—Messrs. P. H. Sweetser, Lillie Eaton, Matthew F. Leslie and Jacob Tufts. County—Messrs. James Oliver, E. A. Up on, J. O. Russell, and Wm. H. Atwell. Councilor—Messrs. Adam Wiley, J. W. Locke, W. H. Hayden, and Edward Mansfield.

A singular occurrence took place at Lyndfield Center on Monday morning. A young man walked apparently from South Reading upon the track of the Georgetown & Newburyport Railroad, when he inquired where Benjamin Lindsey lived, and if he had been recently married. Answers being given, he proceeded to the house and finding Lindsey in the yard, asked him if his name was Lindsey. The reply was, "yes, that is my name." "Whom did you marry?" said the stranger. On being informed the maiden name of his wife, the fellow instantly replied, "You are a dead man," at the same time seizing a pistol and discharging it at Lindsey's breast. When Lindsey saw the pistol he suddenly dodged, and received the charge in his left hand, the ball passing through the flesh near the thumb. Though not accompl

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stonham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. IX. : : No. 2.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1859.

SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

Poetry.

A Beautiful Prayer.

All o'er with sin defiled,
Saviour, I come,
Far, far, and long exiled,
Pining for home;
Oh! in thy matchless grace,
Pity my wretched case,
Grant me thy place,
No more I'll roam.

Oh! let thy righteousness,
Saviour of men,
Hide me from my distress,
Clothe me again;
Thou, who for sin hast died,
Oh! let the crimson tide
Pour'd from thy wounded side,
Now make me clean.

Thou to my soul impart
Love's grateful flame;
Draw from my inmost heart
Praise to thy name!
My soul, thy praises pour;
My Saviour's name adore;
Praise him forevermore;
Praise thou his name!

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

FROM THE LATE BOAT, BENHAM'S NOTE BOOK.

It was in the autumn of 1799 that a party of us left the Falls of the Ohio, in keel-boats, under the command of Major Rodgers, for the purpose of making attack upon the Indians at the old town of Chillicothe. On our way up the river, we met with no remarkable adventure till we approached the mouth of Licking—which we did about sunset of a delightful day. We observed a few Indians standing upon a projecting sand bar at a point where the two streams unite, apparently watching some companions in a canoe, who were crossing to them from the opposite bank of the smaller stream. If they saw us, they were nothing in their manner to indicate the fact; and thinking it possible to take them by surprise, Major Rodgers ordered the boats to be run up under some bushes along the shore, and all the men save five—some twenty in number—to advance cautiously through the wood, and completely surround the spots where the savages were.

We all set off in fine spirits, thinking only of the surprise we would give the enemy. Quietly, stealthily we pushed onward, spreading out as we advanced, till at length we reached and fairly encircled the fated spot, when, just as the order was being given to rush upon the foe, we were startled and thrown into the greatest confusion by the uprising on every side of us, of several hundred yelling Indians.

We had often drawn into a complete ambush—had been taken by our enemies in the very trap we had set for them. Instantly they poured in a destructive fire, and then fell upon us with knife and tomahawk; when the panic on our part became fearful, and the slaughter tremendous. Like frightened sheep we huddled together, and then, finding ourselves hemmed in by our foes, who heaved us down as fast as they reached us, we turned at bay, and poured back a volley from our side. Then with yells as wild and savage as their own, we broke through their lines, and rushed for our boats. But the Indians comprehending our design reached them before us, and made a capture of all save one, in which the men left in charge had made their escape. Only chance now was to break their lines, and then, steering through the forest to the station of Harrodsburgh. Favored by the gathering shades of night some twenty of our whole party escaped, though hotly pursued by our blood-thirsty foes.

But I was not one of that fortunate few; for, as I was in the act of clearing some five or six of the enemy, who barred my way to a dense thicket, and just as I had cut down a couple of the nearest, a ball passed through my hips, shattering the bones. At once I fell but luckily among some thick bushes, which for the moment concealed me; and the others probably thinking me dead or escaped immediately darted off in pursuit of my flying comrades. I had my rifle still in my hands; and wounded and suffering as I was, I proceeded to load it as I lay on the ground—my only hope now being that I might succeed in killing one more of the wretches before a terminus should be put to my own existence.

As minute after minute went by, however, and the yells of the savages grew more and more distant, the night began to envelope me in her welcome pall of darkness, a new hope sprang up in my breast, that I might possibly so secrete myself as to escape the observation of the enemy altogether. Slowly dragging myself through the bushes to a fallen tree, which lay within a few feet of me, I, with the most excruciating pain, crept under the branches, which I disposed above my person in the best manner I could.

For hours I lay suffering agonies of body and mind which no language has power to describe. I dared not stir again, scarcely to breathe. I heard the Indians return, and could tell by the sound, that they were going over the ground and butchering all the wounded they could find. About midnight, as near as I could judge, they once more drew off and lit their camp fires, the glimmering of which I could faintly perceive through the thick foliage which surrounded me.

I now pass over that night of horror. If any one should have the faintest idea of what I suffered, he must imagine himself in my situation—there—in the branches of that tree—vibrating both sides—surrounded by my dead friends—and worse still, my living foes.

I dared not change my position, nor give vent to a single groan; and it seemed at times that nature must compel from me some expression of pain, in spite of my utmost will. Oh, it was a horrible night! and may

God deliver me from ever passing such another.

But the end was not yet. Horrible as that was, I dreaded to see the morning. How could I expect to escape the lynx eyes of so many savages, when they should begin to beat over the ground for plunder? And at times the thought of this so worked upon my feelings that I was more than tempted to shriek out, and let my position be known, and thus bring upon myself the relief of a speedy death; for I knew, from my disabled condition, that the Indians would not think of taking me prisoner, but butcher me at once. And yet the instincts of life were greater than the temptation I speak of. And these same instincts, by the way, seem wisely sent for our preservation—to act when reason tells us that hope is lost, and we had better end our woes at once.

How painfully I watched the dawning of the day! how eagerly and tremblingly I listened to every sound! At length I could hear the Indians astir; and soon after they began to traverse the scene of slaughter, and gathered up the arms of my companions, and stripped their bodies of every garment. They were hours at their work and to me those hours were ages. At times when some of them drew near the spot where I lay, I felt my heart in my very throat, and it seemed as if I should die of suffocation. Twice a small party of them were so close that I could see their half-naked hideously painted forms through the leaves; and once a single warrior stalked by me within reach of my rifle. Up and down, and over the ground they passed and repassed many times, till they were satisfied that none of the dead or wounded had escaped their notice. They then drew off in a body along the bank of the river, where they remained for hours—in fact, till late in the day—when, being joined by the rest of their companions, who had probably made a long journey in pursuit of the fugitives, they repaired to the boats.

With a feeling of thankfulness which I cannot express, I heard them put off from the shores, and every sound gradually died away to silence. And yet shortly after there came an awful revulsion of feeling; for I now felt that I was alone—in the wilderness—afar from friends—so crippled that I could not walk—could only move my body, in fact, by a great effort—suffering all the time the most excruciating agonies, and in danger of perishing from starvation. Had I been able to move about, even though never so slowly and feeble, I could have rejoiced in my good fortune; but situated as I was, I felt that an overruling Providence, such as had so far preserved me, could still save me from even a more horrible doom than I had escaped.

As I thus lay on my back, in a position which had scarcely been changed for more than twenty hours, I looked up through the leaves, and to my surprise, I might almost say joy, beheld a raccoon in the act of devouring the trunk of a large tree, some of whose branches even canopied the spot where I lay. Was this poor animal a messenger of hope. Had Providence directed it hither for my preservation? I fancied so then. I almost fancied so still. At all events, I cautiously raised my only remaining friend, my rifle, took a quiet but certain aim, and fired. The ball sped to its mark, and the animal dropped dead within a few feet of me; and as I raised myself among the limbs, with the intention of dragging myself to it, I was startled by hearing a human cry.

Fearing the Indians had not all gone, I hastily reloaded my rifle, and then remained perfectly still, trembling at the thought of what I might next behold, but determining to sell my life dearly and shoot the first human figure I should see approaching me. Presently I heard the same loud, startling cry repeated, but this time much nearer than before. Still I kept silent, my rifle firmly grasped, for I could recognize nothing like the voice of one of my race. Again I heard the same singular sound, but still nearer yet, and a rustling among the under-brush, apparently at a distance of twenty yards. I now cocked my rifle, and poised it, resolved to shoot the first object that should appear. But fortunately nothing did appear, till my heart had been made to leap for joy by the utterance of words in my native tongue, which fell clearly and distinctly upon my ear, and assured me it was a countryman, perhaps a companion.

"Who are you? where are you? For God's sake, speak!" I cried the voice.

I gave him an answering shout, and soon I was gratified by the sight of a human figure, pushing rapidly through the bushes, whom, notwithstanding his haggard and bloodstained features, I at once recognized as Peter Brent. On getting sight of me he stopped and exclaimed, "My God! Captain Benham, is this you? How did you escape? I thought I was the only being left alive by the butchering wretches!"

"Alas!" I returned, I am as good as dead; for I am badly wounded in my hips, and cannot walk a step."

"See!" he rejoined, "I'm no better off—both my arms are broken! and I've no power to use a weapon, and could not feed myself if I had anything to eat. I think, of the two, Captain, you're the best off, after all; for you, at least, can shoot the game, and so won't starve!"

"Aye!" I said, "but how am I to get it when I have shot it?"

"I see," he replied, with a sort of laugh, the two of us only make one decent man. You've got arms, and I've got legs; and if ever we get out of this infernal scrape at all, I reckon we'll have to work out together. And if Heaven is willing, and the red devils will let us alone, we'll be able to do it yet, and cheat the howling jimps of two scalps, anyhow."

It was a very singular and remarkable occurrence, that only two men should have escaped from the scene of slaughter, and of these the one with his hips broken, and the other with his arms. Brent, like myself, had nothing to eat for more than twenty-four hours. And like myself had escaped, after being shot, by crawling into a thicket, and lying flat upon the earth, at a point where the Indians had passed within a few feet of him. Here he had remained concealed through the night and day, till the savages had departed, when the pangs of hunger had brought him forward in search of food, which he had little hope of finding, and he knew not by what means he might get it into his mouth, if obtained. On hearing the report of my rifle, a faint hope had sprung up in his breast that a companion might be near; but whether it should prove to be a friend or an enemy, he determined to make himself known, and risk captivity, or even death, rather than remain in his hopeless condition.

We now began our singular mode of living, which probably has never been paralleled in the world's history. The first thing Brent did, was to search for the raccoon I had shot, and push it along to me with his feet. I then dressed it, and kindled a fire with my sticks, which he also pushed up to me in the same manner. I broiled it, and on this we made our supper—as hearty and as palatable a meal as I ever ate in my life—I feeding him as he sat beside me. Our hunger appeared, we felt more sensibly the pangs of thirst; and at first we could devise no means for obtaining the water so near us. Necessity, however, is the mother of invention, and luckily bethinking me of my hat, I placed the rim in my companion's mouth, and told him to wade into the river until he should be able to dip the hat under, and then, by returning quickly, I fancied a good portion of the water might be retained, after allowing for the leakage. The plan succeeded; and taking the half-filled hat from his teeth, I held it for him to drink, and then drank myself, the most refreshing and invigorating draught that ever passed my lips.

The immediate wants of nature being now fully supplied, we began to be more cheerful and hopeful, though still suffering extreme pain from our shattered limbs, which I next proceeded to dress as well as circumstances would permit. Making some rude splints with my knife, I took off my shirt and tore it into strips, and then putting the bones of Brent's arms together as well as I could, I bound the splints around them. This done, I proceeded to dress my own wounds in the same incomplete way.

Another night set in, when we passed together, lying close in the thicket, and suffering a great deal of pain. We slept little, but spent the tedious hours in talking over the dire events which had happened, and mourning the loss of our brave companions.

The second day, beginning early in the morning, and keeping a sharp lookout for game, I was fortunate enough to shoot two quail and a wild turkey, the latter being quite numerous in that region. This served us for food through the day, and on the third I succeeded in shooting a couple more squrels and a few birds, my companion always kicking the game to me with his feet, and I dressing and cooking the animals, and feeding him.

So matters went on for several days, the game gradually becoming scarcer, and requiring a great deal more labor on Brent's part to drive within reach of my rifle. Days thus passed on, and even weeks, before my wounds were so far healed as to permit me to hobble about on crutches, and during all this time we saw not a human soul, though anxiously watching for some chance boat to pass down the river and take us off.

Our garments being thin, and our shirts torn up for bandages, and the weather setting in cold, our future prospects looked cheerless indeed, and we were much concerned lest we should be obliged to winter where we were. To be prepared for any emergency, we, with much labor, put up a kind of rude shanty, which served in some measure to protect us from the almost wintry blasts—which now began to sweep over the desolate scene.

As the season grew colder and more inclement, the game became so scarce that my companion with difficulty drew enough with his rifle-shot to give us a single meal a day, and with all the rest, our powder was so low in the horn that I could count the charges, and dared not fire except when certain of my mark; then it was that we began to feel the horrors of despair, and sometimes to regret that we had outlived the dead around us. Almost naked, with unshaven, haggard faces, hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, we now indeed looked pitiable, even to each other; every day, too, our condition seemed to grow worse instead of better; and at last, with a sinking heart, I informed Brent we had but four charges of powder in our horn.

"God help us!" was his reply.

Matters were thus at their very worst, when, one day, Peter burst suddenly into our shanty, where I sat shivering over a few embers, and with tears in his eyes exclaimed, "Blessed be God! Capt. Benham, we're saved! There's a flat-boat turning the bend above us!"

Who could describe my feelings then? I started up and hobbled down to the bank of the river, shouting wildly as I went, lest the boat, scarcely within sight, should pass us ere I could reach the beach! Oh, how painfully anxious we watched the slow approach, continually shouting to attract the attention of men too far distant to hear us, and making every kind of signal we could think of for the same purpose.

Gradually the boat neared us, and we could see its crew gathered together, and pointing towards us. But oh, Heaven! imagine, if you can, our horror, when we saw them sud-

denly betake to their oars, push over to the Ohio shore, and then row past us with all their might, amid our frantic gesticulations and piteous prayer for help! On they swept down the river, and then Brent and I looking at each other with silent horror, sank down together upon the cold beach, and mentally prayed for death to end our sufferings.

Suddenly—oh, sight of agonizing joy—we saw a canoe put off from the boat and approach us, and then we got up and fairly screamed and begged for assistance. When the rowers had come near enough to converse with us, they stopped, and told us they feared we were deacons, put there to draw them to the shore, that the Indians might fall upon and murder them, and it took no little time, and the most earnest assertions and piteous appeals, to convince them of the contrary. At last, after rowing past us two or three times, and closely inspecting the shore, and getting us to come far out on the sandbar, they ventured to take us aboard.

We were kindly treated by these men, when they came to hear our story; and being taken by them to the garrison at the Falls, (now Louisville, Ky.), we were placed under the care of a skillful surgeon, and soon restored to our usual health and strength.

Reader, is not this story remarkable for the fact that two men should so singularly escape from the savages, and live six weeks in the wilderness—the one with useless arms, the other with useless legs—the two together, making, as it were, only one whole man? Whoever shall to-day stand upon the levee of the now large and flourishing city of Cincinnati, and glance his eye across the beautiful Ohio, shall behold the very spot where these remarkable events occurred, at a time when all around, on either shore, was a wild howling wilderness.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

Lady Franklin's Expedition.

Steamship Canada, from Liverpool Sept. 24th, via Halifax, arrived at this port at a little before 1 P. M. Saturday. The news by this arrival was telegraphed from Halifax, and in the crowded state of our columns we can only find room for the following additional particulars of the Sir John Franklin expedition:—

The Fox, Captain McClintock, which went out in search of the missing Franklin party, arrived off the Isle of Wight on the 21st, with important documents relative to the missing ships. They were abandoned by their crews off Point Victory, King William's Sound, on the 22d of April, 1848. Sir John Franklin died on the 11th June, 1847.

On landing Capt. McClintock at once proceeded by train for London, taking with him two cases of relics of the long-missing expedition of Sir John Franklin. Capt. McClintock stated that he was in possession of papers that would fully elucidate the mystery which has so long hung over the fate of these brave men.

The Secretary of the Admiralty forwards the accompanying letter for insertion:—

"Sir—I beg your will inform the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty of the safe return to this country of Lady Franklin's final searching expedition, which I have had the honor to conduct.

Their lordships will rejoice to hear that our endeavors to ascertain the fate of the 'Franklin Expedition' have met with complete success.

At Point Victory, upon the north-west coast of King William's Island, a record has been found, dated April 25, 1848, and signed by Captains Crozier and Fitzjames. By it we were informed that her majesty's ships Erebus and Terror were abandoned on June 22, 1848, in the ice, five leagues to the N. N. W. and that the survivors, in all amounting to 103 souls, under the command of Captains Crozier, were proceeding to the Great Fish River. Sir John Franklin had died on the 11th June, 1847.

Many deeply interesting relics of our lost countrymen have been picked up on the western shore of King William's Island, and others obtained from the Esquimaux, by whom we were informed that (subsequent to their abandonment) one ship was crushed and sunk by the ice, and the other forced on shore, where she has ever since remained, affording them an almost inexhaustible mine of wealth.

Being unable to penetrate beyond Bellot Strait, the Fox wintered in Brentford Bay, and the search, including the discovery of 800 miles of coast line, by which we have united the explorations of the former searching expeditions, to the north and west of our position, with those of James Ross, Dease, and Simpson, and Rae to the south, has been performed by sledge journeys this spring, conducted by Lieut. Hobson, R.N., Capt. Allan Young, and myself.

I have the honor, &c.,
(Signed) F. L. M. CLINTOCK, Capt. R.N.
To the Secretary of the Admiralty.

The enclosure referred to above gives a minute account of the searches made by the expeditionary parties. The following describes what was found on the 8th of May:

"Most of our information was received from an intelligent old woman; she said it was on the fall of the year that the ship was forced ashore; many of the white men dropped by the way, as they went towards Cape Herby, a fleshed skeleton was found, around which lay fragments of European clothing. Upon carefully removing the snow a small pocket book was found containing a few letters—these, although much decayed, may yet be deciphered. Judging from the remains of his dress this unfortunate young man was a steward or officer's servant, and his position exactly verified the Esquimaux's assertion that they dropped as they walked along."

After relating that near this place were found several cairns, with nothing in them

(probably the records, if any, had been removed by the natives), the record thus continues:—

"On 6th of May Lieut. Hobson pitched his tent beside a large cairn upon Point Victory. Lying amongst some loose stones which had fallen from the top of this cairn was found a small tin case containing a record, the substance of which is briefly as follows:—

"This cairn was built by the Franklin expedition, upon the assumed site of James Ross's pillar, which had been found. The Erebus and Terror spent their first winter at Beechy Island, after having ascended Wellington Channel to lat. 77 deg. N., and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island. On the 12th of September, 1846, they were beset in lat. 70 deg. N., and lon. 9 deg. W."

"J. Franklin died on the 11th of June, 1847. On the 22d April 1848, the ships were abandoned 5 leagues to the N. N. W. of Point Victory, and the survivors, 103 in number, landed here under the command of Capt. Crozier. This paper was dated 25th April, 1848, and upon the following day they intended to start for the Great Fish River. The total loss by deaths in the expedition up to this date was nine officers and fifteen men. A vast quantity of clothing and stores of all sorts lay strewn about, as if here every article was thrown away which could possibly be dispensed with—pickaxes, shovels, boots, cooking utensils, iron work, rope, blocks, canvas, a dip circle, a sextant engraved by Frederick Hornby, R. N., a small medicine chest, &c., &c."

A few miles southward across Back Bay, a second record was found, having been deposited by Lieutenant Gore and M. Des Voeux in May, 1847. It afforded no additional information.

"When in lat. 69 deg. 09 N., and lon. 9 deg. 27 W., we came to a large boat, discovered by Lieutenant Hobson a few days previously, as his notice informed me. It appeared to be the boat which had been intended for the ascent of the Fish River, but was abandoned apparently on a return journey to the ships, the sledge upon which she was mounted being pointed in that direction. She measured 28 feet in length by 7 1/2 feet wide, was most carefully fitted, and made as light as possible, but the sledge was of solid oak, and almost as heavy as the boat."

A large quantity of clothing was found within her, also two human skeletons. One of these lay in the after part of the boat under a pile of clothing; the other which was much more disturbed, probably by animals, was found in the bow. Five pocket watches, a quantity of silver spoons and forks, and a few religious books were also found, but no journals, pocket-books, or even names upon any article of clothing. Two double-barrelled guns stood upright against the boat's side, precisely as they had been placed eleven years before; one barrel in each was loaded and cocked; there was ammunition in abundance; also some 30 or 40 lbs. of chocolate, sugar, and tea. Fuel was not wanting; a drift tree lay within 100 yards of the boat."

Captain McClintock says from all that can be gleaned from the record paper and the evidence afforded by the boat and various articles of clothing and equipment discovered, it appears that the abandonment of the Erebus and Terror was deliberately arranged, and every effort exerted during the third winter to render the travelling equipment complete. It is much to be apprehended that disease had greatly reduced the strength of all on board, far more, perhaps, than they themselves were aware of. The distance by sledge route from the positions of the ships when abandoned to the boat is 65 geographical miles, and from the ships to Montreal Island 220 miles. The most perfect order seems to have existed throughout."

The Franklin expedition, which numbered 133 souls, sailed from England in May, 1845, and nothing definite, till now has been ascertained of its movements or fate later than July of the same year, when the fated Erebus and Terror were spoken by a passing whaler. One of the several expeditions fitted out by government with the view of relieving or ascertaining the fate of the missing adventurers, discovered in 1851, traces of their winter quarters in 1845-6, at Beechy Island, and in 1854, Dr. Rae found among the Esquimaux on the west shore of Boothia certain relics of the expedition, and was told that a party of white men had perished of starvation in that neighborhood four years previously.

They had been seen, it was said by the natives, dragging a boat on the north shore of King William's Sound. The intelligence now received would seem in confirmation of that obtained by Dr. Rae; the localities in the two accounts appear to be the same; and the discrepancy of dates—Captain McClintock's news being to the effect that the crews abandoned their ships as early as 1845—is probably to be explained by the looseness of the Esquimaux notions of times and seasons."

Up to 1850 the country hoped that Sir John and his gallant companions might yet be within reach of aid; and in March of that year, government offered a reward of £20,000 to any party or parties who in the judgment of the Board of Admiralty, should discover or effectually relieve any of the crews; or £10,000 to any party who should give such information as would lead to their relief, or definitely ascertain their fate. So late, even, as 1857, an effort was made to induce the government to "attempt a final and exhaustive search," with the view of ascertaining the fate of the expedition."

It was on the failure of this effort that Lady Franklin herself undertook the responsible, and the result has now, it appears, justified her faith and enterprise. It will be for the country to consider whether the widow of the brave and unfortunate explorer should be permitted to pay out of her private funds for information so interesting to the public, and for which so large a sum as £10,000 had been offered in the name of the country—an offer which has never, we presume, been formally withdrawn."

A popular writer says, it is not drinking, but getting sober, that is so terrible in a drunkard's life. To this Prentice adds: "Some persons, influenced probably by this important consideration, seem to deliberately resolve never to get sober."

A Case of Somnambulism—A Thrilling Incident.

An incident of thrilling and almost terrible interest, combining in itself all the palpitating chances of hair-breath escapes and the strange, romantic ventures of that weird semblance of life, somnambulism, occurred night before last. The scene of this unusual episode was on Catherine street, at the residence of Mr. Israel Moreton, a gentleman in whose veracity we have entire confidence, and from whose lips we received the statement of particulars.

At about half-past two o'clock in the morning he was awakened by a knocking at the front door of his residence, and upon answering the call, found a man on the steps, who, in a very incoherent and excited manner, requested him to walk across the street and look at the top of his house. The proposition was so strange that he declined, and was about retreating again, suspicious of foul play, when his eye caught a moving shadow on the front of the opposite house, cast by the moon, which was shining dimly through the fleecy clouds of a gathering equinoctial storm. It indicated that some moving, living thing was walking noiselessly along the narrow ridge of his roof, and, as he looked at its slow creeping motion, an indefinable chill crept over him. The shadow stole across the front of the opposite building, and was lost for a moment in the darkness, and then crept into view again, returning in an opposite direction, with the same slow, gliding motion. His companion had regained the opposite sidewalk, and stood gazing up at it, in silence, seemingly struck speechless with horror, and with trembling steps Mr. Moreton gained his side and turned his eyes in the same direction. His consternation may be imagined when his gaze fell upon the form of a human being shrouded from head to foot in a long white night dress, about which a mass of long hair, which gleamed darkly in the moonbeams, fell in wild confusion. This spectral form paced slowly to and fro on the narrow ridge-board which covered the apex of the roof, approaching in frightful proximity to the abrupt termination at the ends, and calmly turning about to retrace the distance, always with the same unflinching step and easy, gliding motion. The house was a high one, and a mistop or a step too far, would have plunged the night-walker down to certain destruction—as also would a casual sound, the shout of a midnight reveler, or the crow of a morning cock.

The walker was a woman, and, as she moved back and forth, she occasionally raised her hand to her head, as though engaged in thought or troubled with pain. The head never moved to the right or left, up or down, but always maintained the same position, erect, and straight as a statue. A chimney stood directly in the middle of the roof, around which she passed with ease placing one hand upon its top, and walking down the sloping roof to get around. Once in this spectral walk she paused at the edge of the roof, and, before turning, looked straight out into the black night, as if peering beyond mortal vision, into some mysterious realm.

A waving movement of the right hand accompanied this act, which lasted but a moment, when the walk was again renewed and the light shadow passed across the faces of the spell-bound gazers as she hid the moon for an instant from their sight. The same spot was reached again a few moments after, when the figure again paused, and again gazed out into the darkness, and then, with a slow motion, stretched out a hand, and with outspread fingers clutched at something which had no existence except in the fevered mind of the sleeper. The other hand was then extended in like manner, and the body went forward in such a way that the upper portion hung over the abyss, while the fingers reached out, out, until there was no further reaching, and then clutched again with a quick, convulsive snatch, and were withdrawn. The form was motionless a moment, and then commenced its walk again, continuing as far as the middle of the roof, when it turned toward the rear of the house, and moving down the slope of the roof, was lost to sight.

Mr. Moreton, while witnessing this scene, had recognized the features and form of his servant girl, a young female of about eighteen, named Jane Mooney. With a feeling of indescribable relief he saw her disappear, and knew that she had descended through a skylight to the garret and to her own room. Hastening in, he roused his wife, and went, with her to the girl's room, and found her sitting on the side of the bed, wide awake, and in a state of mind bordering on distraction. She had no knowledge of the occurrence, but had been awakened by the noise of her employer entering the house, and found herself standing in the middle of her own room in the condition described. That the results were no worse was a matter of thankfulness to all within that house.

The girl had been suffering from a brain-fever, from which she was gradually recovering, which undoubtedly caused this dangerous freak. She has no knowledge of any thing of the kind having occurred previously, and will be well watched in future, as she is highly esteemed. It was a thrilling adventure with a happy result.—*Detroit Free Press.*

One of the principal advantages to be derived from instruction, is, not to be easily astonished, and to appreciate men and things at their just value. Ignorance, on the contrary, seized with admiration and astonishment, and is in ecstasies without discrimination; or it is often despises and disparages a thing with reasonable motives.

Tickets of admission to the Almshouse can be procured at any of the Lottery Offices.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

From Our Regular Correspondent.—

NEW YORK, Oct. 6.

A ride in Wise's balloon is the novelty of the day in the way of amusement. We are all to have the chance of going up, safely fastened to terra firma by a long cable; all of us, truly, who can pay Mr. Wise for his trouble and accommodations—and he is disposed to demand a round figure. But this latest application of ballooning, which will give a mountain view to the inhabitants of the flatted country, is really the most practical benefit we have yet had from these experiments. There seems now, however, to be a disposition to test strongly the possibility of aerial navigation; and the Great Levitation may perhaps be eclipsed in turn by the air ships, riding tranquilly over the Atlantic above the reach of storms. The large engraving of the great steamer, issued by the publishers of the London Illustrated News, is having an extended sale. There is great anxiety that she should come to New York and every effort will be made to bring her to this port—at least as a visitor. If her owners wish to speculate on visitors they would of course have a better opening in this populous and wonder-loving city than anywhere else on the continent. Especially does "Gotham," "dote" on anything in the way of a big ship. Others may delight in horses, some in fat cattle, and similar vanities, but the ocean traveller is our camel, and we venerate her as the Arab does his ship of the desert. Just as boys who live by a railroad grow intimate with each of the snorting locomotives, and invest it with an almost human individuality and interest, so do we who live by the sea, in masses, cherish with personal affection the fast Cunarders and all well-built, wave-repelling keels, whether we know anything about ship-building or not, and the reception of the Great Eastern would doubtless throw that of Jenny Lind into the shade. Its arrival is looked for also with great eagerness by the resident Englishmen, always thirsty for a chance to show this presumptuous Yankee that there are bigger things on the other side of the water.

Business is rather dull this week; it is unfavorably affected by the Jewish Festival of New Year's, on which all decent disciples are expected to shut their shops. So large a portion of the dry goods business, wholesale and retail, is in Hebrew hands that this regulation affects the dry goods market very perceptibly. It is probably not realized by people in the inland districts, how strong an element the Jewish population is in this city. Their cleanliness and devotion to their ritual leads them to congregate in certain localities, and beside they have the faculty of making money best when the competition is greatest. They are very largely engaged in the manufacture of ready-made clothing, caps, etc., and aim generally to undersell all competitors. Of the German Jews it is complained that they are more disposed than any other clan to oppress their operatives. There are some very heavy and respectable Jews in the California trade. Going into the synagogues at service-hours one sees many men of fine cranial development and imposing person, not at all on the Chatham st. type, from which most of us get our idea of modern Israel.

The case of "Ella Burns" the little prodigy of declamatory powers, now before one of our courts, excites much interest among those who have heard this precocious child's performances. She is claimed by her father from the hands of the lady who has been exhibiting her in public performances; though she has been, it is alleged, given up by him. Many ladies and gentlemen have regarded the introduction of a mere infant of such promise upon the stage, as a reprehensible thing and have endeavored to withdraw Ella from the public and put her in charge of a teacher. But she is "capital" for a certain kind of business and the money-making spirit of the times aims to get her worth out of her at the age when most children are required to do nothing but grow. It appears that her trainers were disposed to keep her as small as possible; this at least is alleged; just as dog-fanciers administer whisky to their black and tan pups to prevent their growth! Such a trade in infant flesh and blood is nearly as bad as actual enslavement.

The city retailers are making a brilliant display; the Fall fashions offer a great variety of rich colorings, and the windows of the great dealers on Broadway are a parterre of printed and woven flowers. The number of Stewart's Broadway rivals is largely increasing. A new store above Canal street is magnificent with marble and gilded decorations; the entrance is an extremely elaborate and expensive work and would be quite the attraction of the street were the gilding some, what less profuse. Evidently the city is rich, whatever may be said of the country. The class of merchants who have no interest in the production of the goods sold, and who do not buy them of manufacturers do a good business. The Fall business is full large enough, but the range of prices has been very low, owing to excessive importation. Importers have lost very heavily on fancy silks, which ladies in general will hardly weep to hear. It is foolish to talk of the extravagance of the country; it is not the ladies who import excessively; but Frenchmen and Germans who "don't know when they have got enough." If American consumers get more silk for the same money than last year—so much the better.

We are settling into proper Fall weather, of which we have really had but little as yet. The days are enjoyable and the nights comfortable in lecture and concert rooms. Fashion is setting all sale for a grand winter carnival. Industry of all kinds is in request and the general atmosphere breathes prosperity.

Scrophula, or King's Evil

The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPEY, Editor and Proprietor.
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS.—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, and previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, (fourteen lines), one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents. Half a Square, (seven lines), one insertion, 75 cents; each subsequent insertion 37 1/2 cents. One Square, per year, \$15.00; six months, \$8.00; three months, \$4.50; one month, \$2.50. Less than half a square charged as half a square. Special Notices, 12 lines a line for one insertion; 4 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements, must be marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly; transient advertisements in advance.

AGENTS.

North Woburn.—MRS. NICHOLAS, WINS & CO.
East Woburn.—ALBERT L. RICHARDSON.
Stonham.—E. T. WHITTIER.
Reading.—THOMAS RICHARDSON.
South Reading.—DR. J. D. MANSFIELD.
Winchester.—JOSEPH HOVETT.
S. M. PETERGILL & CO., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to W. B. Palmer), Boston; J. B. BURLING, Boston; and JOHN BURLING, Boston, are authorized to take advertisements and subscriptions for the JOURNAL at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and increasing circulation of the JOURNAL renders it valuable as an advertising medium. It is read and perused by the best families of Woburn and surrounding towns, among whom it circulates to an extent enjoyed by no other paper. It is not excelled, if equalled, in typographical appearance, by ANY PAPER published in Middlesex County. By preserving uniformity in arrangement, equal prominence is obtained by ALL ADVERTISERS. Our terms of advertising are moderate.

JOB PRINTING.

We would call the special attention of our readers to our facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of JOB PRINTING. The variety of NEW and HANDSOME TYPE with which our office is supplied is very extensive; our presses are new and fast; our workmen experienced and skillful. We have, therefore, every facility for doing all kinds of work, QUICK, NEAT AND CHEAP. Orders left at our office, or sent through our agents, will be promptly attended to, and the prices will be as low as can be found elsewhere. Orders solicited.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIBERS will confer a favor by giving notice at the office when they fail to receive their paper regularly, or change their place of residence, so that we can give notice to our carriers.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 22, 1859.

LYCEUMS.

Among many others, there are two good and sufficient reasons why Lyceums are not as well supported at the present time as they were ten or twelve years ago.

Although Lyceums are as old as the philosophy of Plato, they never became absolutely fashionable and the rage, until about 1843 or '44; from that time till 1855, New England towns rivalled each other in the amount of money expended by Lyceum Committees for Lecturers, until the ordinary price for a star was \$50 and expenses, while a live lion, like Thomas H. Benton, could command \$250. Now for the two reasons.

First.—The people, after attending Lyceum lectures for ten or twelve winters, have come to the conclusion that they have derived but very little benefit from them. Most people attend Lyceum lectures more for the purpose of being entertained than of being instructed; hence while the novelty lasted, men who said sharp things in a sharp way, were in the greatest demand, and imitations of Beecher and Star King, and Holmes, and Chapin, began to crowd into our desks and disgust us with the whole sharp and dashy style of lecturing.

Professional lecturing has become a bore, professional lecturers usually being neither entertaining nor instructive; with witticisms and puns annually served out to us, we have become satiated; with sharp hits, well-timed periods, flights of oratory, touches of pathos, all arranged in order like the colored bits of calico in patchwork, we have had our fill. The Lyceum, as it existed ten years ago is dying out. This is the first reason.

Second.—Lyceum Committees engage too many heavy men—D. D.'s and others, under whose influence one half the audience sleeps, while the other half longs for a chance to do so at home. Lyceum lectures must be entertaining, or they will not be attended. Heavy men will not draw. Too many light men, as lecturers we mean, are engaged; men who have contributed to deprave the popular taste by making their lectures sounding, by virtue of their emptiness, like drums; men who deliver the patchwork lectures referred to above; of this class, Beecher, Chapin, Dr. Holmes, and T. Starr King are the leaders; we doubt if a dozen men of this town who heard a lecture by either of these gentlemen last year, remember three ideas in it. The people are dissatisfied with the fact, that Lyceum Committees have procured the services of men, who, by endeavoring to instruct too much, do not entertain; and of men, who, by endeavoring to amuse too much, fail of instructing altogether. And this is our second reason.

We trust our Committee for the ensuing season will endeavor to procure the services of men who will succeed in combining entertainment with instruction, and thus do their part toward introducing a new and better system of Lyceum lectures.

Foreign Affairs.

Although the plenipotentiaries of France, Austria and Sardinia have made some progress towards completing a treaty of peace, the people of Italy, whose business is being done for them by the kings, are taking matters into their own hands and preparing for war.

It is proposed by the great powers that the Grand Dukes of Modena and Tuscany, who are in the interest of Austria, shall resume their thrones. The people of the Duchies resist their claims and declare they are ready to settle the question of their right to choose their own rulers at the point of the bayonet. Everything is in commotion in Italy, and the advice would lead us to believe that a new war is imminent.

ELECTION.—Election in Massachusetts is Tuesday, Nov. 8th.

Senatorial Convention.

The Convention of the Fifth Middlesex Senatorial District was held at the Town Hall, Woburn, on Wednesday, Oct. 19th, at 3 o'clock.

The Convention was called to order by Thomas Abbott, Esq., of North Reading. On motion of Mr. Horton of Reading, a committee of three was appointed to nominate a list of permanent officers of the convention. Voted that a committee of three be appointed to collect credentials. The following gentlemen were appointed:

B. A. Upton, So. Reading; O. R. Clark, Winchester, Geo. D. Porter, Medford.

Committee on permanent organization reported the following list, adopted by a unanimous vote.

President.—H. P. Wakefield, Reading. Vice Presidents.—Thomas Abbott, N. Reading; Hammond Read, Lexington. Secretaries.—Geo. D. Porter, Medford; Ward Parker, Wilmington.

The Committee on Credentials reported ten towns represented by thirty-seven delegates. The towns of Billerica and Bedford not being represented.

On motion of Mr. Oliver of South Reading, voted that an informal ballot for candidate for Senator. The following gentlemen were appointed to collect, sort and count the votes:

James Oliver, South Reading; E. Boynton, Medford; L. P. Davis, Woburn.

The committee attended to the duty and reported.

Whole number of votes 34
Charles Hudson, Lexington, 7
S. P. Reed, N. Reading, 5
Horace Conn, Woburn, 22

On motion of Mr. O. R. Clark, of Winchester, Voted that the same committee collect votes on a formal ballot for candidate for Senator.

The committee reported whole number of votes 32. Horace Conn, Woburn, had 32, the whole number cast, and was therefore unanimously nominated.

Mr. W. T. Grammer in the absence of Mr. Conn, who was attending to his duties as Senator, thanked the Convention for the honor conferred upon the nominee, and stated that Mr. Conn had regretted that circumstances over which he had no control, have rendered frequent absences from his seat necessary.

Hon. H. P. Wakefield, President of the Convention, made a few remarks urging upon the members of the Convention to use their influence to carry on an active canvass and warned them against dangers arising from apathy.

When the President concluded his speech the committee previously appointed to nominate a District Committee, reported the following names. The report was accepted and adopted.

Timothy Winn, Woburn; J. O. Boswell, South Reading; Lemuel C. Eames, Wilmington; Oliver Holman, Medford; Charles Nunn, Lexington.

C. C. Woodman of Woburn was called upon to fill a portion of the time before the starting of the cars, by a speech, and responded in a few remarks reviewing the late success of the republican party of the country, and urging the importance of activity in the present canvass. At the conclusion of the remarks of Mr. Woodman the convention dissolved.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—The Democrats of Middlesex County held a convention in City Hall, Charlestown, at 10 o'clock on Thursday, when the following nominations were made for county officers: For Sheriff, Col. John H. Clark of Melrose; District Attorney, Peter Haggerty of Lowell; Clerk of the Courts—Joshua P. Converse of Woburn; County Commissioner—Joseph Fuller of Framingham; Special Commissioners—Samuel B. Whitney of Waltham, and Charles M. Wiley of Holliston; Commissioners of Insolvency—Charles S. Lincoln of Somerville, James Gerrish of Shirley, and J. C. Abbott of Lowell.

The insurrection at Harper's Ferry, the details of which have filled columns in our daily papers for some days past, has been closed by the capture of the insurrectionists, about 20 in number. The mystery of the small force of the "rebels" holding a town of two thousand inhabitants under complete control for two days, can only be explained by the cowardly fears of the inhabitants. Suspensions are still entertained in the neighborhood of the scene of strife, of a general rising of the slaves; these suspicions probably arise from no other cause than fear.

UNIVERSALIST SABBATH SCHOOL GATHERING IN SOUTH READING.—The annual meeting of the Middlesex Universalist Sabbath School Union was held in the Universalist Church last Sunday evening. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President—David Fairbanks of Melrose. Vice-Presidents.—H. A. Dearborn, West Cambridge; Elisha Stoneham, Medford; G. T. Barney, Malden; C. H. Ishburg, Melrose; Cyrus Hay, Stonham; B. F. Bancroft, South Reading; Thomas Richardson, Reading. Secretary—G. O. Carpenter, South Reading. Treasurer—John Winslow, South Reading.

A vote of thanks was passed to the retiring President, Wm. H. Richardson, Jr., and J. W. Fairbanks, Secretary, (who declined reelection,) for their constant and untiring exertions in promoting and advancing the interests and welfare of the Union for the past two years. From the annual report of the Secretary, the Union appears to be doing a great deal of good in the schools connected with it.

E. Mr. Elijah Moriam of Burlington, has raised this season, from a vine accidentally started under glass, 16 marrow squashes, nearly equal in size, and weighing in the aggregate, 224 lbs. The vine grew to the enormous length of 300 ft. If Mr. M. learns by experience there will be more than one vine grown in the same manner and in soil similarly prepared, next season.

NEW DRY GOODS STORE.—Mr. Charles A. Smith has opened the store formerly occupied by Mr. Morse, with a large and elegant assortment of dry goods and small wares of all kinds. See his advertisement in another column.

Lecture of C. C. Woodman on Protection to American Labor.

A large meeting of the working-men of Woburn assembled at Lyceum Hall, on Thursday evening, to listen to a lecture on the subject of Protection, by C. C. Woodman, Esq.

Mr. Woodman gave a definition of Protection in its technical or political sense, and argued that the dissemination of intelligence among the laboring classes would enable them to use the power which they possessed for self protection; that efforts at protection, whether by trades' unions or tariffs, could not succeed unless they were founded upon an understanding of the rights, duties, powers and responsibilities of working men. He proceeded to discuss some of the duties of workmen toward themselves, their employers and the public, to show that laboring men ought to acquaint themselves with the real money value of their labor, that they may know whether they are well recompensed or not; that the interests of employer and employee were identical; everything that really benefited the one is of advantage to the other; that laboring men ought to take sufficient interest in public affairs to understand them thoroughly, and take part in their administration. If workmen are not protected—if the interests of labor are sacrificed, workmen have only themselves to blame; they are the people, their votes outnumber the votes of all other classes combined, they can rule the country, they can rule society if they will; they must not call upon others to protect them, they must protect themselves, or remain unprotected.

There should be confidence existing between employers and employed. The interests of labor are the interests of the entire community; the difference which now exists arises more from the superior knowledge of employers than from their capital; let the workmen acquire a thorough knowledge of the commercial as well as mechanical portion of the business in which they are engaged, and when the time for bargain-making comes they could meet their employers upon an equal footing.

The lecturer contended that the clearest method of obtaining positive protection was through the instrumentality of government, and that the stupendous power of government might be used by laboring men, it was necessary that they should investigate its character and understand its workings. He asserted that in most communities the direction of affairs was so far from being in the hands of the people, that the people entirely neglected them, and they were carried on by a few who assumed the general direction; and that this was not to be complained of by the people, who might, if they choose to do so, administer their own affairs.

A rapid sketch of the great systems of labor that have existed, or are existing in the world, was given. The temporary servitude of the Jews, the hereditary system of Egypt, the Helot system of the Grecian Republics, the great manufacturing system of England, and the peasant labor of Continental Europe, and the relations of each to the government.

The effect of political organizations upon the interests of labor was then spoken of, and a sketch given of some of the political parties that have existed in this country. A real democratic government was asserted to be a government of the laboring class; in our modified form of democratic government, if its main idea and distinctive feature were carried out, the people would rule through their representatives, who would be selected and chosen by the people exercising their power for their own benefit.

The tariff question was discussed at some length, and the doctrine of the protection of manufactures until they were in a condition to protect themselves, was strongly urged. Free and slave labor were explained and contrasted. Free labor is expensive, increases population in proportion as it increases production—the means of subsistence being the only limit to population. Slave labor exhausts the means of subsistence and only serves to maintain an inferior race at the expense of a superior one.

We have given only a very imperfect review of the lecture, and have made no attempt to do justice to the numerous points which were brought under discussion, nearly all of which were received with demonstrations of approval. The meeting was large, and the interest of the audience remained unimpaired until a late hour.

STONEHAM.

HORSE ACCIDENT.—A horse belonging to Mr. Onslow Gilmore, attached to a light buggy, took flight and ran away, about dark on Sunday evening. Mr. Gilmore and Mr. Orin Herson were in the buggy; both were thrown out and Mr. Herson was injured slightly. With the exception of breaking the shafts of the buggy there was no further damage.

Two men belonging to Reading were arrested on Sunday for fast driving. On Monday morning they were brought before Justice Converse of Woburn, and sentenced to the house of correction for one month in default of the payment of fines of \$3.00 each. Stonham people like to have the Sabbath respected, even if some of them do own fast horses.

ACCIDENT.—A son of Mr. Padilla Beard, a bright boy of about eight years of age, accidentally lost the use of one of his eyes this week. It appears that he was playing with a sister about two years older, when a knife in the hands of the sister entered the boy's eye, and the sight fell out.

Business is about the same in Stonham, that is to say, there is very little business doing of any kind.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—The long, cold evenings remind us that the lecture season is at hand, and from what we learn it bids fair to be a successful one. We hope, sir, for a series of entertaining lectures, and in common with others the traders would be pleased to participate, if they will all consent to close their several places of business one evening in a week for the brief period occupied by the Lyceum. But in order to attain so desirable an end there must be a *consensus* of feeling and action. Let us all consent to close our several stores for one evening during the week, and when perfectly understood by the citizen there will be no loss sustained by way of trade.LYCEUM.
Woburn, Oct. 20, 1859.

Convention of Middlesex County Teachers.

The teachers of Middlesex County held their semi-annual convention at Town Hall, Somerville, on Friday and Saturday of last week. The convention was well attended, all parts of the county being worthily represented—the fairer and livelier part of creation largely predominating in numbers, a circumstance which rendered the meeting not any less interesting. The members of the Association assembled in the hall at 9 o'clock of Monday, called the Association to order for the transaction of business. Prayer was offered by Rev. W. Williams, of Somerville.

Geo. O. Brastow, Esq., chairman of the Somerville School Committee, in a brief and hearty speech, cordially welcomed the teachers of Middlesex County to the homes and hospitalities of the people of Somerville.

After a short address from the President the Secretary, Edward Stickney, read the records of the last meeting, which were approved. The Secretary, having removed from this county, tendered his resignation of the office, and I. N. Beals of Newton, was elected to fill the vacancy. Mr. Bigelow, of Framingham was elected delegate to the Essex County Convention, and Mr. Buckingham, of Brighton, to the Norfolk County.

The hour appointed for the lecture having arrived, the President introduced Isaac F. Shepard, Esq., of Somerville, as the lecturer. [The recent unfortunate occurrence at the People's Savings' Bank in Boston, may make the lecturer's name sound strangely in this connection. It must be remembered, in explanation, that the lecture was delivered before noon on Friday, the day on which the investigation took place and the defalcation was discovered and made public.]

For a report of the lecture and speeches we are indebted to the kindness of the Principal of the Central Grammar School, who was "among them takin' notes," and furnishes us with the following:

Mr. Shepard commenced by speaking of the true "zeal and enthusiasm" that should characterize the lives of teachers living in a country where was struck the first blow in defense of religious and civil liberty; in a country where are situated Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill.

He then proceeded to discuss the subject of teaching; he gave an illustration of the method adopted by some teachers saying, in substance, as follows: Some teachers drill their pupils in "Grammar for example," in all the modern languages, French, German, "Green's Analysis for instance," "so that at the closing examination the class is able to bear a thorough questioning in everything relating to "Subject, Predicate, Modifier, and the various parts of speech, and can change knowing nods and winks, whispers of approval, and at the close mark down that teacher as No. 8, and advise all the other teachers in town to visit the school in the shape of a church of Verbal Pedagogue, and imbibe his zeal, and especially his system of teaching grammar; his class in grammar would do honor to the neighboring university."

As a consequence the other teachers being jealous of their reputation, began to change knowing nods and winks, whispers of approval, and at the close mark down that teacher as No. 8, and advise all the other teachers in town to visit the school in the shape of a church of Verbal Pedagogue, and imbibe his zeal, and especially his system of teaching grammar; his class in grammar would do honor to the neighboring university."

He regarded scholars so educated as knowing no more about the English language than an apprentice would of his trade, if he put into a machine shop and learned the names of tools. To draw a parallelism,

"What is grammar?"
"What is a machine shop?"
"How many parts of speech?"
"How many forms has a hammer?"
"What is a toggle joint?"

His idea was that children should not go to school until "ten or twelve years of age," but should go with the teachers into the fields, and talk with them about the language of birds, flowers, animals, &c., which they taught them about objects, teach them the use of language, and cultivate a taste for it. "He wanted text books abolished, and pleasant conversations substituted."

A school should never be larger than an ordinary family; in class-room teaching, the teacher looked forward to the good time coming when there would be no school, but when the parents would consider it the highest honor they could receive to educate in the highest degree possible, who could afford to do so.

Teachers should not do so much to please school committees; for they were dangerous nuisances just in proportion as they meddled with the internal arrangements of the school.

The last part of the lecture referred to physical and moral training at school. Boys and girls under the age of ten or twelve should not be compelled to remain in one position any length of time. He would have them as free to exercise as the "frolicking pussy kitty," jumping, rolling from side to side, then scampering away and perhaps tearing up some tree. He wanted their school days to be made joyous.

After a recess of five minutes the subject of the lecture was taken up for discussion. Mr. Sheldon of Newton, believed the lecturer was right in his ideas of Education. "It may be said," he was opposed to class-room teaching, and he was opposed to class-room teaching. He looked forward to the good time coming when there would be no school, but when the parents would consider it the highest honor they could receive to educate in the highest degree possible, who could afford to do so.

Teachers should not do so much to please school committees; for they were dangerous nuisances just in proportion as they meddled with the internal arrangements of the school.

The last part of the lecture referred to physical and moral training at school. Boys and girls under the age of ten or twelve should not be compelled to remain in one position any length of time. He would have them as free to exercise as the "frolicking pussy kitty," jumping, rolling from side to side, then scampering away and perhaps tearing up some tree. He wanted their school days to be made joyous.

After a recess of five minutes the subject of the lecture was taken up for discussion. Mr. Sheldon of Newton, believed the lecturer was right in his ideas of Education. "It may be said," he was opposed to class-room teaching, and he was opposed to class-room teaching. He looked forward to the good time coming when there would be no school, but when the parents would consider it the highest honor they could receive to educate in the highest degree possible, who could afford to do so.

Teachers should not do so much to please school committees; for they were dangerous nuisances just in proportion as they meddled with the internal arrangements of the school.

The last part of the lecture referred to physical and moral training at school. Boys and girls under the age of ten or twelve should not be compelled to remain in one position any length of time. He would have them as free to exercise as the "frolicking pussy kitty," jumping, rolling from side to side, then scampering away and perhaps tearing up some tree. He wanted their school days to be made joyous.

After a recess of five minutes the subject of the lecture was taken up for discussion. Mr. Sheldon of Newton, believed the lecturer was right in his ideas of Education. "It may be said," he was opposed to class-room teaching, and he was opposed to class-room teaching. He looked forward to the good time coming when there would be no school, but when the parents would consider it the highest honor they could receive to educate in the highest degree possible, who could afford to do so.

Teachers should not do so much to please school committees; for they were dangerous nuisances just in proportion as they meddled with the internal arrangements of the school.

The last part of the lecture referred to physical and moral training at school. Boys and girls under the age of ten or twelve should not be compelled to remain in one position any length of time. He would have them as free to exercise as the "frolicking pussy kitty," jumping, rolling from side to side, then scampering away and perhaps tearing up some tree. He wanted their school days to be made joyous.

After a recess of five minutes the subject of the lecture was taken up for discussion. Mr. Sheldon of Newton, believed the lecturer was right in his ideas of Education. "It may be said," he was opposed to class-room teaching, and he was opposed to class-room teaching. He looked forward to the good time coming when there would be no school, but when the parents would consider it the highest honor they could receive to educate in the highest degree possible, who could afford to do so.

Teachers should not do so much to please school committees; for they were dangerous nuisances just in proportion as they meddled with the internal arrangements of the school.

The last part of the lecture referred to physical and moral training at school. Boys and girls under the age of ten or twelve should not be compelled to remain in one position any length of time. He would have them as free to exercise as the "frolicking pussy kitty," jumping, rolling from side to side, then scampering away and perhaps tearing up some tree. He wanted their school days to be made joyous.

After a recess of five minutes the subject of the lecture was taken up for discussion. Mr. Sheldon of Newton, believed the lecturer was right in his ideas of Education. "It may be said," he was opposed to class-room teaching, and he was opposed to class-room teaching. He looked forward to the good time coming when there would be no school, but when the parents would consider it the highest honor they could receive to educate in the highest degree possible, who could afford to do so.

Teachers should not do so much to please school committees; for they were dangerous nuisances just in proportion as they meddled with the internal arrangements of the school.

The last part of the lecture referred to physical and moral training at school. Boys and girls under the age of ten or twelve should not be compelled to remain in one position any length of time. He would have them as free to exercise as the "frolicking pussy kitty," jumping, rolling from side to side, then scampering away and perhaps tearing up some tree. He wanted their school days to be made joyous.

After a recess of five minutes the subject of the lecture was taken up for discussion. Mr. Sheldon of Newton, believed the lecturer was right in his ideas of Education. "It may be said," he was opposed to class-room teaching, and he was opposed to class-room teaching. He looked forward to the good time coming when there would be no school, but when the parents would consider it the highest honor they could receive to educate in the highest degree possible, who could afford to do so.

Teachers should not do so much to please school committees; for they were dangerous nuisances just in proportion as they meddled with the internal arrangements of the school.

The last part of the lecture referred to physical and moral training at school. Boys and girls under the age of ten or twelve should not be compelled to remain in one position any length of time. He would have them as free to exercise as the "frolicking pussy kitty," jumping, rolling from side to side, then scampering away and perhaps tearing up some tree. He wanted their school days to be made joyous.

After a recess of five minutes the subject of the lecture was taken up for discussion. Mr. Sheldon of Newton, believed the lecturer was right in his ideas of Education. "It may be said," he was opposed to class-room teaching, and he was opposed to class-room teaching. He looked forward to the good time coming when there would be no school, but when the parents would consider it the highest honor they could receive to educate in the highest degree possible, who could afford to do so.

what misunderstood by others. He acknowledged the truth of what was said about committing the truth to teachers to be as candid in regard to their part of the lecture, warning them, in a very dignified and impressive manner, to beware of leading their pupils to become disgusted with school on account of the hard study required of them. Teachers should make everything as easy as possible for their pupils, so that the exercises of school may be attractive. By a similar course farmers would keep their sons with them and make them good farmers. The work will be hard enough for the child at best.

Mr. Morse, of Charlestown, said that he did not know as the teachers would fancy the method of going into the fields, but he was sure he could produce fifty boys that would agree with a will to the butterfly chasing system of instruction.

Mr. E. P. Stone, of Woburn, compared something that had been said about training dunes, to the Dutch cooper's plan of making a new barrel out of an old bung-hole. As to the pupils, who were pleasant by making it easy, he thought that those pupils usually enjoyed school best who studied hardest. If he were to train boys to be farmers he would not tell them stories and have them merely look on and see him work, but work themselves, and work hard enough to get warmed up and enjoy it, and say "I did all that myself." Pupils should study none but useful studies; but he thought those studies that make strong and noble minds no less useful than those that helped to get bread and meat. The lecturer should look away back, rather than away forward, to see that "good time," with no classification of pupils, no text-books, and no schools but the school of nature.

Mr. Bigelow of Framingham, then gave a teaching exercise, illustrating the method of teaching new beginners how to write numbers.

The evening passed very pleasantly, enlivened by music, speeches, social greetings, &c. All things considered, it formed one of the most attractive features of the convention.

SATURDAY, A. M.
The first business in order was a discussion on the subject of the school legislation of 1859. It was voted to lay the matter on the table, and take up the subject of "Reading," which was very ably discussed by Messrs. Knapp, Babcock, and Dr. Knights of Somerville, E. P. Stone of Woburn, and Allen of Newton. Mr. Kimball delegate from the Norfolk convention, was then introduced, and spoke in a very appropriate manner concerning the cause in which they were engaged, the brightness of the future, and in behalf of the fellow laborers of Norfolk, and God speed in our labors. [Cheers.] Miss Gunderson of Boston, gave three recitations designed to illustrate reading, but which did not seem to meet with the approbation of many, as they were given in the character of stage acting.

The subject of school legislation was then taken up and discussed by Rev. B. G. Northrup of Saxtonville, and L. P. Frost of Waltham. Mr. Sheldon of Newton, offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the school legislation of 1859, pertaining to the abolition of the district system, made the hearty approval of the teachers of Middlesex County. Passed.

The following resolution was submitted by W. A. Stone of Woburn, and adopted with acclamation:

Resolved, That while we would cherish in grateful remembrance the founders of our free school system, the fathers of the Mayflower, we would also remember with the profoundest respect and gratitude, the name of Horace Mann, the leader and spirit in our day in regenerating and vivifying that system, to meet the wants of an advancing age.

Mr. S. also offered, as chairman of committee, the usual resolutions of thanks which were passed. Adjourned.

SERENADE.—The Young Men's Literary Association accompanied by Gilmore's Band, proceeded to Stonham last night and serenaded Mr. Chas. A. Sweetser and bride.

On Thursday night upwards of two feet of snow fell at Chataqua, N. York. An inch of snow fell at Calais on the same night, and on Friday morning snow was falling at Eastport.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—James Ginn of this town was struck by the cowcatcher of the Stony Brook train, on Wednesday, his feet lying on the track, between West Chelmsford and Westford. His body, when struck, swung round, so that the engine which ran partially over his head, tore off his scalp and cut off two of his right hand fingers. His fingers were amputated, and he was carried to the Tewksbury almshouse. His recovery is doubtful.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.
From Our Regular Correspondent.
NEW YORK, Oct. 21.

Delightful weather we are enjoying; a sunny afternoon on Broadway when the air is clean and clear, as at this stage of the fall season, is the ne plus ultra of opportunities for a promenade. The dullest person could not walk from Canal st. to Union Square between two and four in the afternoon of one of these days, without experiencing a touch of something like enthusiasm. But the weather which is so favorable to enjoyment is a detriment to the great business of the city, the distribution of winter goods to the retailers of the interior. Merchants whose warehouses groan with the weight of heavy wools suitable for frost-defying suits, grow impatient for cold weather; they would positively enjoy an Arctic snap which would force every overcoat man to buy an overcoat, and him that hath one to add to it another. It appears that the amount of clothing material imported and manufactured for the winter of 1859, is generally greater than the wants of the people; so that the heavy wools which were imported for the benefit of western farmers must be "carried," not on their backs, but on the shoulders of capitalists, over to another winter. Business drags in clothing goods for the want of weather cold enough to make people replenish their wardrobe. But in truth, there is no excessive animation in any department of trade just at present. Even speculation is dull, except marriage speculations, which are rife, with different and indifferent success. The grand affair in the matrimonial market is the transaction by which a fair Gothamite has been made the property of a Cuban millionaire, of which you must have heard fully through the newspapers. It is alleged lately that the marriage was one of mutual inclination, but this is contrary to the testimony of parties who had good opportunity to inform themselves as to the state of the affair. However, the relations of the parties to each other has already been made too much a subject of public comment, and we will not add our mite of gossip. Newspaper men are beginning to be a terror in society; it is coming to be taken for granted that if an editor or correspondent can, in his social character become acquainted with anything pertaining to the private life of individuals in any way distinguished, he is sure to "print it." The abuse is almost as great as that of the public satire in the days of Aristophanes.

We can at least record something fresh in the way of amusements. Italian opera had palled upon the tastes of the sophisticated select; Otello had smothered the blubbering Desdemona with the "property" pillow until we wished he had more effectually smothered her on the "first night." Even rich Billy Burton had displayed the wonders of his Protean face and shown us the mellow Mr. Toodles almost too often, when all at once, unheralded and unprepared, dropped down among us a sort of composite entertainment, which strictly is neither opera, drama or farce, but a union of all with a dash of pantomime. We mean the bran new entertainment called "Drayton's Parlor Operas." The name does not fully express their variety and scope, as they include not only most excellent operatic singing but capital acting, fine declamations, and the surprising changes necessary to enable Mr. and Mrs. D. the only performers, to represent half a dozen different characters in the same piece. They are in short, a reunion of what is worthy in Drama and Music. The perfection of the Draytons in these "Parlor Operas" may be inferred from the fact that they, unassisted, delight a large audience through an entire evening. Their first appearance last evening was a decided success, and if your young country friends wish to learn how to make the parlor entertainments of private theatricals, tableaux, &c., which are becoming so fashionable, the nearest perfection yet seen in this country, Drayton's Parlor Operas are the school for it. Tableaux have indeed been common enough in fashionable private entertainments, but the interest of the actresses, especially, has chiefly appeared to be to display the symmetries of Miss So-and-So, rather than to portray to the life the character which Miss So-and-So affected to represent. There certainly is a need of rational parlor amusements; any quantity of people despise dancing as a tiresome and childish amusement; the old country games have gone out of the pale of "society" entirely, and good parlor acting, we predict, will be the staple amusement at parties in a future generation.

A great but silent change is going on in a notorious part of our city. The upper part of Church street, with the cross streets in its vicinity has long been known, not only to citizens but to multitudes of unfortunate strangers, as a den of thieves and whatever worse than thieves the city harbors. In this neighborhood was the headquarters of the "panel game," by which so many a foolish countryman has been relieved of his watch and pocket book, going home to his friends with a frightful story of "garrotes." It was a man's own fault if he found himself in such a place, but now the opportunity will be removed to a greater distance. Quite a number of blocks of dirty dens in that neighborhood are being torn down to make way for wholesale stores, as the wholesale dry goods business is crowding further and further up town every season, and promises before two years elapse to occupy the whole of the district bounded by Canal st., Fulton st., Broadway and West Broadway. Magnificent stores are going up in Duane and Trade sts., on the very sight of some famous haunts of inquiry. Where the wretches go to who are crowded out of these dens, no one yet knows; probably they will open a sore on some other part of our body politic. For the present at any rate they are routed.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Quite an alarm was given about 9 o'clock on Monday morning by the quick flying report that the house of Rev

DR. M'LANE'S

CELEBRATED

VERMIFUGE AND LIVER PILLS.

—

WE beg leave to call the attention of the Trade, and more especially the Physicians of the country, to two of the most popular remedies now before the public. We refer to

Dr. Chas. McLane's Celebrated

Vermifuge and Liver Pills.

We do not recommend them as universal Cure-alls, but simply for what their name purports, viz. :

THE VERMIFUGE,

For expelling Worms from the human system. * It has also been administered with the most satisfactory results to various Animals subject to Worms.

THE LIVER PILLS,

For the cure of LIVER COMPLAINTS, all BILIOUS DERANGEMENTS, SICK HEAD-ACHE, &c. In cases of

As specifics for the above mentioned diseases, they are Unrivaled, and never known to fail when administered in accordance with the directions.

Their unprecedented popularity
has induced the proprietors,
FLEMING BROTHERS,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
to dispose of their Drug business,
in which they have been success-
fully engaged for the last Twenty
Years, and they will now give their

undivided time and attention to their manufacture. And being determined that Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Vermifuge and Liver Pills shall continue to occupy the high position they now hold among the great remedies of the day, they will continue to spare neither time nor expense in improving the Pre-

and Purest material, and compound them in the most thorough manner. Address all orders to
FLEMING BROS. Pittsburgh, Pa.
P.S. Dealers and Physicians ordering from others than Fleming Bros., will do well to write their orders distinctly, and *take note* but *Dr. McLane's*, prepared by *Fleming Bros. Pittsburgh, Pa.* To those wishing to give a trial, we will forward per mail, *post paid*, to any part of the United States, one of *Pills for Indigestion*, three-cent postage stamps, or one of *Vermifuge* for fourteen three-cent stamps. All orders from Canada must be accompanied by twenty cents extra.

Elbridge Trull, also by dealers in Medicine
everywhere.

Dr. C. P. BRONSON'S NEW CURES.
FOR
Consumption, Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia,
and all other Chronic Diseases, arising
from Over-Use, General Debility,
or Nervous Prostration.

These new and successful preparations of Food
for the Blood (based upon its analysis in HEALTH,
which gives the true standard, and in different DIS-
EASES, when we ascertain the deficiencies in each

als for making pure and healthy BLOOD), are among the most important discoveries of the age. They are destined to produce a revolution in the treatment and cure of CHRONIC DISEASES. Having a perfect scientific foundation, they are removed from the sphere of all Nostrums and Patent Medicines. Physicians of all schools are using these PREPARATIONS (not Medicines) with the

THEIR RANGE OF CURE:
CONSUMPTION, THROAT DISEASES, BRONCHITIS,

HEADACHES, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, NEURALGIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, INABILITY TO SLEEP, DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS, IRREGULARITIES IN MALE AND FEMALE WEAKNESS, &c. In all cases of Chronic Complaints peculiar to FEMALES, these Preparations will be found invaluable.

It is not claimed that they will cure all diseases; but in those specified above, (as thousands can testify), they are the most efficacious of any now known.

Be particular, in ordering, to mention which of the Preparations are required. If for Consumption, &c. the 1st and 3d alternately, are best; if for Liver Complaints, &c. the 2d; or Dyspepsia (when inveterate), the 2d and 3d in alternation, are more successful. In moderate cases, one will suffice.

There are three Preparations, one for Consumption in all its various forms; one for Liver Complaints and their attendants, (to which particular

Mr. D. L. Elder, (of this city), is well known as one of the most hotless cases of Consumption. Messrs. Horace Greely and W. C. Bryant, (of the Tribune and Post), are familiar with the following facts and circumstances:

Mr. Elder was very engaged in the last Presidential campaign, and his intense labors, day and night, broke down his health, which had not been particularly strong. He was afflicted with a severe cough and bleeding from the lungs, which

mened using one of these Preparations. For the previous two months he bled every day, sometimes quite profusely, and his cough was terrible. In the month's time he was able to be about through the streets, and was able to do his usual business for two months after beginning to use the remedy, he was engaged in canvassing the city, and was on his feet nearly all the time from 9 o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon, conversing with hundreds of people, and doing a large amount of business. He is now as hearty a looking man as one in a thousand. His present residence is at 262 Hudson street, New York.

General Agents, and
These Prescriptions can be obtained through any
respectable Druggist in the United States or Cana-
das. Price \$1 per Bottle, with full directions. A
orders must be addressed to
HENRY R. CHURCH & Co. General Agts.
36 MAIDEN-LANE, NEW-YORK.
July 30, 3m.

BLANK BOOKS AND STATIONERY of
of all kinds, at the lowest cash prices. A large
assortment always on hand at the **WOMENS** BOOK

Tax, Check, and all descriptions of blank books,
made to order at short notice.
JOHN J. PIPPY.

Carpentering
YOU can buy superior quality INGRAIN
CARPETING, all Wool, for only 50 cents per
yard, at WM. WOODBERRY'S.
Woburn, Oct. 9, 1888.

OLD NEWSPAPERS for sale by the hun-
dred at the WOBURN BOOK STORE

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoughton, Reading, North & South Reading, Wokingham, and Exeter.

VOL. IX. : No. 4.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29,

(SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS. TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.)

Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

SONNET.

MAY.

When May sat on the tree-clad hills,
And made the valleys bright with bloom and song,
And the sweet murmuring of the insect throng,
Blest with the plaintive minor of the rills,
That filled their banks with hastening to the sea,
We sat beside the couch. With voices low,
Tuned to the hymn without, we spoke to those
Of the soft blue of heaven, the sunshine's glow,
The fluttering of the leaves, the opening rose,
Beside the cottage door, whose odors sweet
Came to our nostrils from the garden's bed,
And filled their hearts with peace, those eyes with
tears.

JUNE.

June came, but where were they? We sat no more
To whisper hope beside their couch of pain,
To talk of leaves and buds and springing grain,
And listen to the song thrilled o'er and o'er
By the little rills upon the swaying bough.
Ah, no! we laid still curls upon their brow,
And to their pale hand brought a few white flowers,
And bore them out beneath that summer sun
Unto their final rest! O, weary hours,
Had ye no pity that their task was done,
On the fair earth?—that so much life and light,
Of undimmed beauty, love and joy, had fled?
Some burning fears our drooping eyelids shed,
Though heaven has gained an angel pure and bright.

DECEMBER.

Summer bath dropped down the gulf of time,
Autumn bath followed with her freighted bark,
Winter bath bound the streams with frosty rime,
Forth left all things his relentless mark.
But the returns not! Mourning, thou wintry winds,
Thou leafless tree, thou silent forest shades,
Thou bleak forsaken shore whereon she strayed
With ringing laughter, and with roses twined
In her long tresses! Mourning, ye dull grey skies,
The vanished lustre of once glowing eyes,
That shone like stars of hope along life's gloom,
Deal gently with her rest, storm-wind and snow,
With precious dust, once all so much to me, O tomb!
Deal gently with us, those who lead! all was I
(Mrs. H. J. Lewis.)

ORIGINAL TALES.

Written for the Middlesex Journal.

EUGENE NEVILLE.

BY ETTA W. P.

"O my mother!"
The words fell mournfully from the lips
of a dark-eyed boy, who was leaning over
the head-stone of a grave in the green church-
yard of Willbrook. The stars were look-
ing out of their blue chambers and winking
their silver eyes at each other, and the roses
which blossomed about the silent couches of
the dead were hanging their heads sleepily.

"My mother, my mother, I wish I too
were dead!"

Eugene Neville threw himself in all the
passionate abandonment of grief upon the
low mound, and wept as if his young heart
was breaking.

"Eugene, Eugene," murmured a sweet
voice close beside him. The boy started from
his damp resting-place, and dashing away his
tears looked in silence upon the speaker.

"Eugene, what is the matter? I stood by
the gate when you passed my home and you
never looked at me; so I stole away from
mamma and followed you here. Now, dear
Genie, tell me all."

The little girl twined her arm timidly round
the neck of the strapping, whose dark, thick
lashes concealed the troubled fires of his lustrous
eyes, and played with the heavy curls of
his beautiful hair.

"Addie," replied Eugene, hoarsely, "I
wish I could die to-night, here, on my mother's
grave!"

"And leave me?—O, Genie!" answered
the child with trembling lips. The proud
boy raised his eyes to Addie's fair face and
the shadow of a smile quivered round his
mouth, and he quickly replied:—"No, I do
not want to leave you, Addie. I have got the
only thing that I love on earth; but I am
going away, Addie. I have got no home
now, and I am going away to sea."

"No home? I don't understand you,
Genie. Where is your father?"

"He has been no father to me since my
mother died," replied Eugene, bitterly.—
"You know, Addie, my step-mother was a
widow with one son, when my father married
her. Well, that woman has obtained com-
plete dominion over my father, and through
his influence I have been torn from his heart,
and her son has taken my place there and in
the household circle, while I am utterly ex-
cluded and treated like a menial. I cannot
and will not bear it! I will not brook the
insults of James Wilson, nor obey the com-
mands which he hurls at me as if I were a
dog, and so I am going to run away to sea.
This is the last time that we shall meet for
years, Addie, but I hope you will not forget
your old playmate."

"O Eugene," cried the sobbing Addie, "you
are so young—you ought not to go. How
cruel your father is. How I hate James Wil-
son for driving you from your own home,
and I never will forget you as long as I live!"

"Addie, I am almost fifteen. Don't cry—I
hate to leave you, but I cannot stay here to
be wronged by my father and scorned and
insulted by his wife and her son. O, Addie,
you don't know what it is to lose a mother!"
The boy's eyes filled with tears, wrung from
his proud, high, sensitive spirit, and the coral
of his bright lip quivered again. Addie was
weeping in sympathy.

"Will you be a good boy, Genie, and al-
ways love me?" she asked.

"Yes," was the low, determined reply.

"Well, then," she continued more cheer-
fully, "you go, and I will keep the flowers fresh
on your mother's grave and pray for you ev-
ery night till you come back again."

"Pray with me now, Addie," whispered

Eugene, "pray with me for the last time by
mother's grave." He twined his arm gently
round his little friend, and together they
kneled and murmured in hushed, trembling
voices the beautiful prayer of "Our Father
who art in Heaven;" and the wind kissed
their youthful brows and tossed together
Eugene's black ringlets and the fair locks of
Addie Lee, and the angels looked down and
saw the motherless boy's grief and the sor-
rowing sympathy of his loving companion.

"Come to my mother's grave often, Addie."

"Yes," was the soft answer.

"Remember what I say to you, but do not
tell it any one," said Eugene. "When I am
a man I will come back here and marry you,
and we will always love each other while we
live, and if I die first you shall love me just
the same, and I will keep on loving you up
in Heaven. Will you promise to be mine?"

"Yes," said Addie. Eugene kissed her
fondly, and then seizing his bundle of clothes
from the grass, turned from his mother's
grave into the great, busy world, and there
was Addie Lee and Eugene Neville be-
trothed.

The morning after his playmate's depart-
ure saw the little girl working busily among
the flowers that about her Mrs. Neville's
mound, and from that day not a weed was
allowed to spring up around it, but the sweet-
est blossoms shed their odor there and the
loveliest wreaths were placed on the
head-stone; every bud was carefully nour-
ished and the roses were taught to shroud in
a blushing mantle the stone at the dead one's
feet, while the weeping willow bough bent
mournfully at the head and softly swept the
lettered shaft. Thus it was, year after year,
and still Addie Lee had not heard one word
concerning her boy-lover in all that march
of time. She did not even know that he
lived, but the maiden cultured the flowers as
tenderly as the child had done, and now Ad-
die had other mounds to care for, for father
and mother were both sleeping under the gay,
green sod of summer, and in the world she
stood alone.

Again the stars were gleaming on Will-
brook kirk-yard. The bell of the old church
had just rung out seven, when a gentleman
enveloped in a cloak passed through the little
gate and walked thoughtfully and slowly
down the principal street of the village. He
was evidently a stranger in the place, but
still the glances that he cast around did not
seem those of idle curiosity, and his eyes
rested even lovingly on the front of the old
recessed schoolhouse which stood grimly up
through the darkness as if proud of its an-
tiquity. The stranger scanned the features of
those around him, sometimes eagerly, some-
times carelessly, and many were the remarks
made by passers by concerning him, as the
villagers turned to gaze after his tall, graceful
form, and wonder who he could be. But,
unheeding alike the rude stare and sidelong
glances of bright eyes, the stranger passed on.
Plunged in a fit of abstraction, he was turn-
ing an abrupt corner at a rapid pace when
he suddenly found he had placed himself be-
fore a lady in such a position as to bring her
to an awkward halt and completely check her
further progress. Her surprised look aroused
him, and lifting his cap gracefully the stran-
ger bowed and said in a low, musical voice,
"I beg your pardon." She smiled acquies-
cence, and there was something in the ex-
pression of the blue eyes upraised to those
of the youth which arrested his attention and
caused his heart to beat quick and fast. Im-
pelled by a fascination which he could not
resist he turned back and followed the lady,
keeping, however, at a considerable distance
behind her. She had not proceeded far when
a young man, who had been standing for some
time on the steps of a large building, passed
into the street and joined her; and with a
strange sensation the stranger did not fail to
observe that as the maiden walked hurriedly
she seemed to shrink as if in aversion from
the side of the new comer, whose ap-
pearance forcibly struck her. Her mind as
she vainly endeavored to fathom the feelings
this couple had aroused within him. "I
have certainly seen them before," mused he,
"and they must be, I think, old acquaint-
ances." The lady and her companion passed
by the village church and still the stranger
followed, and as they suddenly relapsed into
a very slow walk, he found himself close be-
hind them and listening involuntarily to their
conversation. His high principles of
honor revolted at this, and he was turning to
depart when a sentence from the young lady
arrested his steps and caused him to still con-
tinue near them.

"James Wilson," she exclaimed firmly.—
"The stranger started as if stung at the words—
"I have told you repeatedly that I do not,
and never can love you. I beg you let this
suffice."

"No, by Heaven, it shall not!" replied
Wilson passionately. "Addie Lee, I can
read you like an open book, and I know that
you have not yet forgot your early prefer-
ence for that Eugene Neville—curse him!
I hope he has been comfortably hanged long
ere this! Now listen, Addie, while I tell
you that if you do not wed with me you are
peniless, for your father's will de-
clares that—unless I may see fit to forego my
claim to your hand, which I never will do—
if Addie Lee does not become the bride of
James Wilson she shall forfeit every cent of
her fortune."

A burning glance of indignant contempt
shot from Addie's blue eyes, and shrinking
in disgust from her companion, she cried—
"James Wilson, you are a villain, and it
was your villainous arts and hypocrisy which
won upon my father's unsuspecting nature
and caused him thus to disinheritor his only
child, for I solemnly declare I would not
marry you for ten thousand fortunes—nay,
I would beg bread from door to door sooner

than unite my destiny with thine; but thank
Heaven, I possess youth, health and strength,
and fear not to go out into the world and
labor for my own livelihood. As for Eugene
Neville you basely, meanly wronged him,
and a nobler heart than his never beat in
human bosom. He has my earnest prayers
wherever he may be. Now, James Wilson,
leave me and come near me no more—nay,
not a step farther will I go with you—I com-
mand you to depart!"

"Prud girl, I shall see you to-morrow,
and you do not escape me thus easily," said
Wilson in tones of suppressed anger, as he
turned from his high-spirited companion,
passed rudely by the agitated stranger, whose
bosom was heaving with emotion, and dis-
appeared in the direction of the village-centre.
Addie Lee walked hurriedly on and the
stranger knew that she was weeping. He
joined her without being noticed, and just as
she was mounting the steps which led up to
the door of an elegant dwelling he arrested
her with—

"I beg to be excused, but do I address
Addie Lee?"

"That is my name, sir," she answered,
dashing away her tears and looking upon
him in surprise.

"I must speak with you, then," he con-
tinued hurriedly, "concerning a matter of
much importance."

"Please walk in, sir," replied Addie, lead-
ing the way up the steps and into an apart-
ment richly furnished and brilliantly lighted.
Addie threw off her hat and stood much em-
barrassed in the centre of the room, when
the stranger advanced with an uncovered
brow and held out his hand. She looked up
and met a pair of bright, dark eyes bent on
her face with a soul-thrilling expression, and
then a rich voice murmured—"Addie, my
Addie, do you not know your old playfellow?"

The old sunny glance shone in his
eyes, the winning smile played, as in other
days, around his lips, and over the pale,
white forehead the raven curls still waved
and clustered in soft luxuriance. Addie Lee
knew well the dark beauty of that face, for
long ago she had embraced him as an idol in
her childish heart, and not a shade of for-
getfulness had ever approached to dim its
glance. Her eyes rested wildly upon the
stranger, her cheek became deadly pale, and
faintly ejaculating—"Great heaven, 'tis Eu-
gene Neville!" she sank half fainting upon a
seat.

"And is this my welcome? O Addie!" re-
proachfully exclaimed Eugene, as he gazed
into her sweet, blue eyes, "have you no
warmer greeting for an old friend who has
borne your image with him through weal and
woe for years? I came back here to claim
you as my own. Have you forgotten the
promise you gave me beside my mother's
grave, where I have knelt to-night?—O Ad-
die, it is bright with flowers. God bless
you!"

Addie Lee burst into tears and sprang to
the arms opened to enfold her. "Eugene,
Eugene, I have waited so long for you."

"And you remember your promise? You
will be mine now?" he exclaimed earnestly.

She placed her clasped hands lightly in his,
and looked up with glad, trusting eyes, in
answer to her lover's words. For a few mo-
ments all was still in that room, both hearts
were too full for speech, but conquering his
emotion, Eugene led his betrothed to a seat,
and placing himself by her side related brief-
ly all that had occurred to him since they
had last met. He told her of his hopes and
his fears, his struggles and his ultimate tri-
umph, and above all, of the strong love for
her which had brightened his heart for years,
stimulated him to renewed exertion in mo-
ments of despondency, and been a shield to
his spirit in the weak hour of temptation.

Tearfully Addie listened, and when Eugene
had finished she responded by telling him
her own history. Thus an hour passed in
earnest conversation between the young lov-
ers and at the end of that time, Mr. Lincoln,
the owner of the mansion and the guardian
of Addie, was summoned to the parlor. He
was a fine, benevolent looking man of about
fifty years, and his smiling countenance in-
dicated that he bore a heart completely sat-
isfied with himself and all the world, while
the laughter and fun lurking in his blue eyes
and the expression of his lips spoke eloquently
of a social temperament. As he entered, Ad-
die arose and quietly said—"Mr. Lincoln,
allow me to introduce to you an old friend—
Eugene Neville."

Her kind guardian stood for a moment pe-
trified with surprise and glanced from one to
the other in ludicrous amazement. At last
he slowly exclaimed—"Eugene Neville—im-
possible!"

"Ah," said Eugene, as he extended his
hand to Mr. Lincoln, "I regret that my old
friend has entirely forgotten Genie; yet
sir, you, to whom my mother was once so
dear, will certainly for her sake welcome
back to his native land her only child."

"Eugene Neville, God bless you!" cried
Mr. Lincoln, springing forward and grasping
him by both hands. "Where did you come
from? How long have you been in the vil-
lage? How have you passed the years of
your absence?"

"My dear sir," answered Neville, gravely,
"I came from my vessel; I have been in the
village for three hours; I have passed the
years of my absence in a conflict with For-
tune."

"And how have you succeeded, my boy?"

"I am Captain and part owner of as fine a
ship as ever ploughed blue water," rejoined
Neville.

"Well done! sit down, Capt. Neville, I
am anxious to talk with you, which I cannot
do while you stand there as if you were bound
in another direction. Here, Addie, let us
have refreshments—where the deuce has the
girl gone? Here, Addie, I say—"

"My dear sir," interrupted Neville. "Miss
Lee has just left the room and I pray you not
to trouble yourself about the refreshments.
I have a little business with you which must
be arranged as speedily as possible. Now,
sir, with all due humility and respect, I ask
of you the hand of your ward in marriage."

Mr. Lincoln turned round several times
and looked upon the youth as if he did not
believe his own ears. Neville paused for a
reply; at last he obtained the following:
"In the name of all that's wonderful, am I
asleep or awake? Marry my ward! Either
your head or mine is turned! Marry Addie!
Well, I must say that you and the girl struck
up a bargain quick, and she is engaged, or
something like it, to one already. A pretty
affair! yes, a pretty affair truly! but I am
sorry," continued Lincoln in a lower and
gentler tone, "I am sorry for you, Neville,
if you really love her, and I will do all in my
power to help you. Your mother was once
dearer to me than my life, and I like you,
young man, I always liked you, even when
you were a little chap no taller than the ta-
ble. I like you for your firm self-reliance,
your unconquerable spirit and energy, and
gladly would I assist you in anything; so,
sit down and let us talk things over."

Eugene appropriated to himself a chair near
Lincoln and a long conversation ensued.
At its end both arose. Lincoln looked
troubled, Neville cool and determined. The
former exclaimed, "Eugene, I detest James
Wilson, while there is not a man on earth to
whom I would more gladly give the hand of
Addie than to yourself, so, if you will obtain
from Wilson a written resignation of her
hand, her fortune will be safe and she shall
be yours."

"Enough!" answered Neville, as he drew
his cloak around him and abruptly left the
apartment.

"Here! come back here, you rascal! You're
a fast sailing craft, by the gods!" cried
Mr. Lincoln, as he hastened after Eu-
gene, but lo! the youth was half way down
the street before the good gentleman reached
the hall door, and in despair Mr. Lincoln
returned to his parlor.

James Wilson sat alone in a room of the
imposing dwelling which he occupied in the
centre of Willbrook and which had been be-
queathed him by his father. A sinister ex-
pression was round his thin lips, and a sin-
ister look was in his pale, blue eye as he
gazed into the glowing fire and thus solilo-
quized:—"Yes, I am more than a match for
that proud girl's spirit yet, and she shall be
my wife come what may. How fortunate it
was for me that my sudden and exceeding
goodness worked so charmingly with her
silly old father about the time he made his
will—ha, ha! but I must bring this matter
to a crisis, for my creditors are uncomfort-
ably pressing in their demands and I need the
girl's fortune. Old Neville is rich as a Jew
and might help me, but he has treated me in a
rascally manner since Eugene ran away,
and wouldn't stretch out his hand to save me
from the gallows; but he is now in a fair
way to die, and 'twill go hard with me if I
don't rake a few dollars out of his estate. I
wonder where his scamp of a son is. If I
was the means of driving him from home I'm
glad of it, but if he had remained here I sup-
pose I could have made him serviceable as a
boot-black or hostler. What now, Pete?"

continued Wilson, as a servant appeared at
the door and interrupted his train of thought.

"A gentleman wishes to speak with you,
sir."

"Show him in," answered Wilson with
perfect nonchalance. A slender, graceful
form enveloped in a cloak glided into the
apartment. "What is your business with
me, sir?" demanded Wilson rudely, as he
turned to the new comer.

"Do you know me?" asked his visitor,
as he threw aside his cloak, exhibiting a
princely figure attired in a simple but rich
and elegant nautical garb, and lifted his cap
from his brow.

"I do not," answered Wilson.

"Ah, indeed! Well, if you have forgotten
me I have not forgotten the tender and loving
James Wilson, and to aid your memory I
will inform you that my name is Eugene Ne-
ville!"

"Death and destruction!" exclaimed Wil-
son, springing from his chair and turning
deadly pale. "Why have you sought me,
sir?"

"Why?" answered Neville, coolly seat-
ing himself near a table; "to renew old friend-
ship, of course, is my principal motive, but I
have also a little business affair to which I
would call your attention, though I regret
exceedingly that you should think of aught
at present save the deep love which ever ex-
isted between us, and which in particular,
filled your heart for me."

"What may the business be, sir?" im-
patiently interrupted Wilson.

"You have," answered Eugene, "or pre-
tend to have, I believe, a claim upon the
hand of Addie Lee, do you not, sir?"

"She is my betrothed bride," answered
Wilson, bowing stiffly to his questioner.

"Indeed! Well, sir, let me tell you a
fact. You have made a slight mistake. Ad-
die Lee is my betrothed bride. Years ago by
my mother's grave, the stars and the night
wind heard her promise to become my wife,
which she is ready now to do. I will not
now recall the past, for I saw to flight upon
a white head-stone 'your mother's name, and
I lower myself in my own estimation by ad-
dressing to you unnecessary words. Let the
dead rest. I merely came to extend to you,
for the sake of old times an invitation to at-
tend my wedding with Addie Lee."

Wilson's face became purple with passion.
"Insolent dog!" he ejaculated, "she is
mine. She will either become my wife or a
beggar!"

"No, by Heaven, she shall be neither!"
thundered Neville, as he brought his clenched
hand heavily down upon the table. "You
shall renounce her hand."

"Never, seconded!" cried Wilson, raising
his arm as if to strike his opponent.

"You must sign that paper, sir," said
Eugene with provoking calmness, as he took
from his bosom a scroll and placed it before
his old enemy. Wilson seized the paper and
read the lines traced upon it; then throw-
ing it down in high indignation, he cried—
"How dare you order me to sign a resig-
nation of the girl's hand? How dare you in-
sult me thus? Leave the house, or I will
have you kicked into the street!"

"Mr. James Wilson, again I command
you to sign that paper, and if you do not
obey I shall be under the necessity of shoot-
ing you," answered Neville, as he drew a sil-
ver-mounted pistol from his bosom and point-
ed it at the head of his antagonist. "I am
called a very good marksman and you would
make a capital target." Wilson was a cow-
ard. "Why—why—Mr. Neville," he gasped
out, "indeed, indeed, you must put up with
that weapon. I am astonished at such proceed-
ings."

"Sir," answered Eugene, gravely, "if this
pistol should happen to be discharged, in all
probability your cranium would suffer, so I
advise you as a friend to sign that paper as
speedily as possible."

"But I really cannot—why are you going
to be married soon—why, Mr. Neville?"

"James Wilson, if you value your life you
will do well to sign that paper without wast-
ing another instant in idle talk, sternly re-
plied Eugene, a fierce expression settling
round his lips.

"O murder!" cried the alarmed Wilson.
"Help! God! Mr. Neville!"

"You miserable coward, sign the paper
and keep silent, or I will make daylight shine
through your brains!" answered Neville.

Wilson with trembling hands took up the
paper and Eugene who stood stern and
motionless before him.

"Write," commanded Neville. The pa-
per was signed. "Thank you," said Eugene
as he folded and placed it with his pistol in
his bosom. "Now let me give you a bit of
advice. Leave Willbrook by the earliest
conveyance. Then bowing mockingly to
his crest-fallen enemy, the young captain
passed from the room.

"Now I will seek my father," he said, as
he gained the street. "A short walk brought
him to the home of his boyhood, a beautiful
dwelling surrounded by massive oaks, and
after pausing under their drooping boughs
for a moment to still the strong emotions of
his heart Eugene calmly opened the outer
door and entered. All was still and not a
person was to be seen in the hall or family
sitting-room, whose door was unlocked; but
hearing footsteps in the chamber above him,
the youth mounted the staircase. A light
was seen glimmering through a half shut
door, and pushing it open Eugene entered.

Upon the soft, downy bed lay an old man,
pale and emaciated. As the young captain's
step fell on his ear he started up wildly and
said, "Has he come? Will no one bring me
my boy?" For a moment Eugene remained
motionless, and then an ice-bolt seemed pier-
cing his heart, and springing forward to
support the old man he cried in bitter an-
guish—"O my father! my father! forgive me
for leaving you, and bless your Eugene!"

The old man uttered a feeble cry and gazed
with a strange stare upon the youth. At
last he muttered—"Tis he—his mother's
eyes—his mother's curls. Put your arms
round me, Eugene, you are my sole heir—the
lamp has gone out—God bless you!" Eugene
bent in agony over his father—the old man
was dead.

But little more remains for me to tell.
Three months from the night of Eugene's re-
turn to his native land, he was united to Ad-
die Lee, and Mr. Lincoln, who declared him-
self the happiest mortal present, danced at
the wedding; and when her husband's gal-
lant barque awaited to bear the young bride
with him o'er the ocean wave and Addie Ne-
ville knelt for the parting word, he murmured
over her fervent "God bless you!" and
embraced her with tearful eyes. As for
James Wilson, kind reader, he probably at-
tended the advice of Eugene, for after that
night he was never seen in Willbrook, nor
did he ever again cross the path of the young
sea-captain and his bride.

Shaker Glen.

☞ Sunday in New York is not observed
in the Puritan style. The Commercial of that
city says: "The truth must be told, that
thousands, if not tens of thousands of the
people of New York, gather on Sunday and
Sunday night, in companies of several hun-
dreds, at low, demoralizing drinking places,
where bands of music, theatrical shows, dan-
cing, songs, gambling, and other unlawful
sports are carried on, hour by hour."

☞ Two centuries ago, not one in a hun-
dred wore stockings. Fifty years ago, not a
boy in a thousand was allowed to run at
large at night. Fifty years ago not one girl
in a thousand made a waiting maid of her
mother. Wonderful improvement in this
worldly age.

☞ Tom Moore said to Peel, on looking at the
picture of an Irish orator: "You can see the
very quiver of his lips." "Yes," said Peel,
"and the 'arrr's' coming out of it."

☞ To do good is the very nature of God, as
it is the nature of fire to warm or light to
shine.

☞ It costs more to revenge wrongs than
to bear them.

The Angel of Death.

The ship Raven, bound from New York to
the East Indies, was crossing the southeast
trade, with all drawing sail set. It was the
last dog watch, the time, between six and
eight o'clock, and several of the watch who
ought to have been on deck, were below list-
ening to a yarn which Tom Gray was spin-
ning.

"Catch that pigeon," said Bill Graves, in-
terrupting the yarn, and springing from his
seat, "catch that beautiful pigeon before it
flies on deck again!"

"What pigeon?" demanded half a dozen
voices, "we don't see anything."

In a mean time, before the sailors could
make further inquiry, an order was issued
from the quarter deck, to haul the main top-
mast staysail down. This brought the strag-
gling of the watch on deck, and those below,
requested Tom to continue his yarn; but
Tom, apparently unconscious of their request,
said, in a sorrowful tone—"Poor Bill, he is
not long for this world." The white pigeon
which he saw was the angel of death, who
appeared to me as he has done before, like a
young man with an hour-glass in his hand,
the sands of which had nearly run out.

He was rigged in white, fastened round the waist
with a band like fire and the name of Bill
Graves on it.

Hardly had he finished his description
when the thrilling cry rang fore and aft, "An
man overboard!" In an instant all hands on
deck, the ship's boat, and the lee quarter-
boat lowered. But all in vain. Poor Bill
Graves, who had been thrown overboard by
the staysail sheet, sank to rise no more. By
the time the boat was hoisted up, and the
sails trimmed, the dog watch was out. Af-
ter the exchange of sorrowful regrets the
watches separated, but the fate of Graves
was the theme of their conversation; even
after the watch below had turned into their
hammocks they spoke of him and his many
fine qualities as a seaman—for he was a gen-
eral favorite.

The watch on deck formed a group around
Tom Gray, who said that he had frequently
seen the Angel of Death before. "The first
time, shipmates, I saw him, was when I be-
longed the British ten gun pelter Vulture,
lying in the harbor of Sierra Leone. We
had the fever on board, and over thirty men
were down with it. I was sick at the time
myself. The Angel of Death came down the
main hatchway, and walked deliberately for-
ward among the hammocks. He was then
dressed in a long, flowing robe of orange
yellow, and in his right hand he held a scroll
with the names of a dozen men on it, and in
his left was the same hour-glass that I saw
this evening. He was very beautiful, had
long curly hair of raven black, encircled by
a band on which the words 'Angel of Death'
seemed to blaze and burn. He looked at me
as he passed. Our eyes met, and I thought
I knew him. He smiled, and said 'not yet!'
Then passing from hammock to hammock,
he retraced his steps toward the main hatch-
way followed by the men whose names were
on the scroll. A dozen men died that night.
He paid us a visit almost every day, some-
times taking one or more from our number,
until we had lost twenty-five men.

The next time I saw him was in a church
in Bermuda. He entered the pulpit, and
stood beside the minister full five minutes,
looking at the hour-glass. I could see the
sand distinctly running, and when it was out
the parson staggered and fell. I was the
first to rush to his assistance, and as I raised
him in my arm, I saw his form follow the
angel of death down the broad aisle, and dis-

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. IX: : No. 5.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1859.

(SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.)

Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

AUTUMN.

Waiting through the bending pine,
Waiting on the laughing wave,
Tossing high its spruce long leaves,
Tossing high its spruce long leaves,
On their wings the leaves are sweeping
Wildly through the hazy sky,
While the Summer's train is weeping
Thus to see their beauty die.

Autumn's voice is by the flood,
Mingling with its murmurs cold,
And as if the withered wood
She hath hung her tresses of gold;
And her anthem, sad and tender,
All the earth with music fills,
While she sits in regal splendor
On the dim, New England hills.

O'er her forehead pale and lone
Bud or blossom ne'er is seen,
But with burning golden crown
Reigns she like a royal queen;
And upon the mountain hoary,
And the blighted valley's bed,
Trails her royal robes of glory
Like a shade of carnage red!

On the Autumn's jeweled breast
Summer closed her violet eye,
While she sought her rest,
And received her parting kiss,
And upon her cheek the crimson wreath,
She hath placed the crimson wreath,
While her minstrel zephyrs holy
Lull the pale one into death.

Autumn, thou art wonderful fair,
And thine art wonderful fair,
And thine art wonderful fair,
And thine art wonderful fair,
And thine art wonderful fair,
And thine art wonderful fair,
And thine art wonderful fair,
And thine art wonderful fair.

Mark! through night and gloom, the gate
Cometh wildly o'er the plain,
Like the ocean's troubled wave,
Or the sob of beating rain;
And while the earth is sleeping,
Save the eye of misery,
Olden memories are creeping
From these shades to watch with me.

Where the soil is chill and brown,
Ready for the winter snow,
They have laid our loved one down
In a beautiful repose;
And although the mournful weeper
Cannot kiss the chastening roe,
Who would wake the gentle sleeper?
Who would call her from her God?

Autumn, sound a funeral dirge,
Round that low and sacred grave,
Like the night-song on the surge,
From some maid's coral cave,
She is safe from life's commotion—
All its wrath and sultry roar—
She hath crossed the stormy ocean,
She hath found the other shore!

Life and Death, and Night and Time!
Who can pierce their fearful shades?
Mark! the Autumn breeze' shrill
Echoes down the forest glades,
Sighing—"Wait and listen, mortal,
Thou shalt learn the mysteries,
From the warbler at the portal,
Of the city in the skies!"

Shaker Glen, Oct. 1859. ETTA W. P.

TURNING TO THE TRUE LIFE.

BY F. H. STAFFORD.

I was thoroughly a woman of the world. I dressed in the height of the fashions; I patronized its follies; I practiced its deceptions; I lived in its conventionalities. There was little of solid learning in my head, and less of genuine philanthropy in my heart. I was supremely selfish; I made no sacrifices myself, yet I was continually demanding them of others.

I was fond of flattery; I loved to produce effect. Often did the flush of pride deepen the color on my cheeks, as I sailed through the crowded room, and heard the half-supplicated exclamations, "How grand!" "How superb!" "Isn't she beautiful!" True, they were not the only expressions I heard. I was standing one evening in the conservatory. The cool air fanned my fevered brow. And the sound of music and dancing came floating out from the wide walls. I heard voices among the shrubbery.

"There is little about Corinne May to admire. She is simply a butterfly!"

"She is a cold, heartless coquette. I speak from a bitter experience."

My heart beat fast, and the veins at my forehead swelled with anger. The one was Mr. Pemberton, the author; the other, one who had been at my feet the night before. The latter I could forgive, but the man of talent—never! There was bitterness in those words coming as they did from him. He was the only man whom I had ever raised in my estimation above the common level of men. My heart throbbed for revenge; he should repent those words in bitterness, and at my feet.

But as that never happened, I am still unavenged—and it is better so. All the charms of art and nature failed. It was not mine to conquer. At the close of the season he was gone; I had awakened no interest in him; in his estimation I still remained—a butterfly! I am now humble enough to say that he thoroughly did me justice. During the remainder of that night of folly and pleasure, I was miserable, discontented with myself, and every-body else. A pale, intellectual girl became the belle of the hour, and I left in disgust.

Among the visitors at my father's house was a clergyman. He was a tall, handsome man, rather taciturn, and with a retired air about him, that fitted him little for society. Indeed he rarely went into society; and when he did, there was a constrained, ill-at-ease atmosphere about him, that imparted some of its chilliness to others. He was naturally a gifted man; and to this he added a thorough, systematic course of education, coupled with much personal observation. He conversed freely, that is, with those with whom he was intimate. What he said enchaind his hearers, as well as profited them.

He was not a gloomy man; a guide-post, with the way to the shadowy tomb written upon his face. He believed that God was good; he felt that we were created to be happy; he knew that the world was beautiful. He seemed to look at everything with such clear, true eyes. He could read your character at a glance; he knew your follies, your weak points, your inconsistencies. Yet he seemed to use this power leniently—and very much so with me. In our intercourse he did not lessen my friendship for him, by abruptly attacking my follies, nor make me less a man of God, by leaving them entirely alone. He showed me wherein I erred, in a quiet unassuming way—perhaps more by his manners than his words.

He would take me out of myself, as it were, and place me where his own inner perceptions had placed me. Then I could see how fruitless had been my life, and how deformed I was in the eyes of simplicity and truth. Yet I was a willful one; there was pride in my heart; I was wedded to the follies of the world. The revelation did not make me better; and as we never stand still in our spiritual relation to God, I must say that it made me worse. I half hated myself, and, as a consequence, the things around me. Mr. Athol was pained at this; there was reproach in his eyes, and it seemed to me that he smiled more sadly every day.

I was conscious that he loved me. This consciousness came to me through many months—slowly, gradually, certainly. He did not say so in so many words, or by so many acts. He was not the man to do that. I divined it in his glance, in his anxious solicitude, in little things that were nothing to the world, yet much to me. Companionship increased the affinity between us more and more. We were always exerting an influence upon the characters of those around us, and he was influencing mine very much.

If I did not love him in return, I am sure that I did not hate him. I don't know how it was, but I at last began to learn that he was very dear to me. He would often come into the library to converse with my father. The latter was a Christian, and an elder in Mr. Athol's church. He was a warm friend, and an indifferent enemy, a loving husband, and an indulgent father. I was the only child, and upon me he lavished all his affection. Every whim was gratified, every folly passively yielded to. He regretted my thoughtlessness and my inactivity; he was a good man; but he was not one of those stern, positive, unwavering men, who throw themselves into the breach and save us. Ethan Athol was to do that for me.

As I have said, he would often come to the study to talk with my father. Sometimes I would be present; not a participant in the conversation, but an attentive listener. The latest novel would drop listlessly into my lap. I would clasp my hands together, and silently gaze into that animated face; it seemed to me to deepen in its spiritual radiance. His eloquence was the eloquence of simplicity; there was no egotism about anything he said; he never seemed to be thinking about himself. He was not one to slumber upon the walls of Zion; neither did the voice of his watchfulness, nor his warning seem to say, as it so often seems to say in others of his profession, "I have come to prepare the way of the Lord. The enemy are upon us; they are at the outer gate. Become ye holy, even as I am holy!" Sometimes he would cease talking, almost abruptly as it were, and look at me. As his glance met mine, his gray eyes would grow warmer and warmer, and beautiful in their love for me. I would turn my face away, and gaze out of the window—and those soft, mesmerizing eyes would be still looking at me from among the shrubbery.

At last it turned out as it was to be. I loved him; perhaps not warmly, passionately, for women of the world, and at my age, do not love in that way. I loved him with a sort of calm, holy, abiding love—in the same quiet way in which he loved me. I sought his society more; I entered more often into the order of his soul. I tried to do right; but O! how often did I fail! I went less into company; I endeavored to store my mind so that I could better appreciate him whom the Lord, in his goodness, had given me; so that I might influence others for good, just as he was influencing me. We became engaged. I cannot remember the time when he asked me to become his wife; indeed, I am not sure that he ever asked me. But I know that there was a time when we wholly understood each other; when I would sit beside him and pass my fingers through his hair, and look up, oh how trustingly, into that face, fairer to me than all other faces.

In the great fashionable church I seemed to see no one but him. My eyes were ever turned to the pulpit, and my ears drinking in the rich tones of that voice, speaking of life, and hope, and love—the life beyond the grave, of the hope that waiteth, of the love that endureth all things.

But a serpent came into the paradise of our love. It was my passion and my pride. A servant, one morning, broke a magnificent porcelain vase, the gift of a dear departed friend. It was lying in fragments upon the floor, and a young girl, a very child, was looking with apprehension into my face. I was in a dreadful passion. The serenity that had come into my face during many weeks, went out of it in a moment! My eyes were in a blaze, my temple veins were full, and my lips twitched nervously.

"My God! what have you done, Hortense!" I cried, cruelly and discordantly. "I could kill you—your little wretch!" I caught the poor child by the shoulders, and shook her roughly—so much so, that when I let go my hold, she fell upon the floor.

In looking up, I caught the eye of Ethan Athol. He was standing in the doorway. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain!" he said, solemnly.—"Corinne—is it possible?"

His face was very sad, and his eyes were as reproachful as his tone. My veins were on fire, and I was indifferent then, to what I said or did. His words and his presence made me still more angry. "Anything is possible with me, Ethan Athol," I said, savagely.

"Anything wicked, do you mean?" "You have intruded, sir."

"And I am sorry for it—sorry for your sake and for mine."

"I am not responsible to you, sir, for my words," I retorted.

"But you are to God, your Maker."

His voice trembled—not with passion, but with sorrow. He was quite pale in the face, and he pointed upward with his thin white hand.

"Then I shall crave His forgiveness, and not yours," I said. "Will you please to leave the room?"

"Miss May, I shall never annoy you any more."

"Then I shall be all the more thankful for it."

He was gone. There was something so cold, so stern, so different from him, in that last glance, that I shuddered.

I could restore that broken vase; it was nothing. I could not restore that broken friendship; it was all the world to me. Oh, how I regretted those words; how I wept and mourned, and prayed! I would have gone down into the dust at his feet, as I paced the room that evening. Yes, I proud, arrogant, defiant—at those feet I had knelt in the deepest humility of soul to that plain, quiet, unassuming Missionary of the Cross! Ah! love worketh strange things.

But it was too late. He never came to our house again. I never met him, save on the street, and then he simply bowed to me as a friend. I did not go any more to hear him preach. His voice would have brought that fatal frown to my memory, and I would have grown more wretched than ever, in my self-abasement. His labors soon called him elsewhere, and I did not see him for three years. I heard of him often, though; some of his sermons, but more often, beautiful extracts from them, came floating to me through the newspaper world.

I put my better nature behind me; I again rushed into society, and again became its acknowledged queen. But society had no attractions; my eyes saw only tinsel and show, and my ears heard only hollow, meaningless sounds. There was great sorrow in my heart, and it grew upon my face. The world said, "She is suffering. She had found her own. It will do her good."

I was stopping at the Girard House in Philadelphia. I had arrived there the day before, and was in my room reading. A little boy was shown up by the servant; he handed me a note which I opened and read. It ran as follows:

"DEAR FALCON:—I have learned by the arrivals that you are at the Girard House. I am dying. Will you come and see me? My little boy will show you the way. October 9th, 1856. No. 7.

There was no mistaking about that—though there was a mistiness in my eyes. How that simple signature took me back into the long ago. I was again at the Evergreen Seminary, up in "No. 7," that sweet old room opening out upon the winding brook, the shady walks and the beautiful vista of scenery.

My room-mates were with me; the sweet poetess of the green hills of New Hampshire, and the gentle Agnes Byrne, who was now waiting by the darkling river of death!

I saw the "Nun Agnes," as we called her again before me—with her soft, sunny hair, her dove-like eyes, and sweet, classic mouth. We had been more than common friends. She was so different from me; she passive, and positive; she weak, quiet, yielding, child-like; I strong, vivacious, bold, uncompromising, a veritable woman even then. I loved her as I loved the Lord. I have promised to meet my friend in Heaven. To do this I must make my peace with God, and with my fellow men. Ethan Athol, can you forgive my great sin against you?"

He looked at me wonderingly.

"None have ever injured me whom I have not forgiven. Wherein have you done me any wrong?"

"Ethan Athol, do you not know me? I am Corinne May!"

He knew me then. It all came back to him like a dream. Oh, you should have seen his face brighten!

"Come to my heart, my beloved."

That was all he said. I was in his arms, kissing that high, white forehead.

"I am as gentle as a shorn lamb now," I said, smiling through my tears. "Neither am I proud any more."

"The Lord knoweth the thoughts of man, that they are vanity. The Lord will not cast off his people, neither will He forsake his inheritance; but judgment shall return unto righteousness, and the upright in heart shall follow it."

I was happy again. The world, and the world's vanity, was nothing to me. I had found my true life: it commenced by the bedside of the dead Agnes.

She was buried without show or ostentation. Her little boy is with us—Athol and me—for we are married. My husband is still a minister of the Gospel, pointing out the way to Eternal Life!—*Arthur's Magazine.*

A VERY DRY NUNST.—The English papers state that the nurse of an opulent family in London, who rendered her account annually for little nursery etceteras, among other things put down the modest sum of \$1750 for brandy to sponge the children with!

THE DOCTOR'S PERIL.

The noble beast that forms the subject of my story had been a bay of the richest and most glossy color, with a lone spot of white hair in the forehead. His tail had been allowed to flow, uncurtailed by the mutilating knife, naturally and gracefully as those of the wild mustangs of the prairie. The ample chest, small ankles, and proud neck, and the wide apart, prominent eyes, and open nostrils, denoting gentle blood; but at the time I saw him old age had whitened his beautiful bay coat, long tufts of hair were growing behind each foot, his eyes were rheumy, and the few long teeth he possessed were loose.

I had noticed the care and attention bestowed on him by every inmate of the family. Not a day passed that his neck and face were not caressed by soft feminine hands; and if I had been surprised at that, how much more so was I, when Mrs. Morrison, who, like myself, was staying there during the summer, would frequently throw her arms around his neck, and while his soft nose rested against her shoulder, would call him pet names, and not unfrequently her beautiful eyes would fill with tears while thus caressed. "Don John" received all these caresses as if he had been accustomed to them, frequently following one and another of the inmates like a huge house-dog. My curiosity at length became so great that I resolved to become acquainted with the reason why he was honored with the respect and attachment of the household. Not many days elapsed, before I became acquainted with the reasons, and I assure you, gentle reader, I consider them sufficient to excuse any amount of affection which it might please the superior brute to bestow upon his fellow, the dumb one.

He had belonged to Dr. Mosely, of Whitesboro', for many years a practicing physician in that place, and "Don John" had carried his master to and from many a bed of death, and God help him, fire had flown from his hoofs as many times his short legs had dashed across the Mohawk, on the bridge, not heeding the new-born infant's wail that greeted his ear in his quiet corner, awaiting his master's pleasure—not that it was the wail for the advent of a human soul, doomed to suffer its number of years, then die! If his master had acquired fame—as all knew he had—"Don John" had also his laurels to be proud of.

The Doctor had been called to Utica, on business connected with his profession, and had been absent three days. During his absence one of those dreary, warm, breaking-up rains had set in. Mountains of ice were rushing down the Mohawk, sweeping everything before them, over-flowing the banks, carrying away bridges, dwellings, and alarming many of the inhabitants, as well it might, for one must see a freshet to understand its terrible importance. One must hear the crash and roar, behold the mad waters rushing headlong and wild, eager for destruction, behold the floating wrecks of many a dwelling often bearing "a thing of life," and sometimes a human life, as was witnessed a few years since on the Schuylkill.

The night was inky black, and "Don John" picked out the way faithfully and steadily, never stumbling, but, with the bridge hanging slack across his neck, and his nose close to the earth, his master had little fear for consequences. They were approaching Oriskany, where a bridge spanned the Mohawk, and "Don John" whinnied pitifully once or twice, till a sharp word from his master warned him not to show the white feather. On the other side he could just distinguish through the dense darkness, moving and glimmering lights, and once he fancied he heard a shout; but he little heeded, only saving getting housed as soon as possible, and sleeping off the fatigues consequent to his profession.

"Now, Don, step sure; old Oriskany bridge to my own and your knowledge, has lost many a plank," said the Doctor, patting his beast's neck, and pushing the wet tangled front lock from his eyes.

They were now ascending the little eminence leading to the entrance, when the horse stopped. "Go on, sir," said the Doctor. "You are nearly home now!" Still no attempt at going on, and beneath the angry waters roared and bellowed like maddened devils bawled of their prey. "Do you hear me, sir?" with a smart buffet on the neck, and a gathering up of a loosened bridle into a firm and determined hand, and the animal started—slowly, steadily, surely, firmly—through the broad black slightly shivered from time to time and the gait was so measured and methodical that at any other time he would have observed it. As it was, he only let him have his own way, though he may have smoothed his neck, for he had a kindly heart, and his poor beast had labored hard through dreadful weather, and was sadly in want of food and shelter.

Towards the end of the bridge the steps became slower, and once he stumbled in the hind foot. A quick grasp at the bridle, and a cherry "Easy, John—easy, sir!" and again the cautious hoofs resounded on the hard wood. They were a cross, and the animal neighed, and tossed his head till the Doctor shook in his saddle. "One more mile to go, poor fellow; but first I and you want some refreshments." Bounding up to the small tavern door, where a genial light was shining from the windows, he called loudly for the landlord. A dozen or more of the inmates came rushing to the door with lanterns, which they held aloft, and a "Good Lord, Doctor, where did you come from?" broke from their lips simultaneously.

"Come from? Why, from over the Mohawk! What is the matter? Has the freshest carried away any of your senses? Here, boy," as dismounting he threw the reins to a gaping fellow, "give John something nice, and dry him off. Keep him well wrapped up while he eats, and landlord, I want a tumbler of red-hot Jamaica, quick."

"Doctor," said the group, "have you crossed the Mohawk to-night, and if so how?"

"Why, on the bridge; are you all drunk?" said the exasperated physician.

"Doctor," said the old grey-headed landlord, "that bridge went down the Mohawk this afternoon. Come with me, and I will show you. If you crossed, God only knows how you done it!"

A shiver went to the Doctor's heart—and, lantern in hand, he followed the foot steps of the man to the margin of the swollen and turbid river. Where was the bridge?

"Almighty God!" said the horror-struck Doctor. "Where is my gratitude? My noble beast came over here this night, backed by me, or the solitary stringpiece; and I with this right hand, gave him a blow as he faltered!" and the Doctor sank upon his knees in the soft wet snow, and wept like a child; the men moved from his presence respectfully, and left him to himself.

When after some little time he made his appearance, his eyes were greeted by the sight of his horse, surrounded by the entire household—each contributing to render him some assistance. A quart of warm ale was given by one, another rubbed his neck and chest with spirits—a third dried his glossy hide with a warm flannel, and others patted his neck, or caressed his nose and face.

"Oh, John, my boy, and I gave you a blow," and the words ended in a low wailing groan. Men uncovered their heads and turned their faces from him, and at length led him inside where he spent the night. The morning revealed to him the dreadful danger he had escaped, from the sagacity of the beast, and again did he grieve for the blow he had dealt him when so nobly he was putting forth more than human power.

"Don John" never did a day's work from that day. Sometimes his master rode him forth on a pleasure tour, or drove him before a light vehicle a few miles with some member of the family; but his professional labors were over. Nothing could exceed the care and attention that were ever given him afterward. He fed from a manger made of mahogany; his room was more a parlor than a stable; and company to the Doctor's always paid "Don John" a visit before they left.

Thus they lived many years, the Doctor and his horse growing old together. "Don John" survived his master some years; and when the good man's will was opened, there was found a clause appended which related to "Don John," to this effect: that he should be given to his youngest daughter (Mrs. Morrison) while she lived, to be cared for as he had always done; that he should, at his death, be buried in his shoes, wrapped in his own rich blanket, and enclosed in a befitting box, in the corner of his own burying-ground. His wishes were religiously respected, and two years after I learned this history, "Don John's" bones were buried in the corner of the old Mosely burying-ground at Whitesboro'.

up while he eats, and landlord, I want a tumbler of red-hot Jamaica, quick."

"Doctor," said the group, "have you crossed the Mohawk to-night, and if so how?"

"Why, on the bridge; are you all drunk?" said the exasperated physician.

"Doctor," said the old grey-headed landlord, "that bridge went down the Mohawk this afternoon. Come with me, and I will show you. If you crossed, God only knows how you done it!"

A shiver went to the Doctor's heart—and, lantern in hand, he followed the foot steps of the man to the margin of the swollen and turbid river. Where was the bridge?

"Almighty God!" said the horror-struck Doctor. "Where is my gratitude? My noble beast came over here this night, backed by me, or the solitary stringpiece; and I with this right hand, gave him a blow as he faltered!" and the Doctor sank upon his knees in the soft wet snow, and wept like a child; the men moved from his presence respectfully, and left him to himself.

When after some little time he made his appearance, his eyes were greeted by the sight of his horse, surrounded by the entire household—each contributing to render him some assistance. A quart of warm ale was given by one, another rubbed his neck and chest with spirits—a third dried his glossy hide with a warm flannel, and others patted his neck, or caressed his nose and face.

"Oh, John, my boy, and I gave you a blow," and the words ended in a low wailing groan. Men uncovered their heads and turned their faces from him, and at length led him inside where he spent the night. The morning revealed to him the dreadful danger he had escaped, from the sagacity of the beast, and again did he grieve for the blow he had dealt him when so nobly he was putting forth more than human power.

"Don John" never did a day's work from that day. Sometimes his master rode him forth on a pleasure tour, or drove him before a light vehicle a few miles with some member of the family; but his professional labors were over. Nothing could exceed the care and attention that were ever given him afterward. He fed from a manger made of mahogany; his room was more a parlor than a stable; and company to the Doctor's always paid "Don John" a visit before they left.

Thus they lived many years, the Doctor and his horse growing old together. "Don John" survived his master some years; and when the good man's will was opened, there was found a clause appended which related to "Don John," to this effect: that he should be given to his youngest daughter (Mrs. Morrison) while she lived, to be cared for as he had always done; that he should, at his death, be buried in his shoes, wrapped in his own rich blanket, and enclosed in a befitting box, in the corner of his own burying-ground. His wishes were religiously respected, and two years after I learned this history, "Don John's" bones were buried in the corner of the old Mosely burying-ground at Whitesboro'.

Thus they lived many years, the Doctor and his horse growing old together. "Don John" survived his master some years; and when the good man's will was opened, there was found a clause appended which related to "Don John," to this effect: that he should be given to his youngest daughter (Mrs. Morrison) while she lived, to be cared for as he had always done; that he should, at his death, be buried in his shoes, wrapped in his own rich blanket, and enclosed in a befitting box, in the corner of his own burying-ground. His wishes were religiously respected, and two years after I learned this history, "Don John's" bones were buried in the corner of the old Mosely burying-ground at Whitesboro'.

Thus they lived many years, the Doctor and his horse growing old together. "Don John" survived his master some years; and when the good man's will was opened, there was found a clause appended which related to "Don John," to this effect: that he should be given to his youngest daughter (Mrs. Morrison) while she lived, to be cared for as he had always done; that he should, at his death, be buried in his shoes, wrapped in his own rich blanket, and enclosed in a befitting box, in the corner of his own burying-ground. His wishes were religiously respected, and two years after I learned this history, "Don John's" bones were buried in the corner of the old Mosely burying-ground at Whitesboro'.

Thus they lived many years, the Doctor and his horse growing old together. "Don John" survived his master some years; and when the good man's will was opened, there was found a clause appended which related to "Don John," to this effect: that he should be given to his youngest daughter (Mrs. Morrison) while she lived, to be cared for as he had always done; that he should, at his death, be buried in his shoes, wrapped in his own rich blanket, and enclosed in a befitting box, in the corner of his own burying-ground. His wishes were religiously respected, and two years after I learned this history, "Don John's" bones were buried in the corner of the old Mosely burying-ground at Whitesboro'.

Thus they lived many years, the Doctor and his horse growing old together. "Don John" survived his master some years; and when the good man's will was opened, there was found a clause appended which related to "Don John," to this effect: that he should be given to his youngest daughter (Mrs. Morrison) while she lived, to be cared for as he had always done; that he should, at his death, be buried in his shoes, wrapped in his own rich blanket, and enclosed in a befitting box, in the corner of his own burying-ground. His wishes were religiously respected, and two years after I learned this history, "Don John's" bones were buried in the corner of the old Mosely burying-ground at Whitesboro'.

Thus they lived many years, the Doctor and his horse growing old together. "Don John" survived his master some years; and when the good man's will was opened, there was found a clause appended which related to "Don John," to this effect: that he should be given to his youngest daughter (Mrs. Morrison) while she lived, to be cared for as he had always done; that he should, at his death, be buried in his shoes, wrapped in his own rich blanket, and enclosed in a befitting box, in the corner of his own burying-ground. His wishes were religiously respected, and two years after I learned this history, "Don John's" bones were buried in the corner of the old Mosely burying-ground at Whitesboro'.

Thus they lived many years, the Doctor and his horse growing old together. "Don John" survived his master some years; and when the good man's will was opened, there was found a clause appended which related to "Don John," to this effect: that he should be given to his youngest daughter (Mrs. Morrison) while she lived, to be cared for as he had always done; that he should, at his death, be buried in his shoes, wrapped in his own rich blanket, and enclosed in a befitting box, in the corner of his own burying-ground. His wishes were religiously respected, and two years after I learned this history, "Don John's" bones were buried in the corner of the old Mosely burying-ground at Whitesboro'.

Thus they lived many years, the Doctor and his horse growing old together. "Don John" survived his master some years; and when the good man's will was opened, there was found a clause appended which related to "Don John," to this effect: that he should be given to his youngest daughter (Mrs. Morrison) while she lived, to be cared for as he had always done; that he should, at his death, be buried in his shoes, wrapped in his own rich blanket, and enclosed in a befitting box, in the corner of his own burying-ground. His wishes were religiously respected, and two years after I learned this history, "Don John's" bones were buried in the corner of the old Mosely burying-ground at Whitesboro'.

Thus they lived many years, the Doctor and his horse growing old together. "Don John" survived his master some years; and when the good man's will was opened, there was found a clause appended which related to "Don John," to this effect: that he should be given to his youngest daughter (Mrs. Morrison) while she lived, to be cared for as he had always done; that he should, at his death, be buried in his shoes, wrapped in his own rich blanket, and enclosed in a befitting box, in the corner of his own burying-ground. His wishes were religiously respected, and two years after I learned this history, "Don John's" bones were buried in the corner of the old Mosely burying-ground at Whitesboro'.

Thus they lived many years, the Doctor and his horse growing old together. "Don John" survived his master some years; and when the good man's will was opened, there was found a clause appended which related to "Don John," to this effect: that he should be given to his youngest daughter (Mrs. Morrison) while she lived, to be cared for as he had always done; that he should, at his death, be buried in his shoes, wrapped in his own rich blanket, and enclosed in a befitting box, in the corner of his own burying-ground. His wishes were religiously respected, and two years after I learned this history, "Don John's" bones were buried in the corner of the old Mosely burying-ground at Whitesboro'.

Thus they lived many years, the Doctor and his horse growing old together. "Don John" survived his master some years; and when the good man's will was opened, there was found a clause appended which related to "Don John," to this effect: that he should be given to his youngest daughter (Mrs. Morrison) while she lived, to be cared for as he had always done; that he should, at his death, be buried in his shoes, wrapped in his own rich blanket, and enclosed in a befitting box, in the corner of his own burying-ground. His wishes were religiously respected, and two years after I learned this history, "Don John's" bones were buried in the corner of the old Mosely burying-ground at Whitesboro'.

Thus they lived many years, the Doctor and his horse growing old together. "Don John" survived his master some years; and when the good man's will was opened, there was found a clause appended which related to "Don John," to this effect: that he should be given to his youngest daughter (Mrs. Morrison) while she lived, to be cared for as he had always done; that he should, at his death, be buried in his shoes, wrapped in his own rich blanket, and enclosed in a befitting box, in the corner of his own burying-ground. His wishes were religiously respected, and two years after I learned this history, "Don John's" bones were buried in the corner of the old Mosely burying-ground at Whitesboro'.

Thus they lived many years, the Doctor and his horse growing old together. "Don John" survived his master some years; and when the good man's will was opened, there was found a clause appended which related to "Don John," to this effect: that he should be given to his youngest daughter (Mrs. Morrison) while she lived, to be cared for as he had always done; that he should, at his death, be buried in his shoes, wrapped in his own rich blanket, and enclosed in a befitting box, in the corner of his own burying-ground. His wishes were religiously respected, and two years after I learned this history, "Don John's" bones were buried in the corner of the old Mosely burying-ground at Whitesboro'.

Mr. Douglas on Popular Sovereignty.

Mr. Douglas in a recent speech delivered in Columbus, Ohio, defines his theory of popular sovereignty in the territories, in an unmistakable manner. He said, among other things:

"But the trouble is that you will find, every once in a while, a man—I know that there are not enough of them in the country to make mile posts along the railroad—but there is once in a while, a man who will tell you that slavery exists in the Territories by virtue of the Constitution of the United States; and wherever a Northern man makes that discovery you will find that the Southerner at once seizes it and declares that if slavery does exist in the Territory by the authority of the 'Constitution,' it is then the duty of Congress to pass all laws necessary to protect the rights secured by the Constitution; and then comes the demand for the slave code in the Territories. Now, there need be no diversity of principle on this question, if each man will read the Constitution of the United States, and then take an oath to support it. Just look into the Constitution, and then you will find what a slave is, who may be held by what authority they are held. You will find it all in one section. I have not the book with me, but I can repeat the section to you.

No person held to service in labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall be released by any law or regulation therein, but shall be delivered up to the party to whom said service or labor may be due.

The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPEY, Editor and Proprietor.
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS.—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be forwarded until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher, and no person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term. A notice previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, (fourteen lines), one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 25 cents. Half a Square, (seven lines), one insertion, 75 cents; each subsequent insertion 20 cents. One Square, per year, \$12.00; six months, \$7.00; three months, \$4.00. Half a Square, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.50; three months, \$2.00. Less than half a square charged as a square. Special Notices, *Inserts*, 10 cents a line, for one insertion; 4 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly, in advance.

AGENTS.

North Woburn.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINS & CO.
East Woburn.—ALBION L. RICHARDSON.
Stoneham.—E. T. WHITFIELD.
Reading.—THOMAS RICHARDSON.
South Reading.—Dr. J. D. MANFIELD.
Worcester.—J. M. PETERSON & CO., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer); South's Building, Court Street, Boston; and J. H. BURRILL, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.

This large and increasing circulation of the JOURNAL renders it valuable as an advertising medium. It is read and preserved by the best families of Woburn and surrounding towns, among whom it circulates to an extent enjoyed by no other paper. It is not excelled, if equaled, in typographical appearance, by ANY PAPER published in Middlesex County. By preserving uniformity in arrangement, equal prominence is obtained by ALL ADVERTISERS. Our terms of advertising are moderate.

JOB PRINTING.

We would call the special attention of our readers to our facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of JOB PRINTING. The variety of NEW and HANDSOME TYPE with which our office is supplied is very extensive, and our pressmen are new and fast, our workmen experienced and skillful. We have, therefore, every facility for doing all kinds of work, QUICK, NEAT and CHEAP. Orders left at our office, or sent through our agents, will be promptly attended to, and the prices will be as low as can be found elsewhere. Orders solicited.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIBERS will confer a favor by giving notice at the office when they fail to receive their paper regularly, or change their place of residence, so that we can give notice to our carriers.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 5, 1859.

The Elections.

The most quiet political canvass known in Massachusetts for many years is drawing to a close, and on Tuesday next the hopes and aspirations of hundreds of candidates will be set at rest for at least another year, or fully realized.

No reasonable doubt can be entertained that the Republicans will elect their State ticket, with a majority in both branches of the Legislature, and probably a large majority of their candidates for County offices throughout the State, and hence the Republicans will be responsible as a party for the administration of the State Government for another year. In this view of the case the Republicans ought to be, and we presume have been, careful to select men for all the various offices as will conduct the administration upon sound and economical principles.

Some very important questions will claim the attention of the next legislature. Among them may be enumerated the school question. The law of 1859 has been met with serious and determined opposition from very respectable persons in different localities, and the issue at present stands thus: The law of the present year looks towards abolishing the old school district system and substituting therefor a system more centralizing in its character, giving the school committees of towns all the power formerly vested in the District Committees, and the argument in favor of this system is this: One Town Committee taking the place and performing the duties of numerous District Committees, the administration of educational affairs will be rendered more uniform and vigorous; grades of schools can be established, so that the advance of the scholar may be regular and uninterrupted, and the books used will always be the same in schools of the same grade.

On the other hand it is argued by the friends of the old system, that it worked well and was an efficient agent in the education of the people, that it was a purely democratic institution, giving power to those most immediately interested in its proper execution, that the new system tends towards depriving the people of power, and concentrating power in the hands of a few. That it makes the education of the children of the towns a matter of State legislation and control, the State Board of Education being virtually the controlling School Committee of the State, the town committees being more immediately responsible to the State Board of Education than to the people who placed them in power.

The consideration of this question merits, and we trust will receive, the most careful and intelligent investigation.

The prohibitory liquor law will be severely "hailed over the coals," at the next session of the legislature, and one of the leading questions will be, shall the State liquor agency be abolished?

Recent developments have shown that the liquor furnished by the late agent is not to be relied on, and although the testimony introduced affects only the quality of brandy and of Jamaica rum, it is not unfair to presume that whiskey, gin, and wine have also been "doctored," or "extended" or "adulterated," whichever the proper term may happen to be.

The friends of the law contend, that the evil which has been brought to light is not to be attributed to any imperfection in the statute, but arises from the fact that an unsuitable person was selected by the Governor for the office of agent; that the law ought to remain intact and a new and proper person ought to be reelected to the appointment of agent; that it is dangerous to tamper with the law, that any attempt to do so would peril the cause of temperance; that although the present law is not generally enforced, especially in our large cities, still it enables the people of the towns, if they desire to do so, to suppress the sale in their immediate localities.

These are not all the arguments, but they are the most convincing urged by the friends of the law.

On the other hand it is argued, that the fault is in the law itself; that the agency ought forthwith to be abolished, and that authorized town agents ought to be permitted to purchase their liquors wherever they pleased; that if the Governor appoints an agent who is a competent judge of liquors and understands their "manufacture," the temptation to use his knowledge for his own profit will overcome his virtue, and the towns will be cheated; that if an agent is appointed who is not familiar with the trade, and who is obliged to depend upon other traders for his stock, these other traders will take advantage of his ignorance and furnish him with "doctored" or "extended" articles, and the innocent buyers in the towns will be cheated; thus, as the enemies of the law contend, in any event, if the State Agency is continued, the people will probably be cheated.

Beside those who profess to be enemies to the Agency alone, there are many who are opposed to the law as a whole, who think it has not fulfilled its mission; who say it is unjust, partial and altogether too severe in its operation; that it ought to be abolished and a judicious license system established in its place. This party is met by the temperance men, by the assertion, nothing is so severe for those who poison their fellows for profit; that if the operation is partial, it does good as far as it goes, and that it is a pity that more were not obliged to suffer for its infringement.

Other questions than these we have mentioned, will claim and receive the attention of the next Legislature, but on these the most animated discussions will take place, and the most important votes taken; on neither question will any particular party obtain all they desire; the result in both cases will be a compromise, and a compromise which shall endure for any considerable period, must be settled upon by calm, far-seeing men, who can look the matter squarely in the face, and act with intelligence and calmness.

We intended to mention other matters less exciting perhaps, but nearly if not quite as important as those we have discussed, but our article is already too long, and we shall reserve them for discussion as they arrive.

Woburn Lyceum.

The Lyceum course commenced on Tuesday evening last. Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone delivered the opening lecture. His subject was "At Home and Abroad," and is the result of some of Dr. Stone's observations during his recent visit to Europe. The lecture was fresh, lively and remarkably interesting, and the audience appeared to regret that it was not longer. We have before us a lengthy report of it, but want of space forbids its insertion. The next two lectures will be delivered by Rev. J. C. Fletcher, whose lectures on "Brazil" and "The Land of Tell," last year were very favorably received by our Lyceum audience. We understand that Mr. Fletcher, with the aid of some of our ladies and citizens, will introduce specimens of foreign origin singing in his lecture next Thursday evening. We think our citizens cannot afford to miss Mr. Fletcher's lectures—they will doubtless be among the best of the course.

MEDICAL MEETING.—The Middlesex East District Medical Society met at Winchester, on Wednesday evening last—the guests of Dr. Alonzo Chapin. The following gentlemen were chosen officers for the ensuing year:—Dr. B. Cutter, of Woburn, President; Dr. S. W. Drew, of Woburn, Vice President; Dr. B. Cutter, of Woburn, Secretary; Dr. W. Ingalls, of Winchester, Dr. H. P. Wakefield, of Reading, and Dr. E. Cutter, Censors. Dr. A. Chapin, of Winchester, Dr. B. Cutter, Dr. H. P. Parker, of Melrose, and Dr. H. P. Wakefield, Counsellors. Dr. A. Chapin, Commissioner on Trials. Dr. T. Rickard, of Woburn, Auditor.

It was voted to take the following periodicals for circulation through the society:—American Journal of Medicine, Philadelphia; London Lancet; New York Medical Monthly; British and Foreign Medical-Chirurgical Review; Champion's Medical-Chirurgical Review; American Journal of Pharmacy.

The treasurer's report showed the finances to be in a prosperous condition, and it was stated that this society pays its dues more fully and promptly than the Massachusetts Medical Society, than any other district—every assessment but one, having been liquidated in advance.

At the supper, there was a good deal of table talk, of which we can give no report, as the society lacks both an "Autocrat" and a "Professor."

HUSKING PARTY.—A goodly company assembled by invitation at the barn of Mr. Artemas Reed, in Burlington, on Monday evening, to give him a lift at husking. Besides his neighbors, there were present quite a number of his former neighbors and friends from Woburn, and

"A right good time had we."

The pile, though a large one, was not deserted till the last car was husked, and then "wall hands" were desired to walk into the house and "wash up." After being seated in the parlor long enough to get well warmed, at half past eleven supper was announced. Instead of finding simply a platter of beans, we found two tables elegantly spread, and loaded with the choicest luxuries. The company having husked three hours and a half, were found possessed of excellent appetites, and did ample justice to the beans as well as the "et ceteras." Supper being over, the company again repaired to the parlor, and after singing a few beautiful songs took their departure. Friend Reed appeared to enjoy himself "remarkably," and we are very sure the whole company did so also. We hope he will have a good crop of corn and beans next year—more than he will feel able to husk alone. Although several ladies were present, it seemed strange that no red coats were found. Mr. Reed must see to that next year.

As will be seen by our Court reports, some of the rumblers of this town have found quarters in the County Jail, where they will have leisure to reflect upon their sins and make arrangements for living in the future without breaking the law.

Court Report.

At the present criminal term of the Superior Court now in session at Lowell, the following Woburn cases have been tried. James Burke for selling liquor, found not guilty. Burke being in the custody of the court was sentenced on two verdicts found about a year ago, and is now in the House of Correction.

Julia Lynch for same offence found guilty. This case is to go up to the Superior Court on exceptions.

Humphrey Lynch for same offence, found not guilty and discharged.

Patrick McCarty found guilty on two complaints, not guilty on a third. McCarty is sentenced to 60 days in House of Correction and \$20 fine.

In all the above cases, with the exception of the two on which Burke was sentenced, C. C. Woodman appeared for the defence.

Patrick Finn was found guilty of a single sale. Exceptions were taken and they are to be argued in the Superior Court. Sweetser and Gardner appeared for Finn.

Other interesting cases have been tried. Tuesday and Wednesday were occupied in the trial of Wm. A. Richardson, of Reading, for burglary. The case was severely contested on both sides. A verdict of guilty was rendered. A. V. Lynde for the defendant.

On Friday John Lyons, Charlestown, was tried on an indictment for an assault with an intent to commit rape. He was found guilty of simple assault, and sentenced to six months in the House of Correction. C. C. Woodman for defence.

CAUCUSES THIS EVENING.—The Republicans held their caucus in the Town Hall, this evening, to nominate a candidate for the Legislature. The Democrats met in the Lower Lyceum Hall, for the same purpose. Both these meetings ought to be well attended by the people, as it is essentially their business which is to be done, and if they do not attend to it, they will have no reasonable cause to complain that a few have done their duty for them. Go to your caucus.

We understand that our friend KIMBALL, the Republican nominee for Sheriff of this County, is overruled with applications for the office of Deputy, in this and other towns. He is a man to do the right thing, and we have no doubt that proper men will be selected by him. "Up to date" no promises have been made by Mr. Kimball.

STREET IMPROVEMENTS.—Some very excellent improvements are being made on the Stoneham end of Railroad street, which will make travelling on that street easier and pleasanter than heretofore.

Many of the principal streets in Woburn have been much improved this year, and it must be gratifying to our citizens to observe that wherever work on a street has been commenced it has been thoroughly done and finished in a workmanlike manner. For these improvements the Board of Selectmen and Highway Surveyors deserve considerable praise, and so does John Davis.

GAS SUCCESSFUL.—We are pleased to witness the success of the Woburn Gas Company. A dividend of six per cent, is now being paid to stockholders. The business of the company has been well managed from the commencement, and we have no doubt it will go on prospering and its stock be sought after, before many years, as a most desirable investment.

The new Congregational Church is nearly closed in with its first covering of boards, and next week Messrs. Tilson & Son, who have taken the contract for slating, will commence laying on the slates. The tower will not be raised any higher than it is now this season; it will be covered in and the inside work proceeded with. We understand that the window frames and sashes are about ready to put in.

FESTIVAL AND FAIR.—The Methodist Society of this town will hold their Annual Fair on Thursday evening next in Lyceum Hall. The ladies of the Society have provided amply for the gratification and amusement of all who attend, as will be seen by a special notice in another column. We hope to see Lyceum Hall well filled on the occasion.

MILITARY.—Dr. S. W. Drew of this town, who has held the office of Surgeon's Mate in the 5th Regiment for the past five years, has withdrawn from participation in military affairs. He applied for his discharge some time since, and the Commander in Chief has granted him an honorable discharge from office.

JOHN BROWN, the leading insurrectionist at the Harper's Ferry affair, has been tried on charges of murder and treason, found guilty and sentenced to be hung in public on Friday the 2d of December. Coppie, one of his accomplices, has also been found guilty on all the counts in the indictment.

In his speech in reply to the question if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, Brown denied that he had any intention of exciting an insurrection among the slaves, his object being only to "run them off" as he had done in Missouri.

VOTING LISTS.—A copy of the voting list for this town is hung up in the Post Office. Persons who desire to vote at the election next week Tuesday should see to it that their names are on the voting list. The Selectmen will be in session this evening and Tuesday forenoon for the purpose of adding to and correcting the list.

FIRE.—The alarm of fire on Saturday was caused by the burning of a quantity of tan on Bedford street, belonging to James Dooley. It was insured, the loss is trifling.

On Tuesday evening about 8 o'clock the Congregational Church at Lincoln was destroyed by fire, by the act of an incendiary. Two previous attempts had been made to set it on fire.

SPURGEON'S SERMONS.—Messrs. Sheldon & Company, New York, have just published another volume of Spurgeon's sermons, making the sixth of the series. It contains an introduction by the author and a steel plate illustration of Spurgeon's new tabernacle.

STONEHAM.

Republican Caucuses—Exciting Times.

The Republicans of Stoneham responded in large numbers to the call for a caucus for the nomination of delegates to the Representative Convention. The caucus was held in the Town Hall on Tuesday evening, and shortly after the hour, appointed the Hall was pretty well filled, which is rather an unusual occurrence at a town caucus, and in this instance indicated that "something was in the wind."

The convention was called to order by Mr. J. W. Osgood. Mr. John Kingman was elected chairman, and Mr. C. B. Wilson, Secretary. The convention proceeded to ballot for fifteen delegates to attend the convention. There were two lists of delegates voted upon, and the voting was quite brisk and somewhat exciting. The following gentlemen were elected:

J. W. Noble, Joseph Buck, Micah Williams, Rufus Pierce, Francis Hay, M. P. Sweetser, R. Locke, Jr., G. W. Marsh, Eliza Greene, John Steele, William Norton, A. R. Greene, E. E. Cowdrey, John Kingman, Charles Buck.

An effort was then made to interrogate the delegates as to whether they would comply with the instructions of the caucus in voting for the nomination of representatives, but the replies of the first delegate interrogated quashed the movement.

An informal ballot was taken as an expression of the choice of the caucus for representative, resulting in 46 votes for Wm. H. Pierce, 86 for John Hill, and 101 for J. P. Gould. Mr. Hill withdrew his name, when a second ballot was called for, and Mr. Pierce was nominated, but declined the nomination. Amidst a scene somewhat noisy the business was brought to a close and the chairman retired.

A call was then made for another caucus to be organized instantly. A scene of noise and confusion almost indescribable ensued. After some delay Mr. Samuel Tidd was elected chairman, and the caucus proceeded to ballot for delegates, and elected the following list:

Warren Sweetser, G. W. Copeland, John Botume, Jr., Samuel Cloon, Onslow Gilmore, Daniel L. Sprague, L. F. Lynde, David B. Gerry, Geo. M. Quimby, David H. Burnham, Samuel Tidd, Orrin Hersam, Otis Bucknam, Jesse, Curtis, Chas. Copeland. This caucus was unanimous in the choice of John Hill, Jr. for representative.

After organizing for the year by the election of a Republican Town Committee, &c., the caucus adjourned.

Twentieth Representative District Convention.

A convention of the 20th Representative district, comprising the towns of South Reading, Stoneham and Melrose, was held at Stoneham on Thursday evening, for the purpose of nominating candidates to the General Court. The convention was called to order by John Hill, Esq., chairman of the district committee. Hon. Lilley Eaton of So. Reading, was chosen temporary chairman, and J. S. Eaton, Esq., temporary secretary. There appearing to be double delegations from Melrose and Stoneham, a committee of three was chosen from the South Reading delegation to receive and report upon credentials. The committee reported that five sets of delegates had handed in their credentials. After long and very warm discussions, first before the committee and afterwards before the convention, the Stoneham list of delegates headed by J. W. Nobles, and the Melrose list headed by A. H. Durant, were admitted to seats as members of the convention. The delegates admitted were those first nominated in regular caucus in each of the towns named. The convention then organized by choosing P. H. Sweetser, Esq., chairman.

On a ballot for representatives Artemas Barrett of Melrose and A. A. Foster of South Reading were nominated for Representatives.

The convention was detained, or entertained, with fine displays of the oratorical powers of the gentlemen from Melrose and Stoneham, and many rich, rare and racy speeches were made.

The doors were closed against outsiders, who voted by the light of the moon, that such exclusiveness was a confounded nuisance.

The convention did not get through with the business before it until about midnight.

Another Convention. consisting of the rejected delegates from Melrose and Stoneham, met in the basement room of the Town Hall, and organized by choosing Geo. W. Copeland for chairman, and appointing a secretary.

A delegation consisting of twelve persons, chosen from each town in the district, was four to make arrangements for mass meetings to be held in Stoneham on Saturday (this) evening, and in Melrose on Monday evening. We are informed that Hon. Anson Burlingame is to be at the Melrose meeting.

ATTEMPT AT HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—STABING.—On Friday night of last week as Mr. Hunter, who had been on a visit to his friends in another State, was returning home he was attacked by two men about half way between the depot and the centre of Stoneham; one of them tripped him up and the other struck him on the back of the head a severe blow which felled him to the ground. Recovering his senses he found the biggest ruffian of the two upon his back holding him down. Remembering that he had a derring do in his pocket, he succeeded in getting hold of and opening it, and used it with such effect as to rid himself of both the villains. The next morning search was made for them for some time without effect, but finally Mr. Hazen Whitcher succeeded in ferreting them out. He went to the house of a woman, whose sons he suspected, and after some parleying with the mother made a search through the house, and in an upstairs room found the eldest of the brothers, James Moriarty, stretched on a bed, and writhing with pain. He was wounded on the side and shoulder, and in an attempt to grasp Hunter's knife he had one hand severely cut. Dr. Stephens had been to see him and dressed his wounds, which are so severe though not dangerous. Both brothers have been lodged in the jail at Cambridge, and are to have a hearing to-day before Justice Upton, of South Reading.

INDUSTRY.—Toll is the price of sleep and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth, is a blessing. The world does not contain a briar or a thorn that divine mercy could have spared. We are happier with the sterility which we can overcome by industry, than we could be with the most spontaneous and unbounded profusion. The body and mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them; that toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasure which it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar; no wealth can purchase them, no insolence touch them. They only flow from the exertion which they repay.

PRESIDENT OF HARVARD COLLEGE.—It is stated that President Walker has officially communicated his resignation to the Board of Overseers of Harvard College. It has been understood, for some time past, that Dr. Walker was desirous of relinquishing the cares and responsibilities of the office of President, which have weighed heavily upon him, but has heretofore refrained from sending in his resignation at the earnest solicitation of his friends.

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY course of lectures is usually the most attractive course delivered in Boston during the lecture season. On Tuesday evening next the course opens with a lecture and poem.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.—The winter arrangement on the Boston & Lowell and Newbury & Lowell R. R. will be found advertised in another column. Season ticket-holders and the public generally will please take notice.

THE GREAT EASTERN NOT COMING!—The telegraph news by the steamer America informs us that the Great Eastern will not pay us a visit this year.

POTATOES of excellent quality are now selling at the wharves in Boston for forty cents a bushel, black oats for 45 cents.

The N. Y. Herald proposes that the Democratic candidate for the presidency be nominated by a Congressional caucus instead of by a convention.

It is suggested that if the Democratic Convention is to be held in Charleston, it must be during the month of May, as Northern delegates will be afraid to trust themselves in that city at about the time of the summer solstice.

The prostration of the great Democratic party of the Northern States is owing, says the Herald, to the Pierce and Douglas Nebraska scheme of 1850.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

From Our Regular Correspondent.—

NEW YORK, NOV. 2.

The first light fall of snow came this week and put an end to the season of base ball, cricket, and out-door amusements. Light frosts are beginning to be exchanged for thick ones, and the anthracite blazes brightly in the grate all the evening long. Quiet people stop at the bookstores on their way home from business, and invest in the latest light or solid literature to pass away the long evening, while the excitable genus must go abroad to the lecture or places more emphatically of amusement. The bill of entertainment before the town is a large one. Especially in the way of lectures, there is quite an unusually full provision. One of the best courses is in progress at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. G. W. Curtis draws well as a lecturer; his sentiments are generally opposed to those of a good proportion of his auditory, who are attracted by the singular beauty of his style; flowing English, quite idiomatic, but chaste and full of rhythm, which may be a fault, but it is at any rate a popular fault in an orator of this description, who is not expected to make any direct appeals to the passions of his hearers. Messrs. Beecher and Chapin are always "good" for a full house, especially the former. A horde of little fry have been encouraged to embark in the lecture business who succeed in drawing out a few of their personal friends and some curious strangers. As for other amusements, the town was never more full of performances, musical, dramatic and indescribable; never so full, one may probably affirm with safety. Money is comparatively plenty this winter, and everybody who has the means intends to enjoy himself.

Business is generally dull now and will be until the first of January, when the wholesale houses, and consequently, the "boys" have a chance to play the gentleman; make morning calls and drive out of afternoon on "the avenue." This reprieve from business activity has indeed come sooner than the principals in the business could have wished; considerable stocks of imported goods remain on hand, unsold, and will have to be kept over for six months or a year longer. At present the agents of manufacturers in this city are selling out the balance of the stocks made up for the fall season, and assisting the manufacturers with suggestions and patterns, in getting up all kinds of articles for the spring campaign, such as "Yankee notions," and fancy dry goods and hardware, of all kinds. American manufacturers are making from their own designs a great deal more than was formerly the case, but they still depend, to a great extent, upon foreign "samples." Men on the other side of the water, make it their business, for a good bonus, to get secret information with regard to the styles of fancy goods being now made in English and Continental factories, for the coming season. American carpets, for instance, have been sold here, copied from the latest designs of the celebrated Crossley, while these were in the looms; so that when the fresh Crossley goods arrived the patterns were not new to the eyes of buyers! Petty frauds spring up like weeds in the dark corners of every branch of business; men get used to them, and nothing startling except a bold demonstration. Such a one made the individual, whoever he may be, who this week succeeded in getting cashed a forged check of Robert Bonner, the "Ledger" proprietor, for over \$3,000. This was a very audacious forgery; the falsity of the signature could hardly be detected by the parties whose autographs had been counterfeited. The morning after this was discovered, the Bank which had suffered was filed

with detectives from the police force, trying to get a "lead" on the rogue; he has a sharp pack of hounds on his trail and may find that the way of the transgressor is hard, before he succeeds in escaping with his ill-gotten booty. The detectives are a curious looking set of fellows. Every conceivable disguise is adopted to conceal their identity, or to render thieves unsuspecting of their presence. One is dressed as a backwoodsman; another as a drover, in a frock; and another as a sporting man, and so on through the list. These detectives are men of keen observation, shrewd in forming judgments and prompt in executing; he must be a wily and slippery thief who can long elude them. It is however, only by a familiarity with the haunts of the professional thieves of the country, that the detective is able to fasten upon any one, as the disguise adopted when an act of this kind is to be committed, render all descriptions quite useless.

There is a good appetite for fresh literature just now, and anything novel in the book way is doing well. Messrs. C. Scribner & Co. publish tomorrow a book which will be looked for with great interest by the numerous admirers of "Timothy Titcomb," or Dr. Holland of the Springfield Republican, as he is best known to his friends in Western Massachusetts. "T. T." is a master of the quaint and the new. His new book promises something appetizing in its title; "Gold Foll," hammered from popular proverb.

The great "talk" of the day is political. Coming down the river the other night, in the "Isaac Newton," more fortunate than her sister glances, the "New World," your correspondent found himself in the midst of an excited gathering in the large saloon, which soon increased till nearly all the passengers on the boat were drawn in either as disputants or spectators. The discussion started with "Harper's Ferry," which is in everybody's mouth, and went back over all the dry bones of political discussion to the birth of the republic, with the usual amount of unsupported assertion on both sides of facts which no one had the means at hand to prove or disprove. Finally, an old gentleman who had listened patiently for awhile to all kinds of contradictory historical statements, became roused in spirit and rising up gave personal testimony as one who had known some of the great men of the Republic intimately. He was believed to be a distinguished citizen of Albany. The young disputants were squelched effectually; the moral was, never make bold assertions in a mixed company unless you know what you are talking about and who you are talking to. These straw men show that the excitement on political questions is unusual. The parties in this city are divided and sub-divided, and working away under a greater fan than the ghost of Hamlet's father.

SOUTH READING. For the Middlesex Journal.

We understand that the proprietor of the Quannipowett House has taken rooms at one of our County houses for the three coming months. At the close of that term it is said that inducements will be urged for his continuance at the same quarters. There is such a thing as becoming attached to an institution. For instance, some years ago, a citizen of Middlesex County was committed to jail for debt. After having paid the penalty of the law for being poor, he was told that he might depart in peace and freedom. The poor fellow had probably fared much better there than ever at home, and he was unwilling to leave; so he replied to the kind-hearted jailer, "I have no desire to go sir, I like here."

Dr. Brown has purchased the estate of Daniel Norcross, Esq., corner of Main and Chestnut streets, including the handsome dwelling house just completed by Mr. Norcross. We shall look for great improvements on the lot made vacant the past season by a destructive fire.

The writing school of Mr. Moulton closed Tuesday evening with a levee at the Town Hall. Great interest was manifested on the occasion, especially by the young folks, who occupied the hours of the evening in various entertainments. The committee of examination awarded the prizes to Misses—Fletcher, Ellen Eaton, Susan M. Dean, and Miss Weston, and to Masters S. A. Wiley, Charles Smith, and Herbert Sullivan. The presentation was made by Miss M. R. Skinner, in a neat speech, happily delivered. The school numbered 80 pupils.

On Monday evening last fifteen citizens were chosen delegates to the 20th Representative District Convention held at the Town Hall in Stoneham on Thursday evening.

At that Convention Messrs. Barrett of Melrose, and A. A. Foster of South Reading, were selected to represent the Republicans of this District in General Court.

The estate of the late Des. Eaton was sold at auction on Tuesday, and purchased by some of the heirs at a low figure.

The Educational Association will hold its next regular meeting on Monday evening next, at the Montrose School house. Question for discussion: "Ought emulation to be encouraged?"

On Saturday last the spire of the Congregational meeting house was raised. It presents a fine appearance.

DENTISTRY.—It is not often that we go out of our way to speak of the individual merits of mechanics, artists, or men of profession; but having had repeated opportunity of testing the workmanship of various dental establishments throughout the country, among them Drs. Cummings & Flegg, located at 25 Tremont Street, Boston, of whom we wish to speak.

After long practical experience with their work in dentistry, we are persuaded that it is but doing an act of justice to call public attention to their high professional skill through the columns of our paper.

They are among the few men of this profession who know their branch of surgery, constructed in such a way as to be durable, and also add to your beauty, health, and general appearance, more than can be attained through all other artificial means. It is an old establishment, and they have earned the reputation they enjoy through a widely extended practice.—Boston Christian Register.

BLINDNESS CURED.—Mr. James P. Kaseof who informed us that he had been blind for twenty-one months, five of which he was entirely so, called on us, this morning, with gratifying intelligence that he had been restored to sight by Dr. Cutter, of this city. (formerly of Woburn.) Passing by the Doctor's Office, the other day, he was hailed by him, and after some few enquiries in relation to his blindness, he applied some saline to his eyes, gave him some directions in relation to its use, and suffered him to depart. To-day, he says he can see to read fine print, and his gratitude to Dr. Cutter, seemed to be almost unbounded.—Lowell Advertiser.

Any of our readers afflicted with SCROFULA or SCROFULOUS complaints will do well to read the remarks in our advertising columns respecting it. But little of the nature of this disorder has been known by the people, and the clear exposition of it there given, will prove acceptable and useful. We have long admired the searching and able manner in which Dr. AYERS treats every subject he touches; whatever his attention at all, has a great deal of it, he masters what he undertakes, and no one who has a particle of feeling for his afflicted fellow man, can look with indifference upon his labors for the sick. Read what he says of Scrofula, and how few words and how clearly he tells us more than we all have known of this insidious

SELECTIONS MEETING.
The Board will meet at their office every Thursday Evening, at 7 o'clock, for the transaction of business, until further notice.

JOSEPH K. KELLEY, Selectionman.
Woburn, March 17, 59.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—The advertiser having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe Lung Affection, and that great distress, Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it he will send a copy of the prescription used free of charge, with directions for preparing and using the same, which will find a cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost nothing, and may prove a blessing. Parties wishing the prescription will please address to
J. B. WILSON, 100 N. Y.
Williamsburgh, Kings Co., N. Y.

A CARD TO THE LADIES.
Dr. Duponce's Golden Periodical Pills.
FOR FEMALES.—Infallible in correcting Irregularities, relieving painful and distressing Menstruation, removing Obstructions, and always securing a regular flow. One of the best Ladies' Remedies, who used them successfully, says, "she considers Dr. Duponce's Pills of so much value she would be willing to pay Five Dollars a box, if she could get them no less." Every agent is presented with the receipt composing these Pills, and they will tell you they may be relied upon.

Price \$1.00 per box. Sold by
E. TRULL, Woburn, Mass.,
Sole Agent for Woburn, Winchester, Reading, Stoneham, Burlington, Andover, &c. &c. Ladies by sending him \$1.00 through the Woburn P. O. can have the pills sent to any part of the Country, confidentially by mail. Name of the medicine signed S. D. HOWE, Sold in Lowell by Jos. R. Hayes, and J. F. Billings, Druggists.
Sept. 10th, 59.

During the summer that has just passed away, thousands of sufferers from dysentery and diarrhea have been relieved by the use of HENRY TETTER'S BITTERS, a medicine which is evident, by its name, to be a powerful purgative. It is a public estimation. Bilious diarrhea is one of those diseases which baffle the skill of the physician. The medicine which he administers does not reach the bowels, never seems to reach all the source of the evil. The difficulty is to get the medicine to reach all the digestive organs, and give them simultaneously a rush of vigor, to rid themselves of this disease. This problem is solved by the Bitters, which never fails to conquer the most stubborn cases. It is only fair to say, that during the season just closed, this medicine has achieved more cures than any other ever presented to the public, and during the fall, which is the season of the fever and ague, is so prevalent, the BITTERS will gain for itself a large share of the public patronage. See advertisement in another column.

Married.
In South Reading, Oct. 17th, by Rev. Mr. Johnson, Mr. GEORGE BUCKMAN, to Miss HARRIET E. GORTON, both of Stoneham.
In South Reading, Oct. 17th, by J. O. Boswell, Esq., Mr. JOSEPH W. ADAMS to Miss M. E. ELLIOTT, both of South Reading.
In South Reading, Oct. 17th, by Rev. E. A. Eaton, Mr. WM. RAYNER, to Miss EUGENIE V. WHITELOCK, both of South Reading.
In South Reading, Oct. 17th, by Rev. H. H. White, Mr. JOHN W. ADAMS to Miss L. M. GREEN, of Medford.

Died.
In Woburn, Oct. 3d, Mrs. SARAH JORDAN, aged 50 years.
In Woburn, Oct. 27th, Mrs. LYDIA CUMMINGS, aged 59 years.
In Burlington, Nov. 1st, Mrs. RUTH WILSON, of the late John Caldwell, aged 57 years, 1 month, 16 days.
In Boston, Nov. 3d, Mr. EDWARD PIERCE PIERCE, aged 41 years.
In Fort Dodge, Iowa, Oct. 23d, ADELLA, wife of Oliver Nichols, and daughter of James W. Brooks, of this town.
In Greenwood, So. Reading, Oct. 28th, Mrs. SARAH P., wife of Mr. Nathaniel Eaton, aged 52 years.

New Advertisements.
LARGE AND IMPORTANT SALE OF LANDS
TO BE SOLD BY DIVISION INTO BUILDING SITES and by the ACRE, in the DELIGHTFUL VILLAGE of WOBURN CENTRE!
At the foot of the Rock known on two sides by Bedford Street, bounded on the other by the Woburn Centre Station. Opposite John Cummings Esq's, lands. Commanding a fine view of Woburn, the spacious Hill and its surroundings. Free Tickets to the sale over Boston and Lowell R.R. may be had of the Auctioneer. Cars leave the Depot in Causeway St. at 3 o'clock.

ON TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, AT 3 O'CLOCK P. M., ON THE PREMISES.
WOBURN is celebrated for the tasteful and beautiful arrangement of gardens and grounds of gentlemen eminent in the profession. In the Town and Country, many of whom are engaged in, and some of whom have been successful in the cultivation of City life, and in this beautiful locality—Woburn—where the gentle influences and social character of its citizens, with the assistance of sunshine, and the simple elegance of pure air and water not taken from the distant mountains, have dispelled the shadows of death which have gathered around them. It is unnecessary to speak of the artistic beauty of the place, or of the refined taste, talent and fact of the people, who are called to intellectual and spiritual food to this place. These grounds contain 35 acres, and will be sold by auction to the highest bidder, and by the Acre, in the following order:
Lot No. 1. Corner of Bedford and New Streets, containing 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 2. On Bedford and New Streets, containing 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 3. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 4. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 5. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 6. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 7. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 8. 7 acres with a splendid growth of Wood and a beautiful Road on the ground, 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 9. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 10. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 11. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 12. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 13. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 14. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 15. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 16. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 17. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 18. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 19. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 20. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 21. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 22. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 23. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 24. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 25. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 26. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 27. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 28. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 29. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 30. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 31. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 32. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 33. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 34. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 35. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 36. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 37. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 38. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 39. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 40. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 41. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 42. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 43. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 44. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 45. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 46. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 47. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 48. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 49. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 50. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 51. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 52. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 53. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 54. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 55. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 56. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 57. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 58. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 59. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 60. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 61. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 62. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 63. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 64. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 65. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 66. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 67. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 68. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 69. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 70. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 71. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 72. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 73. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 74. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 75. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 76. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 77. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 78. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 79. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 80. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 81. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 82. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 83. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 84. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 85. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 86. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 87. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 88. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 89. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 90. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 91. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 92. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 93. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 94. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 95. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 96. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 97. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 98. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 99. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 100. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 101. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 102. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 103. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 104. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 105. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 106. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 107. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 108. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 109. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 110. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 111. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 112. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 113. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 114. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 115. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 116. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 117. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 118. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 119. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 120. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 121. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 122. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 123. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 124. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 125. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 126. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 127. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 128. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 129. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 130. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 131. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 132. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 133. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 134. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 135. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 136. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 137. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 138. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 139. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 140. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 141. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 142. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 143. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 144. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 145. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 146. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 147. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 148. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 149. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 150. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 151. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 152. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 153. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 154. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 155. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 156. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 157. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 158. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 159. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 160. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 161. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 162. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 163. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 164. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 165. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 166. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 167. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 168. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 169. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 170. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 171. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 172. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 173. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 174. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 175. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 176. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 177. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 178. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 179. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 180. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 181. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 182. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 183. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 184. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 185. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 186. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 187. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 188. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 189. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 190. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 191. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 192. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 193. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 194. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 195. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 196. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 197. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 198. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 199. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 200. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 201. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 202. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 203. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 204. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 205. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 206. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 207. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 208. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 209. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 210. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 211. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 212. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 213. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 214. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 215. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 216. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 217. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 218. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 219. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 220. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 221. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 222. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 223. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 224. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 225. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 226. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 227. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 228. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 229. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 230. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 231. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 232. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 233. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 234. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 235. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 236. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 237. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 238. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 239. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 240. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 241. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 242. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 243. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 244. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 245. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 246. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 247. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 248. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 249. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 250. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 251. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 252. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 253. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 254. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 255. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 256. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 257. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 258. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 259. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 260. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 261. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 262. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 263. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 264. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 265. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 266. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 267. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 268. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 269. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 270. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 271. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 272. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 273. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 274. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 275. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 276. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 277. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 278. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 279. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 280. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 281. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 282. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 283. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 284. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 285. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 286. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 287. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 288. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 289. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 290. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 291. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 292. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 293. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 294. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 295. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 296. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 297. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 298. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 299. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 300. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 301. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 302. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 303. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 304. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 305. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 306. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 307. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 308. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 309. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 310. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 311. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 312. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 313. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 314. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 315. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 316. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 317. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 318. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 319. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 320. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 321. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 322. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 323. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 324. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 325. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 326. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 327. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 328. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 329. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 330. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 331. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 332. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 333. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 334. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 335. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 336. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 337. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 338. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 339. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 340. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 341. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 342. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 343. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 344. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 345. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 346. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 347. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 348. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 349. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 350. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 351. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 352. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 353. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 354. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 355. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 356. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 357. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 358. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 359. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 360. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 361. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 362. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 363. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 364. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 365. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 366. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 367. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 368. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 369. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 370. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 371. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 372. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 373. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 374. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 375. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 376. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 377. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 378. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 379. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 380. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 381. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 382. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 383. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 384. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 385. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 386. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 387. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 388. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 389. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 390. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 391. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 392. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 393. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 394. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 395. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 396. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 397. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 398. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 399. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 400. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 401. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 402. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 403. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 404. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 405. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 406. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 407. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 408. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 409. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 410. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 411. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 412. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 413. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 414. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 415. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 416. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 417. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 418. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 419. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 420. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 421. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 422. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 423. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 424. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 425. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 426. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 427. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 428. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 429. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 430. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 431. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 432. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 433. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 434. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 435. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 436. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 437. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 438. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 439. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 440. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 441. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 442. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 443. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 444. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 445. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 446. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 447. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 448. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 449. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 450. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 451. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 452. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 453. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 454. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 455. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 456. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 457. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 458. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 459. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 460. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 461. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 462. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 463. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 464. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 465. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 466. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 467. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 468. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 469. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 470. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 471. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 472. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 473. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 474. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 475. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 476. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 477. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 478. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 479. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 480. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 481. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 482. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 483. On New St., 12.41 acres.
Lot No. 484. On New St.,

NEW ENGLAND AILMENTS

THE ONLY REMEDY

THE Eastern States, including New York and that section of the Union which is most widely known as "New England," contain a thrifty, industrious, intelligent people who have achieved an uncommon degree of prosperity: with a climate extremely trying to certain constitutions, and a soil of small fertility, they have contrived to surpass more favored communities in the production of wealth, and to conduct a social comfort and happiness. Unfortunately, they are occasionally so absorbed in business and mental cultivation, that they neglect the precautions which are essential to bodily health. Dyspepsia and physical debility are prevalent among all classes. The first disease is produced by inattention to the digestive organs, which are so susceptible of derangement. Thousands are now paying the penalty of this neglect, and suffering daily the most trying pains, almost without a hope of relief. They have come to believe that their malady is chronic, and that they must bear with it to the end. It gratifies us exceedingly to announce to these afflicted individuals that they may now command a remedy of unquestionable potency and efficacy, which has never been found to fail in cases of obstinate dyspepsia and derangement. Hundreds of tongues are ready to pour eloquent in praise of this wonderful conqueror of dyspepsia, which is known as

**DR. J. HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.**

But that numerous class who devote themselves to literary and other sedentary pursuits,

and in consequence of a want of physical exercise, become the victims of languor and debility, without means or capacity to bear with

is a medicine, which effects upon the system shall be both speedy and permanent. Physicians of eminence, and profoundly acquainted with the human system, have long commended **HOSTETTER'S BITTERS** as the safest and the swiftest stimulant to the recuperative energies of the system yet discovered. It restores the appetite, gives fresh vigor to the digestive organs, sends the blood through the system, and cures, by its tonic and purgative action, the depression of spirits, and fits a man for the transaction of business with a cheerful heart and an active mind. Unlike other medicines, which have a temporary effect, **HOSTETTER'S BITTERS** do not act spasmodically, but with a temperate power—the influence of the remedy is lasting. And if a patient will but give some attention to securing proper nourishment, and abstain from the use of any near no return of the affliction. The debility natural to the encroachments of years upon the bodily frame is also alleviated by this great strengthening medicine, thus enabling the aged to enjoy their olden years in the vigor and health of youth. It is especially useful in those persons who are now suffering from extreme weakness and nervousness. To this venerable class of people, **HOSTETTER'S BITTERS** may be commended as invaluable. The physicians of the world are unanimous in adding a deep gratification in assuring **NURSING MOTHERS** that they will find the **BITTERS** the best and safest of restoratives. Very few medicines are sanc-

tioned by physicians as proper to be administered during the period of nursing; and this has obtained an universal preference.

Those who desire to purchase this great remedy for
Erysipela and Debility should remember the provisions
of the **HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED**
STOMACH BITTERS. It is put up in a
bottle with the name **DR. J. HOSTETTER'S**
STOMACH BITTERS, blown on the bottle, and also
stamped on the cap covering the cork, with the autograph
of **DR. J. HOSTETTER** on the label. These particulars
are important, on account of the numerous counterfeits
now in the market.

Prepared and sold by **HOSTETTER**
& **SMITH**, Pittsburgh, Pa., and also sold by
all the leading druggists and chemists generally
throughout the United States, Canada, South
America, and Germany.

Sold by B. W. Conant and Elbridge Tull
Woburn, Josiah W. Coyne, Winchester, Thomas
H. Smith, New York, and by J. W. Allen, New
Reading, and all dealers in medicine every
where.

Weeks & Potter, Boston, General Agents
for the New England States.

June 11th, 1859, —1y.

A Card from Dr. James M. Jarrett
OF THE NEW YORK LUNG INFIRMARY.

My connection for the past eight years with the
above Institution, as Chief Physician, and a
large number of cases developed, and cured, of
Pulmonary Consumption and its kindred diseases,
has afforded me an opportunity of observing the
advantage of pathological research—aided not at all
by a perfect system of *Medical Inhalation*—has en-
abled me to give the most successful and satisfac-
tory course of treatment for the positive and radical
cure of all diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Air
passages.

By Inhalation, the

properties of medicine are directly addressed to the diseased organs and the integument. I do not advise the use of Medical Inhalation of any kind, &

The exclusion of general treatment; and although the treatment of the individual is proper, management of those fearful and often fatal complications, is very necessary that each patient should be treated on his merits. The success of my treatment in the above disease and the high character of the institution over which I have been called the honor of my country is too well known to need any eulogy or commendation. I have been consulted by many of our professional friends, through those philanthropists all the above charity has been long and liberal. I have been called upon to make arrangements, included to make such arrangements as will bring the benefit of the treatment to the poor, and to the reach of all, and not confine myself, as heretofore, to those only who entered the Infirmary, or Hospital. I have been called upon to do so, therefore, that the arrangement will give entire satisfaction, both to my professional brethren and the public. I have been called upon to do so, therefore, that I can now be consulted personally or by letter on all diseases as above, and that the medicines, the treatment, and the arrangements be made for each individual case, Inhaling Vapors, Medical Diet, and the treatment of the various diseases of the any part of the United States or the Canada.

Terms.—My terms of treatment by letter are as follows:—\$2.00 per month, and \$10.00 per year, which will include medicine sufficient for one month's use, and the treatment of the various diseases of the any part of the United States or the Canada. Payment as follows: \$5.00 to be paid to Express Agent on the receipt of the box of Medicine, and the balance on the receipt of the box of Medicine. The patient be cured or is entirely satisfied with the treatment. Patients, by giving a full history of the disease, and the treatment, and the results of the treatment, will be letter as by personal examination. Patients may be consulted by letter, and the treatment may rely upon immediate and permanent relief, as well as to treat a case over thirty days. Letters may be sent to the following addresses:—For particulars address, JAMES M. JARRETT, M. D., New York, New York, or to the following addresses:—

are respectfully invited to call at the Infirmary, where many interesting cases can be witnessed.

and which our improved apparatus for the inhalation of medicated vapor can be seen and as-
sisted.

Decayed Teeth Preserved!

DR. BROWN, by a new article of Gold Filling is prepared to restore teeth, however badly decayed or broken, to their original shape and value, and to insure the successful removal. Call and see specimens of this work and also of a new method of constructing artificial teeth, in one entire piece, whereby perfect cleanliness is obtained. Teeth extracted by electricity.

AMM BROWN, Dental Surgeon,
[24] Walker's new building, Boston.
Boston, March 15 1859 - y.

J. K. PORTER & CO.,
No. 20 Congress Street, and 1 Post Office A ven
ue, BOSTON.

AUCTIONEERS
WITHOUT CHARGE.

FOR THE SALE OF
REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY
of every description (having a State license).

TENDER their services to owners of Real
Property, Executors, Administrators, Guard
ians, Assignees, and all others having houses-
hold or personal effects to dispose of by auction.
J. K. P. has had a life experience in the business
and is well qualified.

We refer, by permission, to Hon. John H. Win-
throp, Hon. John P. Bigelow, Samuel Braley, Esq.
Daniel Denney, Esq. and Francis O. Wattle, Esq.

Boston, Jan. 29, 1861.

WHITE STONE CHINA Before you

No. 6. WM. WOODBERRY

1997

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. IX. : No. 6.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1859.

(SINGLE COPY, 4 CENTS.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.)

Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

LINES

Dedicated to the Female Operatives of
New England.

BY DR. C. J. DARLING.

All honor to New England, above her sister States,
Her noble band of working maids exults all her
matrons;
Among her lovely valleys, along her rocky coast,
They are our brightest treasure, they are our
east boast.

All honor to those maidens who toil in cotton mills,
They are the brightest blossoms that bloom among
our hills;
Independent, honest labor is surely no disgrace,
It purifies, ennobles, and elevates the race.

Self dependence is a lesson that early should be
taught,
'Tis a lesson hard to learn, and one that cannot
well be bought;
Once obtained, 'tis a treasure that lasts us through
this life,
Enables us to persevere and conquer in the strife.

Then hail to the early bell, the whistle shrill and
clear,
Though it calls our maidens from us, it bids us never
fear,
For the busy wheel and needle cheereth many a
heart;
Honest labor is the blessing that beautifies our
earth.

Come enter in the palace, where labor holds its
 sway,
And tell me have you seen a sight more cheery
many a day;
Watch the whirling wheel, turned by thy feet;
Note the gleaming needle, 'tis here our shop girls
meet.

See the pleasant faces, aye, nor lacking beauty too,
And true we have told a tale, and failed to prove it
true;
From early dawn, 'till shadows come creeping o'er
the hills,
Is the busy hum of industry heard within our
mills.
Then hush to the working maids, aye and matrons,
too,
Who represent New England's soil, and represent
it true;
For New England is the mother of energy and toil,
And her fair and blooming maidens are the
blossoms of her soil.

MY STEP-MOTHER.

I have but faint recollections of my mother,
as she died before I was four years old,
leaving my brother Clifton—five years my
senior—and myself to the care of an old
woman who was much attached to her, and
who gladly consented to leave her lonely
ottage in the village, that she might be my
father's housekeeper, and our half nurse,
half governess.

We called her granny; and very kind she
was to us in her way; nursing us most
tenderly when we were sick, preparing little
delicacies for us at odd times, joining us in
our plays, and telling us stories by the dozen,
of ghosts, giants, fairies, and little boys
who were eaten up by wolves and bears, for being
very naughty.

I was a puny, sickly boy, so I did not go
to school—but, with Granny's aid, learned to
read and write, and she prophesied that I
would make a great man some day, if I would
only have spirit enough, and hold up my
head. All this I firmly believed, and tried
my best to follow her advice.

Of my father we saw very little. He was
a grave, stern man; and, very much de-
pressed by my mother's death, he plunged
into an absorbing business, and was only at
home in the evening, when we boys generally
forsook the silent sitting-room for the
kitchen, there to listen, with open eyes and
mouths, to Granny's marvelous tales.

We lived quietly enough, having few in-
terests beyond our small space of ten or a
dozen acres, and an occasional excursion to
the neighboring town. But a change was
coming. It was in the November of the year
when I was nine years old, and Clifton fif-
teen—the latter exulting in the idea of going
to a boarding-school in about a month, and
I half crying beforehand over my own lone-
liness—that my father, who had been in the
habit, lately, of spending a great part of his
time in Philadelphia, held a long conversation
with Granny. When this was ended, we
heard the front door slam, and saw my fa-
ther, portmanteau in hand, jump into the
wagon, and drive furiously off, while Granny
entered our sitting-room, her apron to her
eyes, and sat down in the arm-chair, rocking
to and fro, and sobbing with uncontrollable
grief.

Fearing, we knew not what, we clung
to her side, begging her to tell us what had
happened. But it was some time before she
could speak to us; that my father had told
her that her services would no longer be
necessary—as in a week he would bring home
a wife—a young lady from the city—and in
the meantime he should not be at home.

"That I ever should have lived to see the
day," continued the old woman, with a fresh
burst of grief, "when my own dear Miss
Sarah should be forgotten and cast aside for a
pretty-faced child of seventeen, with city
airs and graces, to turn the house upside
down, and lord it over her darlings. Poor
boys, poor boys—what will become of you!"

How much longer she might have gone on
in that way, I cannot tell; but she was just
then called away to the kitchen, leaving us
in a state of indescribable terror, imagining
that all the cruel step-mothers in fairy tales
were to be united in ours. Then a long con-
versation ensued, in which we debated whether
she would attempt to beat us, starve us, or
turn us out of doors to seek our fortunes with
a piece of bread and a bottle of sour wine.
I remember perfectly the picture I formed of
her, in which she figured as a large, stout
woman, with a haughty air and a loud voice,
who would fly about the house, changing
everything, and making every one unhappy
generally.

"I'll tell you what," said Clifton, drawing
a long breath, and plunging his hands man-
fully into his pockets, "I'll tell you what,
Harry, when that woman comes to take
mother's place, we must just put up our
spunk, and show her that we won't be tyr-
annized over; if she goes to work to make us
drudge and slave, we must show her whether
she isn't mistaken in her notions—there,
now!"

I fully concurred with my brother's opin-
ion. Old Granny, far from trying to subdue
these feelings, rather encouraged them by
her undisguised pity and regret; so that,
short as was the time, we were fully pre-
pared, not only to thwart, and in every possible
way disobey, but absolutely to hate the young
creature who was so soon to take upon her-
self that vow which would make her our
mother.

At length the day arrived. Granny, with
streaming eyes, went round the house, put-
ting the finishing touches to the preparations,
and wiping off imaginary dust from the fur-
niture; for, she said, the new mistress should
find it as much order as her own dear mis-
tress Sarah had always kept it, even if it
should never be so again. She said she
would not stay to see a stranger at the head
of her mistress's table. So, when the reck-
onment went to the depot, she drove away.

Clifton felt too manly to cry, and so tried
to whistle, but the sound would not come;
so he stopped, put his hands into his pockets,
and looked out of the window. I tried to
emulate his composure; to dash back the
tears that kept blinding my eyes, and to swal-
low down the lump that kept rising in my
throat and choking me; thus we both sat
silent in the recess of the window, looking
out into the November mist.

It had been a very dreary day. The wind
—moaning as only a November wind can—
had drifted piles of dead leaves to and fro,
for the rain to patter ceaselessly upon. But
now, as the night shut in, the wind had lulled
to a calm, and the rain ceased to fall, and a
thick mist enshrouded everything. It seemed
to penetrate our very souls as we sat there,
looking into the gathering darkness. The
sitting-room looked very bright in contrast.
The blazing wood fire cast a warm glow over
the old mahogany furniture, making the sil-
ver candlesticks, which stood on the lit-
tle round table in front of the chimney, sparkle
brilliantly, and rest lovingly, as I thought,
on my mother's arm-chair, that stood on the
opposite side of the fire-place. My feelings
did not agree with its cheeriness, and I turned
to the window again.

Now we plainly heard wheels upon the
road. Clifton straightened himself, and looked
rigidly at the broken branch of the linden
tree. The sound came nearer, then stopped,
we knew, at the gate; then, after a moment,
came again, and the carriage drove up to
the door. I saw my father hand a lady
out, wrapped in cloak and furs; then they
came into the house, and I heard the hall-
door shut, and the sitting-room door open.
I would not look around, but gazed steadily
into the mist. I heard my father talking to
her. His voice was different from what I
had ever heard it before, so deep and tender;
and hers, when she answered, was so exquis-
itely soft and gentle, that it startled me into
half-turning round; but the evil spirit con-
quered, for the November mist was darkening
my heart.

She must have looked a question, for I
heard my father say—
"Well, Edith, what is it?"
"The boys, Malcolm, our boys; may I not
see them now?"
"Yes, certainly,"—his tone had a sort of
veggery in it—"They ought to have been
here to welcome you; it is very wrong, but
they must be somewhere near. I will find
them and bring them to you."

On my shoulder; for I had shrunk back,
frightened by his angry look, and thinking
how soon Granny's prophecy seemed coming
true, that our father would not love us any
more, when he had a new wife. He raised
his hand—it had never been lifted upon me
before—but in a moment my step-mother
had sprung up, with a frightened cry, "Mal-
colm!" and she was between me and the
blow. His hand dropped at his side, and the
stern look passed, in a moment, from his
features.

"There, Edith, take him; you will find
him a sad, naughty boy, I'm afraid, but he
will be better with you. I have neglected
him sadly of late."

She sat down again, and still keeping her
arm around me, as it had been raised to shield
me, drew me towards her, and then, holding
both my hands in hers, looked up in my
face.

"And this is Harold, my youngest," she
said, affectionately smoothing back the hair
from my forehead, and pressing a soft, warm
kiss there; "he has your forehead and eyes,
Malcolm, hasn't he? and he must be my pet,
for Clifton is so tall and manly that he will
not like that name."

That individual stood with his back to the
table, growing redder every moment, until,
in pity for his confusion, she turned to me,
and said in a low tone—
"We will know and love each other bet-
ter, soon, Harold."

In two weeks Clifton went away to school,
but not till he had become perfectly subdued.
My step-mother treated him with a deference
that flattered his boyish vanity; and com-
pletely forgetting his vow of a week before,
he was as respectful and obedient as possible
—and when he was going, he had to whistle
harder to keep back the tears, than when he
parted from Granny. I was of a more obsti-
nate and proud disposition. Thoroughly im-
bued with Granny's prejudices, I tried my
best to find everything wrong in her. She
tried every little tender act to win my af-
fection: the gentle nursing when I was sick,
the affectionate caress; and when the terrible
truth dawned upon her that I would not love
her, these were not withdrawn, but conjoined
with a mournful tenderness that almost con-
quered me.

Often I longed to lay my head in her lap,
and tell her that I did love her, but pride
came to my aid. Had she not taken my
mother's place? Had I not said that I would
not love her, and would never call her moth-
er? And I would not, and I tried to scorn
Clifton for being so easily conquered.

It was a cold, wet day in January. I had
not been well, and as my father went out of
the door, my step-mother said pleasantly—
"We must find amusement in-doors, Har-
old, for I cannot let you go out to-day."

Only the day before the boys had taunted
me with being ruled by her, because I had
quoted her about some trifling matter; now
was a good time to show my independence;
so I replied, without looking up, that I must
go out, for I had something to do in the barn.
I was going when she called me back.

"Harold! listen to me!"
I turned and looked at her. Her eyes
were full of tears, but the lines about her
mouth were fixed.

"Now, Harold, you must not go out this
morning; I have forbidden it."
My spirit was roused in a moment; it was
the first time she had spoken so decidedly;
now was the time to show that she was noth-
ing to me. I whistled a tune and walked
quietly out of the house as far as the barn;
there, as there was nothing to interest me,
I returned slowly to the house.

My step-mother was sewing when I en-
tered. Her face was very pale, and grew
paler as I came in. She rose immediately,
and took my hand in hers. The grasp of
that little hand was firm, and there was a
resolution in every movement that I did not
dream of resisting.

"You will come with me, Harold," she
said, and I followed, mechanically.

She took me to my room, placed me in a
chair, and then, with the same calm, dignified
step, she went out, and locked the door.

I was so overcome with astonishment that
I made no resistance. That she, so young
and beautiful, almost timid in her gentleness,
should have taken such decisive measures,
was to me perfectly unaccountable. She had
never before directly commanded or for-
bidden me to do anything. She had seemed
to try to win my love, not my obedience;
but now she had taken an entirely different
course; she had exerted an authority over
me which I had forgotten she could claim,
and showed a spirit for which I was totally
unprepared.

At first I was angry. Visions of the cruel
step-mother came floating back again over
my mind, but fainter than at first. I would
never have it said that I was conquered by a
girl of eighteen; because she came down in my
mother's place, because she came down in my
mother's place, I owed her no obedience, she
owed no love to me. I wanted no love, no
sympathy; I was enough for myself; I could
go through the world alone. I rose and
walked to the window. On the floor lay a
piece of folded paper. It was a letter, from
Clifton to me, received the day before, and I
read it over again. It was full of love to
my dear mother, although he had written to her
at the same time, interspersed with accounts
of dislike of school, and longings for a sailor's
life; saying in strict confidence, if it were
not that he was to come back to her at the
end of the year, he would run away and go
to sea. I was angry with him. He, too,
had turned from me, I thought; so I tore up
the letter, threw it away, and sitting down
on the window seat, looked out into the gar-
den.

The hours passed slowly away, and I be-
gan to feel very miserable. Clifton would
come home next winter—perhaps before—for
might not she, now that she had ceased to
love me, persuade my father to send for him,
and let me go in his place? My father would
do it, I was sure, if she suggested it. The
pattering rain and dreary prospect were not
calculated to inspire me with more cheerful
thoughts; and in spite of my boasted inde-
pendence, my loneliness came over me like a
flood, and I wept bitterly.

I had tried to deceive myself into thinking
that I needed no sympathy; but I felt that I
had been longing for it all the time. I did
not think of my pride, now. I only knew
that I longed for a tender hand, a soothing
voice; for some one to say,
"I love you, Harold—tell me what troubles
you."

And then, with that feeling of desolation
which is painful to witness in a grown per-
son, but fearful to see in a child, I laid my
head down on the window bench, and ut-
tered one moaning cry.

"Oh, mother, mother, come back!"
I thought it was my own mother that I
wanted, but now I know that it was not, for
my mind's eye as I called her, she bore that
sweet, pale face, and those loving eyes
that I had seen gazing into the blazing fire
that November night; but she was fading
slowly into the mist, and so I called again,
for she was almost gone.

"O, mother! mother!"
"Harold!"
I started, in a moment, to my feet. My
step-mother had entered the room unnoticed,
and, as I rose, she flung herself at my feet,
on her knees before me, and grasped my
hands in both of hers. They were very
cold, and the pale face, that was dark
around the eyes, and the words which she
uttered, with almost a gasp, all told of in-
tense suffering.

"Harold, love me! only love me! Love
me, Harold!"
I was stunned—I could not speak—and
she, taking my silence for refusal, gave one
low cry of anguish, rose to her feet, tottered,
grasped the bed-post to support herself, and
then sank heavily to the floor again. I tho't
she was dead. My pride had vanished. I
knew that I loved her now. But had she
not gone further, further into the mist and
darkness? But I must call again, though it
were despairingly, and I threw myself down
beside her, and sobbed again—
"O, mother! mother!"

"She roused a little, and opened her eyes."
"Say it again, Harold—say it again!"
She said, eagerly, as though I had brought
her a message of life. "Mother, dear moth-
er!"

In a moment her arms were around me;
she had clasped me close to her breast, and
her warm tears were falling, like rain, upon
my head, and mingling with mine.

From that moment, I more than loved—I
idolized her. I believe, indeed, I know, that
at any moment I could have laid down my
life for her. A smile from her was my great-
est reward; a look of sadness my greatest
punishment.

Time passed on; the winter and the sum-
mer passed, and November came again. We
were having just such a storm as she came in
one short year ago. We talked about cele-
brating the wedding-day—my father and I—
but she only smiled gravely, and said she
was very weary. The bright flames danced
and roared in the chimney, and then fell,
and, as I sat at her feet, looking up into her
face, my favorite position, it seemed to me
as if that holy light of which I have before
spoken, grew brighter on her face, and as if
the atmosphere that surrounded her grew
thicker between us, and was pushing me
away.

That night, there were strange footfalls
about the house, doors opening and shutting,
then all was still again. I arose early in the
morning, and stole instinctively to my moth-
er's door. It was ajar, and I stepped in.
The windows were wide open, and the cold,
damp air struck me with a chill. I crept to
the bed, and raised a corner of the sheet that
was spread over it. There she lay, as though
in a sweet sleep; the long dark eye-lashes
pressed close against the white cheeks, the
lips bearing a smile, as though she saw sweet
visions. There was not a shade of sorrow
on her face; it was child-like in its expres-
sion of perfect peace; and, nestled close to
her bosom, supported lovingly on one arm,
lay a tiny babe; its head was upon her breast,
its hands were clasped in one of hers—its
short life had gone upward with her loving
one. That light which I had seen so pleas-
antly the night before, was brighter now, and
enveloped them both as with a garment.

There was too much calmness in that cham-
ber for weeping; too much peace for sorrow.
I went softly down to the cold, desolate sit-
ting-room. The bright flames no longer light-
ed up the black chimney; the once glowing
embers were white and cold; the light and
brightness of our hearthstone had gone out
forever.

"Here is a genuine epitaph, which could
only have been originated by one born a poet!"

"We miss thee at the washing tub,
We miss thee at the piano,
In the morning you used to rub and scrub,
And at night you'd shout hosannah!"

A magistrate asked an Irishman whom
he was questioning:
"Have you ever seen the sea?"
"Ever seen the sea, yer honor? Be jabers,
an' does yer honor suppose that I was trundled
all the way over the salt ocean in a wheelbarrow?"

Conductors on cars are compared to
that class of the feminine gender who are
always railing.

gan to feel very miserable. Clifton would
come home next winter—perhaps before—for
might not she, now that she had ceased to
love me, persuade my father to send for him,
and let me go in his place? My father would
do it, I was sure, if she suggested it. The
pattering rain and dreary prospect were not
calculated to inspire me with more cheerful
thoughts; and in spite of my boasted inde-
pendence, my loneliness came over me like a
flood, and I wept bitterly.

I had tried to deceive myself into thinking
that I needed no sympathy; but I felt that I
had been longing for it all the time. I did
not think of my pride, now. I only knew
that I longed for a tender hand, a soothing
voice; for some one to say,
"I love you, Harold—tell me what troubles
you."

And then, with that feeling of desolation
which is painful to witness in a grown per-
son, but fearful to see in a child, I laid my
head down on the window bench, and ut-
tered one moaning cry.

"Oh, mother, mother, come back!"
I thought it was my own mother that I
wanted, but now I know that it was not, for
my mind's eye as I called her, she bore that
sweet, pale face, and those loving eyes
that I had seen gazing into the blazing fire
that November night; but she was fading
slowly into the mist, and so I called again,
for she was almost gone.

"O, mother! mother!"
"Harold!"
I started, in a moment, to my feet. My
step-mother had entered the room unnoticed,
and, as I rose, she flung herself at my feet,
on her knees before me, and grasped my
hands in both of hers. They were very
cold, and the pale face, that was dark
around the eyes, and the words which she
uttered, with almost a gasp, all told of in-
tense suffering.

"Harold, love me! only love me! Love
me, Harold!"
I was stunned—I could not speak—and
she, taking my silence for refusal, gave one
low cry of anguish, rose to her feet, tottered,
grasped the bed-post to support herself, and
then sank heavily to the floor again. I tho't
she was dead. My pride had vanished. I
knew that I loved her now. But had she
not gone further, further into the mist and
darkness? But I must call again, though it
were despairingly, and I threw myself down
beside her, and sobbed again—
"O, mother! mother!"

"She roused a little, and opened her eyes."
"Say it again, Harold—say it again!"
She said, eagerly, as though I had brought
her a message of life. "Mother, dear moth-
er!"

In a moment her arms were around me;
she had clasped me close to her breast, and
her warm tears were falling, like rain, upon
my head, and mingling with mine.

From that moment, I more than loved—I
idolized her. I believe, indeed, I know, that
at any moment I could have laid down my
life for her. A smile from her was my great-
est reward; a look of sadness my greatest
punishment.

Time passed on; the winter and the sum-
mer passed, and November came again. We
were having just such a storm as she came in
one short year ago. We talked about cele-
brating the wedding-day—my father and I—
but she only smiled gravely, and said she
was very weary. The bright flames danced
and roared in the chimney, and then fell,
and, as I sat at her feet, looking up into her
face, my favorite position, it seemed to me
as if that holy light of which I have before
spoken, grew brighter on her face, and as if
the atmosphere that surrounded her grew
thicker between us, and was pushing me
away.

That night, there were strange footfalls
about the house, doors opening and shutting,
then all was still again. I arose early in the
morning, and stole instinctively to my moth-
er's door. It was ajar, and I stepped in.
The windows were wide open, and the cold,
damp air struck me with a chill. I crept to
the bed, and raised a corner of the sheet that
was spread over it. There she lay, as though
in a sweet sleep; the long dark eye-lashes
pressed close against the white cheeks, the
lips bearing a smile, as though she saw sweet
visions. There was not a shade of sorrow
on her face; it was child-like in its expres-
sion of perfect peace; and, nestled close to
her bosom, supported lovingly on one arm,
lay a tiny babe; its head was upon her breast,
its hands were clasped in one of hers—its
short life had gone upward with her loving
one. That light which I had seen so pleas-
antly the night before, was brighter now, and
enveloped them both as with a garment.

There was too much calmness in that cham-
ber for weeping; too much peace for sorrow.
I went softly down to the cold, desolate sit-
ting-room. The bright flames no longer light-
ed up the black chimney; the once glowing
embers were white and cold; the light and
brightness of our hearthstone had gone out
forever.

"Here is a genuine epitaph, which could
only have been originated by one born a poet!"

"We miss thee at the washing tub,
We miss thee at the piano,
In the morning you used to rub and scrub,
And at night you'd shout hosannah!"

A magistrate asked an Irishman whom
he was questioning:
"Have you ever seen the sea?"
"Ever seen the sea, yer honor? Be jabers,
an' does yer honor suppose that I was trundled
all the way over the salt ocean in a wheelbarrow?"

Conductors on cars are compared to
that class of the feminine gender who are
always railing.

gan to feel very miserable. Clifton would
come home next winter—perhaps before—for
might not she, now that she had ceased to
love me, persuade my father to send for him,
and let me go in his place? My father would
do it, I was sure, if she suggested it. The
pattering rain and dreary prospect were not
calculated to inspire me with more cheerful
thoughts; and in spite of my boasted inde-
pendence, my loneliness came over me like a
flood, and I wept bitterly.

I had tried to deceive myself into thinking
that I needed no sympathy; but I felt that I
had been longing for it all the time. I did
not think of my pride, now. I only knew
that I longed for a tender hand, a soothing
voice; for some one to say,
"I love you, Harold—tell me what troubles
you."

And then, with that feeling of desolation
which is painful to witness in a grown per-
son, but fearful to see in a child, I laid my
head down on the window bench, and ut-
tered one moaning cry.

On my shoulder; for I had shrunk back,
frightened by his angry look, and thinking
how soon Granny's prophecy seemed coming
true, that our father would not love us any
more, when he had a new wife. He raised
his hand—it had never been lifted upon me
before—but in a moment my step-mother
had sprung up, with a frightened cry, "Mal-
colm!" and she was between me and the
blow. His hand dropped at his side, and the
stern look passed, in a moment, from his
features.

"There, Edith, take him; you will find
him a sad, naughty boy, I'm afraid, but he
will be better with you. I have neglected
him sadly of late."

She sat down again, and still keeping her
arm around me, as it had been raised to shield
me, drew me towards her, and then, holding
both my hands in hers, looked up in my
face.

"And this is Harold, my youngest," she
said, affectionately smoothing back the hair
from my forehead, and pressing a soft, warm
kiss there; "he has your forehead and eyes,
Malcolm, hasn't he? and he must be my pet,
for Clifton is so tall and manly that he will
not like that name."

That individual stood with his back to the
table, growing redder every moment, until,
in pity for his confusion, she turned to me,
and said in a low tone—
"We will know and love each other bet-
ter, soon, Harold."

In two weeks Clifton went away to school,
but not till he had become perfectly subdued.
My step-mother treated him with a deference
that flattered his boyish vanity; and com-
pletely forgetting his vow of a week before,
he was as respectful and obedient as possible
—and when he was going, he had to whistle
harder to keep back the tears, than when he
parted from Granny. I was of a more obsti-
nate and proud disposition. Thoroughly im-
bued with Granny's prejudices, I tried my
best to find everything wrong in her. She
tried every little tender act to win my af-
fection: the gentle nursing when I was sick,
the affectionate caress; and when the terrible
truth dawned upon her that I would not love
her, these were not withdrawn, but conjoined
with a mournful tenderness that almost con-
quered me.

Often I longed to lay my head in her lap,
and tell her that I did love her, but pride
came to my aid. Had she not taken my
mother's place? Had I not said that I would
not love her, and would never call her moth-
er? And I would not, and I tried to scorn
Clifton for being so easily conquered.

It was a cold, wet day in January. I had
not been well, and as my father went out of
the door, my step-mother said pleasantly—
"We must find amusement in-doors, Har-
old, for I cannot let you go out to-day."

Only the day before the boys had taunted
me with being ruled by her, because I had
quoted her about some trifling matter; now
was a good time to show my independence;
so I replied, without looking up, that I must
go out, for I had something to do in the barn.
I was going when she called me back.

"Harold! listen to me!"
I turned and looked at her. Her eyes
were full of tears, but the lines about her
mouth were fixed.

"Now, Harold, you must not go out this
morning; I have forbidden it."
My spirit was roused in a moment; it was
the first time she had spoken so decidedly;
now was the time to show that she was noth-
ing to me. I whistled a tune and walked
quietly out of the house as far as the barn;
there, as there was nothing to interest me,
I returned slowly to the house.

My step-mother was sewing when I en-
tered. Her face was very pale, and grew
paler as I came in. She rose immediately,
and took my hand in hers. The grasp of
that little hand was firm, and there was a
resolution in every movement that I did not
dream of resisting.

"You will come with me, Harold," she
said, and I followed, mechanically.

She took me to my room, placed me in a
chair, and then, with the same calm, dignified
step, she went out, and locked the door.

I was so overcome with astonishment that
I made no resistance. That she, so young
and beautiful, almost timid in her gentleness,
should have taken such decisive measures,
was to me perfectly unaccountable. She had
never before directly commanded or for-
bidden me to do anything. She had seemed
to try to win my love, not my obedience;
but now she had taken an entirely different
course; she had exerted an authority over
me which I had forgotten she could claim,
and showed a spirit for which I was totally
unprepared.

At first I was angry. Visions of the cruel
step-mother came floating back again over
my mind, but fainter than at first. I would
never have it said that I was conquered by a
girl of eighteen; because she came down in my
mother's place, because she came down in my
mother's place, I owed her no obedience, she
owed no love to me. I wanted no love, no
sympathy; I was enough for myself; I could
go through the world alone. I rose and
walked to the window. On the floor lay a
piece of folded paper. It was a letter, from
Clifton to me, received the day before, and I
read it over again. It was full of love to
my dear mother, although he had written to her
at the same time, interspersed with accounts
of dislike of school, and longings for a sailor's
life; saying in strict confidence, if it were
not that he was to come back to her at the
end of the year, he would run away and go
to sea. I was angry with him. He, too,
had turned from me, I thought; so I tore up
the letter, threw it away, and sitting down
on the window seat, looked out into the gar-
den.

The hours passed slowly away, and I be-
gan to feel very miserable. Clifton would
come home next winter—perhaps before—for
might not she, now that she had ceased to
love me, persuade my father to send for him,
and let me go in his place? My father would
do it, I was sure, if she suggested it. The
pattering rain and dreary prospect were not
calculated to inspire me with more cheerful
thoughts; and in spite of my boasted inde-
pendence, my loneliness came over me like a
flood, and I wept bitterly.

The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPY, Editor and Proprietor.
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS.—\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and no person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, (fourteen lines), one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents. Half a Square, (seven lines), one insertion, 75 cents; each subsequent insertion 30 cents. One Square, per year, \$12.00; six months, \$7.00; three months, \$4.00. Half a Square, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.50; three months, \$2.00. Less than half a square charged as half a square. Special Notices, inserted 10 cents a line, for one insertion; 4 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly; transient advertisements in advance.

AGENTS.

North Woburn.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINS & CO.
East Woburn.—ALBERT L. RICHARDSON.
Stonham.—E. T. WHITTIER.
Reading.—THOMAS RICHARDSON.
South Reading.—DR. J. P. MASSFIELD.
Winchester.—JOSEPH HOVET.
S. M. PETERSON, & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer, Seely's Building, Court Street, Boston; and JOHN HULL, Boston, are empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions for the JOURNAL at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.

THE large and increasing circulation of the JOURNAL renders it valuable as an advertising medium. It is read and preserved by the best families of Woburn and surrounding towns, among whom it circulates by no other paper. It is not excelled, if equalled, in typographical appearance, by any paper published in Middlesex County. By preserving uniformity in arrangement, equal prominence is obtained by ALL ADVERTISERS. Our terms of advertising are moderate.

JOB PRINTING.

We would call the special attention of our readers to our facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of JOB PRINTING. The variety of NEW and HANDSOME TYPE with which our office is supplied is very extensive; our presses are new and fast; our workmen experienced and skillful. We have, therefore, every facility for doing all kinds of work, quick, neat and cheap. Orders left at our office, or sent through our agents, will be promptly attended to, and the price will be as low as can be found elsewhere. Orders solicited.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIBERS will confer a favor by giving notice at the office when they fail to receive their paper regularly, or change their place of residence, so that we can give notice to our carriers.

To Correspondents.

W. C. W., Lynnfield. Your favor is received. It is now too late to publish the speech you are kind enough to send us, the time having gone by when the attention of our Stonham friends was alive to the subject. We have on hand three original poetic contributions, all of them affording evidence that the writers possess considerable poetic talent. They are entitled "The Last Indian," "The Lost Jewels," and "The Pleasant Boy of Nazareth." They are all of them too lengthy for our columns. Leno's letter of last week did not reach us until after the JOURNAL had been put to press.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 12, 1859.

The State Liquor Agency.

Early in 1858 George P. Burnham was appointed State Liquor Agent by the Governor and Council, to act under the revised prohibitory law of 1855.

Burnham was known to the public at that time chiefly through the medium of a book written by him and containing an account of his own experiences, called the "Hen Fever." However amusing the book may have been, it was calculated to give a very unfavorable character of the author, as it is a record of the means by which many veridical persons were swindled and much money was obtained under false pretenses; it was only the magnitude of the operation and the great success of the cheat that saved the perpetrator from universal contempt.

The Hen Fever had long been at rest, remembered only as a somewhat remarkable phase of history, when the Governor appointed Mr. Burnham State Liquor Agent. His Excellency may never have read the history of the Hen Fever; if he had, the appointment of the author to a highly responsible office would have been inexcusable.

It is now asserted that Mr. Burnham has broken the trust reposed in him, that he has used his office solely for his own advantage, and that in order to make money rapidly he has not hesitated to cheat the people in the grossest and most criminal manner. The specific charge brought to the dog of the agent is this, that he caused large quantities of pure spirit, (which is alcohol rectified or freed from the presence of oil and flavoring particles), to be added to pure brandy in the proportion of gallon for gallon, and then sold the mixture as a pure brandy; he is also charged with employing a Boston firm to manufacture Jamaica rum for the agency, using only a small quantity of the true Jamaica in the manufacture, the bulk of the article purchased being pure spirit and water.

Mr. Burnham has not yet been fully heard in his own defence. To the brandy charge he will probably say that the addition of pure spirit, burnt sugar and tartaric acid to brandy is not an adulteration, inasmuch as a chemical analysis has shown that these elements are found in the pure article. If he can show that he has reduced the price of the extended brandy in a fair ratio to the extension, the whole affair will have a somewhat honest look; if, on the contrary, it is proved that the agent has been selling pure spirit worth one dollar per gallon for four or five dollars per gallon, he will deserve the full weight of punishment the law affords. It is hard enough to be cheated by independent traders, far worse to be cheated by one who is appointed expressly to see that we are not cheated.

It is possible, after all that has been said, that Mr. Burnham is not as guilty as has been asserted; perhaps not guilty at all. He may yet be able to clear himself of the imputations which are cast upon him from every side, but it is extremely doubtful. Mr. B. may be a much better man than when he wrote and published the history of the Hen Fever. That book is to-day the strongest evidence against him were the memory of it

blotted out from the minds of men, the cloud that now hangs over him would assume a sorrowful rather than a threatening aspect.

Mr. Burnham is now in Boston Jail, under the charge of the Sergeant at Arms of the House of Representatives. On Friday morning at 10 o'clock, he was brought before the Supreme Court on a writ of Habeas corpus, the result of the hearing has not transpired as we go to press. A disposition seems to be manifested to turn the agent over to the Attorney General to be proceeded against as a criminal, while his bond of \$20,000 is put in suit by the Commonwealth.

While this matter is pending it would be well for the people to ask themselves if the evil of which they now complain would be entirely removed, were Burnham hanged or in prison. Is there not some defect about the agency itself, and ought an office longer to exist so liable to abuse as the office of State Commissioner for the sale of pure and unadulterated liquors. Any agent who may be appointed will be sorely tempted to misrepresent the character of the article sold; and as the agency is now constituted, nothing could be easier than for the incumbent to make from twenty to thirty thousand dollars per annum, without rendering himself liable either civilly or criminally.

Woburn Lyceum.

Lyceum Hall was filled to its utmost capacity on Tuesday evening last, to hear the second lecture of the present course, which was given by Rev. J. C. FLETCHER. The memory of this gentleman's former talks or conversations, lingered very pleasantly in the minds of those who then heard him; indeed, their aroma had well nigh pervaded our whole community. A very pleasant greeting was therefore given to the lecturer, to which he responded in a well-turned compliment, alluding to the very large audience gathered on the evening of the annual State election, and the collected and quiet demeanor it exhibited after the political duties of the day were done.

The subject of the hour's talk was announced to be, "The Kingdom of Naples," or rather, as the speaker said, of the "Two Sicilies," as it is more properly called, and particularly that portion of it which lies upon the Continent, and forms the southern portion of the Italian peninsula. We were introduced to the dominions of his Majesty, the late King Bomba, by way of the diligence which passes over the great Appian way from Rome. The troubles and annoyances to which travellers are subjected by custom-house officials, the passport system, and the constant recurrence of the demand for *bono mano* from drivers of the diligences, postillions and other servants of the tourist, were very pleasantly related. The sturdy determination of the party to which the lecturer was attached, to refuse all attempts to exact illegal tribute, was much better received by our Yankee audience, than by the disappointed beggars who lost their usual stipend.

The country from Terracina the first city within the Sicilian frontier, to Naples, was described as the most delightful in the world. It is the very garden of Europe. Although it is situated in a latitude nearly corresponding to southern New England, it experiences no severity of climate, and abounds in fruits and vegetation that in the western hemisphere are regarded as strictly tropical in their character. The grape is largely cultivated, as in France and Switzerland, but is here grown upon trees, instead of being trained under stakes a few feet high, as in the former countries. The effect of this diffusion of the vines over large tracts of woody growth is very peculiar. In approaching large towns and cities, the traveller is unaware of his nearness to them till he suddenly emerges from the umbrageous covering into thoroughfares crowded with a busy population. And in looking over the country from any considerable height, like Vesuvius for instance, the towns lying in the broad landscape, very much resemble, the lecturer said, the clearings to be seen from Katahdin among the forests of Maine.

Of the city of Naples, the metropolis of the kingdom, it was remarked, that it is one of the most charming places for scenery and situation that Europe, or even the world, affords. Its bay has been celebrated from the days of the Roman Commonwealth; for here, and in this vicinity on the Italian coast, were the villas and country residences of many of her noblest statesmen, orators, poets and civilians, as well as of her emperors, after imperial rule took the place of consular power.

From Naples to the place of Mount Vesuvius. The lecturer, with others, toiled up its steep sides to the crater. At some places the declivity is almost perpendicular, or at an angle of 70 or 75 degrees. The many conical incidents that arise from such a vertical condition of things were related with humorous effect, and the new "letter" in the alphabet was said to be graphically descriptive of the method of locomotion at such places in the downward trip, i.e. the "let her slide." There are many perils attending the ascent of Vesuvius, especially at those seasons when the volcano is in activity. The crust of lava over which the traveller treads is sometimes scarcely an inch in thickness, and a thrust of the cane into the thick, reveals the glowing fires beneath. The whole mountain bears traces of the devastation and ruin to which its surface has been for ages subjected from the seething cauldron of lava and scoria that lies within its bosom.

The lecture was concluded with a description of the great eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79 of the christian era, when the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were overwhelmed. This was one of the most terrible events of the kind that history records. Pliny the younger, who was an eye witness of the sad catastrophe, has left a striking and vivid account of the scene, which gives us a clear conception of its awful grandeur, as though it had occurred within the present year, and been reported by the graphic writers of the *London Times*. Some account, also, was given of the excavations that have been made within the last century among the streets of those long buried cities, and of the many interesting relics of antiquity that have been exhumed. These give a much better idea of the customs and civilization of the Roman people than could be gathered from the most correct and elaborate description.

The above slight sketch of Mr. Fletcher's "talk," gives a very imperfect account of

what he said, as it is quite impossible to condense into a column what took two hours to dispense from the platform.

Now, with regard to the lecture, we wish to say a word or two in a general way. We are decidedly of the opinion that it was "extended" too much. Many things that were said might have been put in more compact form. As many times as Mr. F. has spoken upon the subject chosen for the evening, he should by this time have had it so thoroughly arranged in his mind so, carefully pruned of all superfluities, and so fitly framed in well chosen language, as to have brought within the compass of an hour and a quarter at most, all or more than all that was said in the time he occupied. Perhaps it may be said, all this can be done only with the written lecture. We think otherwise—the man who has the gift of "talk" can undoubtedly, with careful practice, make it subservient to the rules of art, and keep it within the limits of a pure taste and a chaste rhetoric. Mr. F. will soon lose the laurels he has won, unless he takes greater pains in the future to bestow upon his audiences a more elevated style of conversation, than he did on Tuesday evening. The elat with which he opened, had most seriously declined before he closed.

We must not omit to mention a new feature in the lecture, which was introduced on that occasion. We refer to the "illustrative" music. This was done very well; the time was prompt, the shading carefully observed, and the accompaniment brilliant, though the harmony of nicely blending voices was wanting. To be sure we could hardly see the propriety of singing choruses from the opera of Masaniello to illustrate Italian life and scenery, for without costume, action and scenic effect, this cannot be done; but as a variation in an unusually long lecture, it served a tolerable purpose. We should by no means object to a combined musical and talking entertainment, for a portion of the evenings allotted to the Lyceum, but we cannot for the life of us understand how the music in any sense "illustrated" the subject under consideration on that occasion.

Mr. Fletcher will again appear before our Lyceum audience, on Tuesday evening next. His subject on this occasion will be Northern Italy, i.e., the Kingdom of Sardinia.

Town Meeting—Tuesday, Nov. 8, '59.

The meeting was called to order by Hon. Horace Conn, chairman of the board of Selectmen. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Stebbins. The following is the result of the balloting:—

GOVERNOR.
Whole number, 605
Nathaniel P. Banks, of Waltham, 310
Benjamin F. Butler, of Lowell, 247
George N. Briggs, of Pittsfield, 47
Henry J. Gardner, of Boston, 1

LIUTENANT GOVERNOR.
Whole number, 603
Eliphalet Trask, of Springfield, 315
Samuel C. Bemis, of Springfield, 248
Increase Sumner of Great Barrington, 40

SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH.
Whole number, 602
Oliver Warner, of Northampton, 315
Samuel W. Bowdman, of Adams, 248
Benjamin L. Allen, of Boston, 39

TREASURER AND RECEIVER GENERAL.
Whole number, 599
Moses Tenney, of Georgetown, 315
George Dennett, of Boston, 245
Charles Kimball, of Ipswich, 39

AUDITOR OF ACCOUNTS.
Whole number, 601
Charles White, of Worcester, 314
James E. Eastbrook, of Worcester, 248
James W. Sever, of Boston, 39

ATTORNEY GENERAL.
Whole number, 602
Stephen H. Phillips, of Salem, 315
David H. Mason, of Newton, 248
Henry Morris, of Springfield, 39

COUNCILLOR—THIRD DISTRICT.
Whole number, 593
James M. Shute, of Somerville, 315
Edward Lawrence, of Charlestown, 248
Emory Washburn, of Cambridge, 30

SHERIFF OF MIDDLESEX COUNTY.
Whole number, 602
Charles Kimball, of Winchester, 641
John H. Clark, of Melrose, 25
Ambrose Lawrence, of Lowell, 25

CLERK OF THE COURTS.
Whole number, 591
Benjamin F. Ham, of Natick, 315
James Dana, of Charlestown, 277
Joshua P. Converse, of Woburn, 1

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.
Whole number, 591
Isaac S. Morse, of Lowell, 315
Peter Haggerty, of Lowell, 248
Charles H. Curtis, Jr., of Winchester, 28

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.
Whole number, 591
Edward J. Collins, of Newton, 315
Joseph Fuller, of Framingham, 248
William Hastings, of Framingham, 28

SPECIAL COMMISSIONERS.
Whole number, 591
John Fletcher, of Acton, 315
B. K. Haven, of Framingham, 248
Samuel B. Whitney, of Waltham, 248
Charles M. Wiley, of Holliston, 28
John C. Thurston, of Cambridge, 28
Winthrop E. Faulkner, of Acton, 28

COMMISSIONERS OF INSOLVENCY.
Whole number, 591
George D. Porter, of Medford, 314
Josiah Rutter, of Waltham, 248
Lucius H. Wakefield, of Hopkinton, 314
Charles S. Lincoln, of Somerville, 249
J. C. Abbott, of Lowell, 28
William S. Gardner, of Lowell, 28
John W. Pettengill, of Charlestown, 28
George Heywood, of Concord, 28

SENATOR—FIFTH MIDDLESEX DISTRICT.
Whole number, 591
Horace Conn, of Woburn, 315
Ira Gerry, of Stonham, 247
Simon W. Robinson, of Lexington, 25
Scattering, 4

REPRESENTATIVE—NINETEENTH MIDDLESEX DISTRICT.
Whole number, 698
Nathan Wyman, 292
Joseph Kelley, 286
Charles C. Woodman, 94
Walter Frost, 5
Scattering, 1

On Art. 1st.—Chose Bowen Buckman, Moderator.
On Art. 2d.—Accepted the list of jurors as reported, with the following alterations:—Isaac S. Alley, excused, Darius Clark substituted; Moses C. Bean excused, Marshall Eaton substituted; Henry Taylor excused, Franklin Smith substituted.

On Art. 3d.—Voted to accept the report of the Selectmen on Burlington Street.
On Art. 4th.—Voted that a committee of seven persons be appointed by the Moderator with full powers to locate, purchase site and erect a schoolhouse in District No. 1, to accommodate two Primary and one Intermediate

schools; and in No. 6 to locate, purchase site and erect a schoolhouse suitable for that District, and make disposal of the old one. Also, said committee shall inquire into the condition of the Grammar School in No. 1, and report at the annual meeting held in March, 1860, what changes if any are needed to accommodate the school. The chair appointed Rev. R. P. Stebbins, Rev. Daniel March, Rev. B. F. Bronson, John Johnson, Jona. Tidd, Henry Ramsdell, J. E. Littlefield.

On Art. 5th.—On filling up the canal under the bridge in the street leading from Main street to Robert Eames's, voted to refer to the Selectmen, with instructions to take such action thereon as they deem expedient.

W.
ELECTIONS.—The State Election of Tuesday last resulted in a triumph of the Republicans, who have elected all their State and County officers with large majorities of both branches of the Legislature.

The vote for Briggs was upward of 14,000; a much larger vote than was anticipated. The elections in New York, New Jersey and Wisconsin resulted in favor of the Republicans. There is a little doubt hanging over the political aspect of the New Jersey House of Representatives, according to present returns neither party has a majority.

John C. Tucker of Ward three Boston, whose jokes have often set the House of Representatives in a roar lost his re-election. The successful candidate had his name upon the regular Democratic and Opposition tickets. Only 40 members of the present House of Representatives are re-elected. Charles Hale, Speaker of the House, is among the number.

ELECTION IN 20TH DISTRICT.—In the 20th District there has been a lively time, and the result proves that it is not always safe to calculate upon regular nominations, and that in all cases a nomination by the dominant party is not as good as an election, as both the nominees of the American-Republican representative convention have been defeated. The district, however, will not suffer, two good men having been elected, namely, John Wiley, 2d, of South Reading, and Lyman Dike, of Stonham. The vote in the district is as follows:—John Wiley, 2d, 451; Lyman Dike, 393; Artemas Barrett, 381; A. A. Foster, 304; Lucius Beebe, 212; Geo. P. Burnham, 60.

Mr. Burnham, the "extension" liquor agent, by advertisement and posters, offered \$1000 to be elected. He received in Stonham, one vote; in South Reading, three; and in the town where he resides, 46 persons were found to vote for him. His money is therefore safe.

RAIN.—On Wednesday the dust was deep upon our roads, and riding and walking were made uncomfortable by the clouds of fine particles that arose at every step. On Wednesday night a perfectly formed and brilliant halo appeared around the moon, and on Thursday morning the promise it made of a southerly wind with rain was fulfilled; first a dense mist then a gentle rain, later heavy showers laid the dust, set the brooks running, filled the springs and washed the face of nature. Friday morning the sun arose, dispersed the clouds, ascended into a clear sky and gave to all things a bright and cheerful aspect.

ACCIDENT.—An accident occurred to Mr. James Russell, of Winchester, on Wednesday, by which he was somewhat injured on the right side, though not severely, while attempting to stop a runaway horse in Charlestown. Mr. Russell was confined to his room on Thursday, but expects to be about again in a day or two. Mr. R. is a member of the Winchester School Committee, and his absence from the examinations of the schools gave rise to a report that he was very seriously injured. We are happy to state that his friends need entertain no such fears.

THE following extract from the laws of Massachusetts for 1843 is interesting, showing how voting was managed in olden times. "It is ordered by this court and the authority thereof, that for the yearly choosing of assistants, the freemen shall use Indian corn and beans, the Indian corn to manifest election, the beans contrary; and if any freeman shall put in more than one Indian corn or bean for the choice or refusal of any public office, he shall forfeit for every such offence ten pounds."

Y. M. L. A.—At the semi-annual meeting of the Young Men's Literary Association, held on Saturday eve Nov. 6th, 1859, the following gentlemen were elected to serve the ensuing six months:
President—J. G. Pollard.
Vice President—M. Seelye.
Secretary—H. A. Carter.
Treasurer—J. F. Barrett.
Standing Committee—C. E. Carroll, A. T. Young, C. P. Pollard.

BALMORAL BOOTS.—This excellent style of walking boots is rapidly coming into use, and this winter will be all the fashion. We have seen a pair manufactured by Mr. Elijah Wyman of this town, which does him credit, as a manufacturer of a first rate article. If people of both sexes would wear just such tight soled boots, complaints of colds and coughs and their attendant evils would be much less frequent. Mr. Wyman manufactures only to order, and any person wanting a pair of boots that will be comfortable to the feet, keep them dry and warm, will do well to order a pair.

WASHINGTON AND EVERETT.—We have just received from the publishers, Messrs. O. H. Bailey & Co., of 543 Broadway, New York, a pair of large, full length steel engravings of Washington and Everett. We are happy to be able to say these engravings are really beautiful works of art. No American home should be without a good portrait of Washington, and now, as Mount Vernon is about to be rescued by the ladies, it is especially appropriate that the hero and his home should be placed prominently before the public. The likenesses are excellent and spirited, and both engravings are offered to be sent to post-paid, and any three dollar magazine a year for \$1.00. Or one engraving and a magazine a year for \$3.00.

School Accommodations.

At the Town Meeting on Tuesday a committee of seven was appointed to procure a site and build a new school house, to accommodate two Primary and one Intermediate schools in the first district. The exact action of the town and the names of the members of committee will be seen by reference to the proceedings of Town Meeting in another column.

The want of more extensive accommodation for the members of our public schools has become perfectly manifest to all, and our citizens deserve great credit for taking prompt action on the subject. We trust that the committee will select a site removed from the business and noisy part of the town, where the pupils will neither interfere with others nor be interfered with themselves; where space will be allowed for the exclusive use of scholars during recess.

Of late years many improvements have been made in the construction of school houses, and it is desirable that the members of the building committee will see to it that no improvements are omitted in the new building.

A new school house is also to be erected under the superintendence of the same Committee in district number six, and at the Town Meeting in March, a report is to be made in relation to what can be done regarding the centre Grammar School.

Many objections are urged against the location and arrangement of the present Grammar School building. It affords neither proper nor sufficient accommodations for the number of pupils collected within its walls; its system of ventilation is extremely bad, and the only playground open to the use of the pupils is the public street or the public common. If any change is made, we trust the committee will select a location a little removed from the centre, where land is less valuable than near the present site, and that a liberal appropriation will be made for an ample lot large enough for a play ground, and where an inexhaustible supply of fresh air can at all times be relied upon, unmingled with the unhealthy dust of the highway.

The lot on which the Grammar School building now stands is one of the most valuable in town, and we have no doubt might be sold for a sum large enough to purchase an ample lot in a more favorable locality.

GOODY'S Lady's Book for December is upon our table. We have long been of the opinion that this magazine is the only one in America that completely fills the space it is designed to occupy. The Lady's Book is more indispensable to the parlor and sitting-room than the "North American" to the study. While pleasing poems and tales constitute the bulk of the work, the beginning and the end are composed of condensed items of information interesting to all, very curious to the coarser sex, and very useful to the finer.

The present number is the last of Volume fifty-nine, and exhibits that constant improvement for which this work has long been distinguished. Beautiful engravings are numerous; fashion plates, colored and plain, do ample justice to the *expanded* style of the day, while patterns for hair work and needle work are furnished for the parlor, and no less ingenious receipts for cakes and puddings for those who delight in the mysteries of the kitchen. Commence taking Goody with the new year and you will never regret your money. Subscriptions received at the Woburn Book Store.

UNION MEETING.—A union meeting has been established by the Orthodox and Baptist societies, to be held once in two months, alternating at their respective houses of worship. The object of this meeting is to awaken a deeper and more general interest in the tract cause in this town. The first of these meetings was held on Wednesday evening, at the Orthodox vestry. It was very well attended, and was made very interesting by the remarks of those engaged in spreading the word of life throughout our villages and by the Pastors of both churches. This is a very useful field of labor and one that should meet with a cordial and generous support by the members of evangelical churches. We hope these meetings will prove interesting to those attending, and be the means of leading many who seldom, if ever, hear the gospel, to become interested in the cause of religion and regular attendants on public worship.

TRACT.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—The singing at intervals, during the lecture last Tuesday evening, was a very pleasing feature of the entertainment. Now I wish to enquire of the lecture Committee why they cannot substitute one or two first class concerts in place of lectures. I have heard the complaint made that people will not patronize this kind of concerts in Woburn. Now I presume a great many of the people here never heard the music of the best masters properly rendered. Would it not be well to bring some really good music to them, under circumstances where they will hear it? I believe something could be done in this way to purify and elevate the musical taste in our midst. If, however, the Committee do not see fit to make the change suggested, allow me to enquire whether we cannot have a few good concerts. Many people have become tired of lectures who would be glad to hear a little really good music.

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.—The examination of the Centre Grammar School is to take place on Thursday next, forenoon and afternoon.

THE PRINTER.—The October number of the "Monthly newspaper devoted to the Art preservative of all Arts," is on our table. It is an excellent periodical and deserves from the "craft" the warm favor extended to it.

A large number of the friends of Charles Kimball, Esq., the newly elected sheriff of Middlesex, called upon him, by invitation, on Tuesday evening. Mr. Kimball received his friends in the most cordial manner and treated them sumptuously.

THE FAIR of the Methodist Society was held in Lyceum Hall on Thursday and Friday evenings, and was quite successful.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

NEW YORK, NOV. 9.

Indian summer! after a month at least, of weather so blue that the streams of laughter had almost dried up in the throats of even the jovial and genial; for what human nature can smile forever while the skies do nothing but frown, or at least look lug and uncomfortable. It is true the weather was good for somebody—for us, undoubtedly, in the aggregate; but the effects on one's temperament are inevitable. In dull, black days the business man takes a less favorable view of his future prospects, and regulates his transactions accordingly; the politician despairs of his party and ruins his hopes by a rash act; the literature loses the buoyancy of animal spirits which gives a piquancy and zest to his style, and the orator is likely to be dumpty and heavy on subjects which were wont to excite in him the most glowing enthusiasm.

But now we have nothing to complain of in the skies above us, if indeed, we had ever a right to complain; and to-day invites promenaders to find their neglected walking shoes and take a ticket for the ever-new panorama of Broadway. The street is improving in a very striking manner both above and below Canal st. Below Canal, some of the old plain fronts are giving way to lofty and massive structures of white marble and brown stone, some unfinished, others recently completed, which are to be occupied by wholesale merchants of the "jobbing" class, chiefly in dry goods. Above Canal st, two magnificent buildings have lately been completed, one, for one of the oldest retail houses of the city; another for the agency of a sewing machine; these buildings are built in a very fanciful style of architecture, and when lighted up for the evening, the latter, especially, reminds one of some of Aladdin's wonderful structures.

Business has improved a little this week; retailers are laying in their stocks of winter goods and their customers are investing largely. But the far off trade of our wholesale houses is less promising. Usually, at this period, the merchants of the West and South find it necessary to replenish their stocks, and send forward large orders for further supplies of winter goods, in addition to the early purchases which they made in person. Many of the wholesale houses, West or South, employ an agent in this city to buy for them whenever goods can be bought to special advantage during the season. But though the South has ordered about as much as usual, the West has been a very poor customer, not only not purchasing a fresh supply but refusing some goods which had been previously engaged to be delivered late in the season. The collections in the West come very hard, and some Cincinnati jobbing houses this week failed to meet their extended notes; these houses have mostly, it is understood, had continued extensions since 1857, and their creditors here are consequently getting impatient. But it seems after all the talk we have heard about great crops at the West, the farmers either have less than usual or are unusually disposed to keep it back from market; the receipts of breadstuffs at tide-water, up to the 31st were over 2,000,000 barrels, calculated in flour, behind the receipts for the same time last season. If the West really has any such enormous crops as was talked about in summer, it ought to be hurried forward in time to save the credit of merchants. We can hardly tell now-a-days what the financial condition of any part of the country is until the year closes, for every one is interested in one way or another to deceive the public as to the real position of affairs. Stock brokers wish to raise the price of railway shares, and so announce that the freight business with the West for the season is likely to be immense, on account of the "enormous crops" to be transferred.

Politics engage an unusual share of attention in the absence of business activity. Both parties are making strenuous efforts to poll a heavy vote at the coming election, and all the machinery of secret societies, etc., is at work for the personal benefit of individual candidates. Meanwhile, the "female persuasion" amuse themselves with music, which is abundant, though not over attractive, and with new dresses, which are always to be had—for money.

The *Norfolk County Journal*, which has been conducted for two years past by James Ritchie, Esq., in a very able manner, has changed hands and will in future be published by Geo. H. Munroe. We bid brother Ritchie an editorial good bye and extend our best wishes to his successor.

A son of Mr. Hanson B. Lewis, about 7 years old, fell from a wall at the poor farm on Thursday last, breaking his arm between the elbow and shoulder joints.

LEWEL C. EAMES of Wilmington, is elected representative of the 22d district, comprising the towns of Wilmington, Billerica and Tewksbury.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Our town meeting passed off in a very quiet manner. The following is the result of the balloting for Governor—other state and county officers receiving about the same number, with the exception of Charles Kimball and Horace Conn, who ran considerably ahead of their party vote:—Banks, 133; Butler, 82; Briggs, 87.

Representative to General Court—Joseph Burrage, of West Cambridge, 156; Otis Greene, of West Cambridge, 136. Mr. B. is the successful candidate.

TOWN BUSINESS.—Art. 1.—J. F. Stone was chosen moderator unanimously.

Art. 2.—List of Jurors as revised by Selectmen, accepted.

Art. 3.—Report of Selectmen on laying out of Winthrop street, accepted so far as street is now laid out.

Art. 4.—Partial report of Selectmen on laying out of two new streets near Congregational Church, as asked for by B. F. Thompson and others—recommended to Selectmen to be reported upon at next town meeting.

Art. 5.—In relation to petition of Sumner Richardson and others, asking County Commissioners to lay out a new street from Washington to Main street, &c., it was voted,

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. IX : No. 7.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1859.

(SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.)

Poetry.

NOVEMBER THOUGHTS.

Low hang the sombre clouds above my dwelling;
And on my window drops the heavy rain;
I sit and muse while in my heart are swelling
Thoughts that I must not cherish, fraught with pain.

The wind with loud and angry voice is filling
My room where not another sound is heard;
Oh, how unlike the zephyr lately thrilling
My chamber when summer wafted the bird.

Upon the waste of ocean thought is roaming,
Spreading its angel wings o'er one lone bark
Which ploughs its way through waters wild and foaming.

Now upward tossed, now plunged in caverns dark,
Oh, hush that angry wind, that bark impelling!
Oh, wave, hear thou my prayer, and be thou still!
For ever shriek of this fierce blast is telling
A tale of woe like messenger of ill.

One whom we love—whose infant feet we guided
In pleasant paths, whose later years were ours,
With whom we held sweet converse as we glided
Through mazes strewn with thorns as well as flowers.

Is in that fragile bark, it may be driven
Upon a hidden rock—an altar dead,
Claiming the sacrifice for which have striven
The winds and waves—the loved unloved dead!

Fearful forebodings in our hearts are ringing
A solemn knell in concert with the gale;
But oh, we are not hopeless—prayer is winging
Its unseen way where earnest prayer prevails.

THE GENEROUS SEAMAN.

George Cornish, a native of London, was brought up to the sea. After making several voyages to the East Indies in the capacity of mate, he obtained the command of a ship in the country trade there, and passed many years of his life in sailing from one port to another of the company's different settlements, and residing at intervals on shore with the superintendent of their commercial concerns. Having by these means acquired a moderate fortune, and being now beyond the meridian of life, he felt a strong desire of returning to his native country, and seeing his family and friends, concerning whom he had received no tidings for a long period. He realized his property, settled his affairs, and taking his passage for England, arrived in the Downs after an absence of sixteen years.

He immediately repaired to London, and went to the house of an only brother, whom he had left possessed of a genteel place in a public office. He found that his brother was dead, and the family broken up; and he was directed to the house of one of his nieces, who had married and settled at a small distance from the town. On making himself known, he was received with great respect and affection by the married niece, and a single sister who resided with her; to which good reception the idea of his bringing back with him a large fortune did not a little contribute.

They pressed him in the most urgent manner to take up his abode there, and omitted nothing that could testify their dutiful regard to so near a relation. On his part, he was sincerely glad to see them, and presented them with some valuable Indian commodities, which he had brought with him. They soon began a conversation concerning the family events that had taken place during his long absence. Mutual condolences passed on the death of the father; the mother had been dead long before. The captain, in the warmth of his heart, declared his intentions of befriending the survivors of the family, and his wishes of seeing the second sister as comfortably settled in the world as the first seemed to be.

"But," said he, "are you the two only ones left? What has become of my little smiling plump-fellow, Amelia? I remember her as if it were but yesterday, coming behind my chair, giving me a slight pull, and then running away that I might not follow her for a kiss; I should be sorry if anything had happened to her."

"Alas, sir," said the eldest niece, "she has been the cause of an infinite deal of trouble to her friends. She was always a giddy girl, and her misconduct had proved her ruin. It would be happy if we could all forget her."

"What, then," said the uncle, "has she dishonored herself? Poor creature!"

"I cannot say," replied the niece, "that she has done so, in the worst sense of the word, but she has disgraced herself and her family by a hasty, foolish match with one beneath her, and it has ended as might have been expected, in poverty and wretchedness."

"I am glad," returned the captain, "that it is no worse, for though I much disapprove of improper matches, yet young girls may fall into greater evils, and where there is no crime, there can be no irreparable disgrace. But who was the man; what did my brother say to it?"

"Why sir, I cannot say but that it was partly my father's fault, for he took a sort of liking to the young man, who was a drawing-master employed in the family, and would not forbid him the house after we had informed him of the danger of an attachment between Amelia and him. So, when it was too late, he fell into a violent passion about it, which had no other effect than to drive her directly into her lover's arms. They married, and soon fell into difficulties. My father, of course, would do nothing for them, and when he died he not only disinherited her, but made us promise no longer to consider her as a sister."

"And did you make that promise?" said the captain, in a tone of surprise and displeasure.

"We could not disobey our parent," said the eldest sister, but have several times sent her relief in her necessities, though it was improper for us to see her."

"And pray what became of her at last—where is she now?"

"Really, she and her husband have shifted

lodgings so often, that it is some time since we have heard anything about them."

"Some time—how long?"

"Perhaps half a year or more."

"Poor outcast," cried the captain, in a sort of half-muttered voice, "I have made no promise to renounce thee. Be pleased, madam, addressing himself gravely to the married niece, "to favor me with the last direction you had to this unfortunate sister."

She blushed, and looked confused, and at length, after a good deal of searching, presented it to her uncle. "But, my dear sir," said she, "you will not think of leaving us to-day. My servant shall make all the inquiries you choose, and save you the trouble; and to-morrow you can ride to town, and do as you think proper."

"My good niece," said the captain, "I am but an indifferent sleeper, and I am afraid things would run into my head and keep me awake. Besides I am naturally impatient, and love to do my business myself—you will excuse me." So saying he took up his hat, and without much ceremony went out of the house, and took the road to town on foot, leaving his two nieces somewhat disconcerted.

When he arrived, he went without delay to the place mentioned, which was a by-street in the neighborhood of Soho. The people who kept the lodgings, informed him that the persons he inquired after had left them several months, and they did not know what had become of them. This threw the captain into great perplexity; but while he was considering what he should do next, the woman of the house recollected that Mr. Bland (that was the drawing-master's name), had been employed at a certain school, where information about him might possibly be obtained. Captain Cornish hastened to the place, and was informed by the master of the school that such a man, indeed, had been employed there, but had ceased to attend for some time past. "He was a very well behaved, industrious young man," added the master, "but in distressed circumstances, which prevented him making that genteel appearance which we expect from all who attend our school: so I was obliged to dismiss him. It was a great force on my feelings, I assure you, sir, so to do, but you know the thing could not be helped."

The captain eyed him with indignant contempt, and said, "I suppose, then, sir, your feelings never suffered you to inquire where this poor creature lived, or what became of him afterwards?"

"As to that," replied the master, "every one knows his own business best, and my time is fully taken up with my own concerns; but I believe I have a note of the lodgings he then occupied—here it is." The captain took it, and turning on his heel, withdrew in silence.

He posted to the place, but there, too, had the mortification of learning that he was too late. The people, however, told him he might find the family in a neighboring alley, at a lodging up three pairs of stairs. The captain's heart sunk within him; however, taking a boy as a guide, he proceeded immediately to the spot. On going up the narrow, creaking staircase, he met a man coming down with a bed on his shoulders. At the top of the landing stood another with a bundle of blankets and sheets. A woman, with a child in her arms, was expostulating with him, and he heard her exclaim, "Cruel, not to leave me one bed for myself and my poor children!"

"Stop!" cried he captain, "set down these things!"

The man hesitated. The captain renewed his command in a peremptory tone; and then advanced towards the woman. They looked earnestly at each other. Through her pale and emaciated features he saw something of his little sister, and at length, in a faint tone of voice, he addressed her: "Are you Amelia Cornish?"

"That was my name," she replied.

"I am your uncle," cried he, clasping her in his arms, and sobbing as if his heart would break.

"My uncle!" exclaimed she, and fainted.

He was just able to set her down on the only remaining chair, and take her child from her. Two other children came running up, and began to scream with terror. Amelia recovered herself. "O, sir, what a situation you see me in!"

"A poor situation, indeed," said he, "poor, forsaken creature, but you have one friend left."

He then asked what had become of her husband. She told him that, having fatigued himself with walking every day to a great distance for a little employment, that scarcely afforded them bread, he had fallen ill, and was now in the hospital, and that after being obliged to sell most of their little furniture and clothes for subsistence, their landlord had seized their only remaining bed for some arrears of rent. The captain immediately discharged the debt, and causing the bed to be brought up again, dismissed the men. He then entered into conversation with his niece about the events that had befallen her.

"Alas, sir," said she, "I am sensible I was greatly to blame in disobeying my father, and leaving his roof as I did; but perhaps something might be alleged in my excuse; at least years of calamity and distress may be an expiation. As to my husband, he has never given me the least cause of complaint; he has ever been kind and good, and what we have suffered has been through misfortune, and not fault. To be sure, when we married we did not consider how a family was to be maintained. His was a poor employment, and sickness and other accidents soon brought us to a state of poverty, from which we could not retrieve ourselves. He, poor man, was never idle when he could help it, and denied himself every indulgence in order to provide for the wants of me and his children. I did

my part, too, as well as I was able. But my father's unrelenting severity made me quite heart-broken; and though my sister pressed necessities—for nothing else could have made me ask it in the manner I did—yet they would never permit me to see them, and for some time past have entirely abandoned us. I thought heaven had abandoned us too. The hour of extremest distress was come, but you have been sent for our comfort."

"And your comfort, please God, I will be," cried the captain, with energy. "You are my own dear child, and your little ones shall be mine too. Dry up your tears; better days, I hope, are approaching."

Evening was now coming on, and it was too late to think of changing lodgings. The captain procured a neighbor to go out for some provisions and other necessities, and then took his leave, with a promise of being with his niece early the next morning. Indeed, as he proposed to pay a visit to her husband, she was far from wishing to detain him any longer. He went directly to the hospital, and having got access to the apothecary, begged to be informed of the real state of his patient, Bland. The apothecary told him that he labored under a slow fever, attended with extreme dejection of spirits, but that there were no signs of immediate danger.

"If you will allow me to see him," said the captain, "I think I shall be able to administer a cordial more effectual, perhaps, than all your medicines." He was shown up to the ward where the poor man lay, and took a seat by his bedside. "Mr. Bland," said he, "I am a stranger to you, but I come to bring you some news of your family."

The sick man roused himself as from a stupor, and fixed his eyes in silence on the captain. He proceeded: "Perhaps you may have heard of an uncle that your wife had in the East Indies; he has come home—and I am he." On this he eagerly stretched out his hand, and taking that of Bland, which was thrust out of the bed-clothes to meet it, gave it a cordial shake. The sick man's eyes glistened; he grasped the captain's hand with his remaining strength, and drawing it to his mouth, kissed it with fervor. All he could say was, "God bless you—be kind to Amelia!"

"I will—I will be a father to you all; cheer up, your spirits, all will be well." He then with a kind look, and another shake of the hand, wished a good night, and left the poor man, lightened at once of half his disease.

The captain went home to the coffee-house where he lodged, got a light supper and went early to bed. After meditating some time with heartfelt satisfaction on the work of the day, he fell into a deep sleep, which lasted till daybreak. The next morning early, he rose and sallied forth in search of furnished lodgings. After some inquiry, he met a commodious set in a pleasant, airy situation, for which he agreed. He then drove to Amelia, and found her and her children neat and clean, and as well dressed as her poor wardrobe would admit. He embraced them with the utmost affection, and rejoiced Amelia's heart with a favorable account of her husband. He then told them to prepare for a ride with him. The children were overjoyed with the proposal, and they accompanied him to the coach in high spirits; Amelia scarcely knew what to think or expect. They drove first to a warehouse for ready made linen, where the captain made Amelia furnish herself with everything necessary for the use of the children and herself, not forgetting some shirts for her husband. Thence they went to a clothes-shop, where the little boy was supplied with a jacket and trousers, a hat and a great coat, and the girl with a great coat and bonnet; both were made as happy as could be; they were next all furnished with new shoes. In short, they had not proceeded far before the mother and three children were all in new habiliments, decent but not fine; while the old ones were all tied up in a bundle, and destined for some family still poorer than they had been.

The captain then drove to the lodgings he had taken, and which he had directed to be put in thorough order. He led Amelia up stairs, who knew not whether she was going. He brought her into a handsome parlor, and seated her in a chair. "This, my dear," said he, "is your house; I hope you will like it, now and then, see you in it. Amelia turned pale and could not speak. At length a flood of tears came to her relief, and she threw herself at her uncle's feet, and poured out thanks and blessings in a broken voice. He raised her, and kindly kissing her and her children, slipped a purse of gold into her hand.

He next went to the hospital, and found Mr. Bland sitting up in bed, taking some food with apparent pleasure. He sat down by him. "God bless you, sir," said Bland, "I see it is a reality and not a dream; your figure has been haunting me all night, and I have scarcely been able to satisfy myself whether I have really seen and spoken to you, or whether it was a fit of delirium. Yet my spirits have been lightened, and I have been eating with a relish which I have not done for many days. But may I ask how are Amelia and her little ones?"

"They are well and happy, my good friend," said the captain, "and I hope you will soon be with them. The apothecary came up and felt his patient's pulse."

"You are a lucky doctor, indeed, sir," said he to Captain Cornish; "you have cured the poor man of his fever; his pulse is as calm as my own."

The captain consulted him about the safety of removing him; and the apothecary thought that there would be no hazard in doing so that very day. The captain waited the arrival of the physician, who confirmed

the opinion. A sedan chair was procured, and full directions being obtained for the future treatment, with the physician's promise to look after him, the captain walked before the chair to the new lodgings. On the knock at the door, Amelia looked out of the window, and seeing the chair, ran down and met her uncle and husband in the passage. The poor man, not knowing where he was, and gazing wildly about him, was carried up stairs and placed on a bed, while his wife and children assembled around it.

By Amelia's constant attention, assisted by proper help, Mr. Bland shortly recovered; the whole family lost their sickly, emaciated appearance, and became healthy and happy. Their kind uncle was never long absent from them, and was always received with looks of pleasure and gratitude which penetrated his very soul. He obtained for Mr. Bland a good situation in the exercise of his profession, and took Amelia and the children under his special care. As to his other nieces, though he did not entirely break off his connection with them, but on the contrary, showed them occasional marks of the kindness of a relation, yet he could not look on them with a true cordiality. And as they had so well kept their promise with their father, of never treating Amelia as a sister while in her afflicted state, she took care not to tempt them to break it, now she was in a prosperous condition.

Up and Down the Right.

ZURICH, Switzerland, Sept. 12, 1859.
Everybody goes up the Right to see the sun rise. It could hardly think that there could be anything extraordinary in a mountain not quite six thousand feet high to one who had spent three weeks among the Alps and had slept repeatedly on passes seven or eight thousand feet high. Still what everybody does everybody must do, so I went up the Right.

First I took a look at the lions of Lucerne, not many or important except the lion, an excellence, a monument to the Swiss guards who fell in Paris in the first French revolution. It is a singularly appropriate and beautiful monument, designed by Thorwaldsen. In the side of a lofty rock, in a quiet shady grove, a lion is sculptured twenty-eight feet long and eighteen high, wounded and dying, with the spear in his side, with his right paw on a shield bearing the fleur-de-lis of the Bourbons which he is endeavoring to protect even in his last agony. On the rock below are inscribed the names of the officers who fell, and above the inscription, "Hæc iterum fides ac virtus." A veteran survivor of the Guard in uniform acts as guardian and cicerone. Having visited this, and walked through the long, crooked and curious bridges hung with paintings, I took the boat for Weggis, a little village at the foot of Right.

Nothing can be more beautiful than Lake Lucerne. The mountains rise precipitously and mirror themselves in its placid waters. On our right were the lofty heights of Pilatus, around which the clouds gather, and where the unquiet spirit of Pilate is supposed to linger. A little beyond was seen the village of Stanzstad, with its tall watch-tower, five centuries old. The village was destroyed in 1798, when one or two Swiss cantons made a stand against the French, but were overwhelmed by the French troops with terrible slaughter.

At Weggis we encountered an army of guides. It is generally necessary to employ a guide on any of these routes, not to show you the way—you might as well have a guide to show you the way down Main street—but to save you from the importunities of every man, woman and child in the region. Every member of the community is resolutely bent upon being your guide, and the only way to avoid being beset and importuned at every step, is to employ one who takes charge of you as his property and protects you from the rest.

The ascent is gradual and easy. At first through orchards and pleasant fields, then through pastures and among rocks, keeping in view the beautiful Lake Lucerne which still sleeps peacefully below, you may climb the long way to the top. Blocks of pudding stone are scattered about, and the road passes under an arch formed by two huge blocks holding a third suspended between them. We pass two chapels, one close by a spring which gushes from lofty rocks, and which is called the "Sisters' Fountain," from a tradition that three fair sisters sought refuge here from persecution, and spent their days among the clefts of the rocks.

After a long and weary tramp, we gain the summit. The view well repays even the Alpine traveller, saying nothing of the sunset or sunrise. On the north the eye wanders with delight over a vast panorama of gleaming lakes and rivers, gently sloping hills and orchards and meadows and villages. All along the south are mountains in stately procession, their tops white with the snows of unnumbered winters. Conspicuous among them were the Bernese Alps, from which I had just come, and on whose familiar forms I looked with the delight of meeting old friends. On the east the mountain ascended precipitously to Lake Zug and beautiful and fertile fields, and just beyond was the yet desolate track down which the Rossberg mountain fell in 1806, burying more than two hundred buildings and four hundred and fifty human beings.

Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock of the Alpine brethren.

As the sun began to paint the western sky with his bright hues, a fellow began to blow an Alpine horn to summon all hands to the Culm, and all hands soon issued from the hotels and mounted the top to gaze upon the glories of the dying day. It was a very good sunset—the best they had had for some time they said; still I have seen finer sunsets

in the Connecticut valley. The next thing was to go to bed and wait the sunrise. So with a trembling look at the grand assembly of the mountains, I went to bed.

I started from a dream that sunrise had burst with a report like a cannon, and found a fellow tooting an Alpine horn up and down the hills. There was evidently no chance for sleeping longer in that house. People were hurrying to the Culm wrapped in shawls and overcoats, and looking anxiously eastward. The valleys slept in somber silence. The Alps on the south and two hundred people on the Culm stood in solemn expectation. Soon the east began to hang out signals of the coming day. Brightening and ever-changing hues began to chase each other over the eastern sky. Gazing eastward like so many sun-worshippers, we watched the flying heralds of the coming monarch, and at last we caught the gleam of his flaming crest. Instantly the snowy Alps lighted up with joy at his coming; wave after wave of light seemed to shoot over the plains, the night fled away, and in all the glories of the morning light, mountain, lake and valley were revealed.

I went down the mountain on the north side, and a couple of hours brought me into the midst of orchards and pleasant fields. I passed through the hollow way where Tell shot Gessler, and stood at Tell's chapel which stands close by, with a painting showing Tell and Gessler just after the fatal bolt had been launched. Here, after the manner of ancient warriors, I left my boots. I had a more than ordinary regard for those boots. They had carried me safely among the ups and downs of a western city, the streets whereof are well known to demand boots of sterling qualities. They had shared with me divers perils on land and sea. They had trod the heather of Scotland and the Boulevards of Paris. They had not perceptibly shrunk amid the spectral glaciers and Alpine snows. They had stood unabashed in the quickly presence of the Jungfrau, while she shook avalanche after avalanche from her snowy tresses; and finally they had ascended the Right, and had had as good an opportunity as boots ever have of contemplating the glories there revealed. But they had not passed through these scenes unscathed. They had long since lost the grace and beauty of their youthful days, and had latterly given signs of approaching dissolution. My companion had indulged in various disparaging comments upon them, and even gone so far as to declare that their appearance was calculated to bring discredit upon the great American eagle. And so, though they had borne themselves, as well as me, so well that their virtues plead trumpet-tongued against their final "taking off," I decided that they and I must part. It seemed appropriate to leave them at this chapel on a spot hallowed by a great event in history, and at the foot of Right, the ascent of which was the last act of their eventful career. So I took them gently off, and placed them in a quiet corner, put on their successors, and went my way with a grateful, farewell look upon the boots I left behind. May they rest in peace. J. N. T.

The Oath.

"Do you," said Jane the other day,
"Love me in earnest, as you say?
Or are those tender words applied
Alike to fifty girls beside?"

"Dear, cruel girl," cried I, "forbear,
For, by those eyes, those lips, I swear,
She stopped me, as the oath I took,
And cried, 'You've sworn, now kiss the book.'"

AVOIDING A DUN.—A compositor in one of the daily newspaper offices, though a good fellow like many of the Faustian profession, suffers from repeated attacks of limited finances, or revenue proportional to his burthenments. He has no objection to paying his debts, even to the last penny, when he has the money; but when he is short, he abhors the idea of meeting one of his creditors, for he hates a dun as he does the d—l or a dirty "proof." On one of the last few occasions of the pressure upon typographical money-market he was descending from the news-room to the street, when he met a collector, who asked him if James H. Smith—giving the printer's name—worked in that office.

"Why do you wish to see him?" asked Smith.

"I have a bill against him (producing it) for \$20, left by Dr. A., who, you remember, recently died, and his accounts have been placed in my hands for collection."

"James H. Smith," replied the collector, repeating his own name slowly, as if it had a mysteriously familiar sound and he were endeavoring to recall it. "I have heard that name before, surely—James H. Smith—James—James H.—oh, yes! (as if with sudden remembrance) he used to be employed here, certainly, certainly he did. I remember; he worked next to my case, poor fellow!" and the speaker paused and looked sad.

"Did anything happen to him?" asked the collector.

"Yes. He died suddenly one morning, of cholera, after attending the sick bed of a friend."

"Did he leave anything?" asked the man of bills.

"O, no. The boys had to bury him. I gave \$5 myself to help in putting the generous creature under the sod. He died penniless."

"Then there is no use of keeping this bill, I suppose?"

"None at all," said S. And as the collector departed, he continued, to himself, "I guess I've got rid of that old bore. It wasn't, perhaps, much of a story I was telling—Probably I was only anticipating a little after all—except in the \$5 contribution."

Man smokes, woman is smoked.

The Arabian Horse.

I doubt whether any Arab of the best blood has ever been brought to England. The difficulty of obtaining them is so great that they are scarcely ever seen beyond the limits of the desert. Their color is generally white, light or dark gray, light chestnut, and bay, with white or black feet. Black is exceedingly rare; and I never remember to have seen dun, sorrel, or dapple. I refer, of course, to the true-bred Arab, and not to the Turcoman, or to Kurdish and Turkish races, which are a cross between the Arab and the Persian. Their average height is from fourteen hands to fourteen and three quarters, rarely reaching fifteen. I have only seen one mare that exceeded it. Notwithstanding the smallness of their stature, they often possess strength and courage. I was credibly informed that a celebrated mare of the Manekia breed, now dead, carried two men in chain-armor beyond the reach of their Aneyza pursuers. But their most remarkable and valuable quality, is the power of performing long and arduous marches upon the smallest possible allowance of food and water. It is only the mare of the wealthy Bedouin that gets even a regular feed of about twelve handfuls of barley, or of rice in the husk, once in twenty-four hours. During the Spring alone, when the pastures are green, the horses of the Arabs are sleek and beautiful in appearance. At other times they eat nothing but the withered herbs and scanty hay gathered from the parched soil, and are lean and unsightly. They are never placed under cover during the intense heat of an Arabian summer, nor protected from the biting cold of the desert winds during Winter. The saddle is rarely taken from their backs, nor are they ever cleaned or groomed. Thus apparently neglected, they are but skin and bone; and the townsman marvels at seeing an animal which he would scarcely take the trouble to ride home, valued almost beyond price. Although docile as a lamb, and requiring no other guide than the halter, when the Arab mare hears the war-cry of the tribe, and sees the quivering spear of her rider, her eyes glitter with fire, her blood-red nostrils open wide, her neck is nobly arched, and her tail and mane are raised and spread out to the wind. The Bedouin proverb says, "that a high bred mare, when at full speed, should hide her rider between her neck and tail."

The Shammar Bedouins give their horses, particularly when young, large quantities of camel's milk. I have heard of mares eating raw flesh, and dates are frequently mixed with their food by the tribes living near the mouth of the Euphrates. The Shammar and Aneyza shoe their horses, if possible, and wandering farriers regularly visit their tents. If an Arab cannot afford to shoe his mare entirely, he will shoe her fore feet. The Chaab (or Kiab) do not usually shoe their horses. The shoes, like those used in all parts of the East, consist of a thin plate covering the whole foot, except a small hole in the centre. They are held by six nails, are clumsily made, and usually more clumsily put on. The Arab horse has but two ordinary paces—a quick and easy walk, sometimes averaging between four and five miles an hour, and a half running canter. The Bedouin rarely puts his mare at full speed, unless pursued or pursuing. In racing, the Arabs, and indeed Easterns in general, have no idea that the weight carried by the rider makes any difference. Whenever a horse falls into the hands of an Arab, his first thought is how to ascertain its descent. If the owner be dismounted in battle, or if he be even about to receive his death-blow from the spear of his enemy, he will frequently exclaim, "O fellan! (such a one), the mare that fate has given to you is of noble blood. She is of the breed of Saklawiyah, and her dam is ridden by Awaitha, a sheikh of the Fedhan" (or as the mouth of a Bedouin as to the race of his mare. He is proud of her noble qualities, and will testify to them as he dies. After a battle or a foray, the tribes who have taken horses from the enemy will send an envoy to ask their breed, and a person so chosen passes from tent to tent unharmed, hearing from each man, as he eats his bread, the descent and qualities of the animal he may have lost. Amongst men who attach the highest value to the pure blood of their horses, and who have no written pedigree (for amongst the Bedouins documents of this kind do not exist), such customs are not necessary. The descent of a horse is preserved by tradition, and the birth of a colt is an event known to the whole tribe. If a townsman or stranger buys a horse, and is desirous of having written evidence of its race, the seller, with his friends, will come to the nearest town to testify before a person specially qualified to take the evidence, called "the eadi of the horses," who makes out a written pedigree, accompanied by various prayers and formulas from the Koran, used on such occasions, and then affixes to it his seal. It would be considered disgraceful to the character of a true Bedouin to give false testimony on such an occasion, and his word is received with implicit confidence.

Two colored persons in the West went out one fine day a possum hunting, and by accident found a large cave with quite a small entrance. On peeping in they discovered three young bear whelps in the interior. "Look a heah, Sam," said one, "while I goes dar and gets de young bar, you just watch heah for de ole bar." Sam got asleep in the sun, when, upon opening his eyes, he saw the bear scrouging her way into the cave. Quick as thought he caught her by the tail and held on like a blaze. "Hello, dar," said Jumbo, in the cave, "hello, dar, Sam; what dark de hole dar?" "Lor bless you, Jumbo—save yourself, for if dis tale come out you'll know what dark de hole?"

The Causes of Crime.

Noticing several frightful crimes in three of our principal cities, the Louisville Journal remarks that all these deeds of horror are sad evidences of the improper training of our young men. It might have added "and of our young women also."

We believe that our contemporary has correctly indicated the source of these terrible outrages. The truth is that a pernicious and radical error pervades the entire system of youthful training in America. The two prominent and glaring defects of that system are, first the lack of moral teaching, and next over-indulgence. There is scarcely one in a hundred families which pays regular and strict attention to the inculcation of moral and religious precepts in the minds of its youthful members. Boys and girls are alike rendered with the dimmest and most obscure perceptions of their obligations towards society and their Maker. They are instructed to some extent in various branches of merely human knowledge, and in the course of their education they obtain passing and evanescent glimpses of holier and more important truths; but rarely, indeed, is a sedulous and persevering effort made to create in their understanding and their will those fundamental convictions of right and wrong by the rigid observance of which they can alone expect peace of mind and happiness hereafter. Their intellects, indeed, are enlarged, but their hearts are abandoned to all the vicious and impure passions of our fallen and grovelling nature. Hence American children too frequently grow up with few and faint ideas of duty and virtue, and are left in their conduct through life to the guidance of unheeded desires rather than to the suggestions of an ever-watchful and enlightened conscience. Is it at all surprising that so faulty a system of training should eventuate in folly, dissipation and frivolous pursuits, or darken into horrid vice and revolting crime?

Over-indulgence is a potent auxiliary to imperfect training. Our boys and girls are scarcely out of their swaddling clothes ere they are treated as young gentlemen and incontinent ladies. While yet under the discipline of the teacher's fable they conceive themselves competent to take their places in society. Boys of sixteen talk politics, frequent public amusements, smoke cigars, and imbibe intoxicating fluids. Girls of fourteen or fifteen chatter scandal, are fastidious and elegant in their toilet, play the woman, prate of marriage, and converse among themselves about their beaux. Long ere the years of discretion have arrived both sexes know too much, heedless youths are converted into rakish men of the world, and simpering misses, who ought still to wear pantalettes, are thoroughly grounded in the arts of flirtation and coquetry. To anticipate modesty, propriety, moral rectitude, and a sense of religious responsibility from such materials would be about as reasonable as to expect to find humanity in a tiger, courage in a hare, or genius in an idiot.

Seven-eighths of the crimes which the press is constantly compelled to record, proceed from these two fruitful sources of misery and vice. As long as parents and guardians shrink from the performance of their duty so long will the evil continue unchecked. It is impossible to plant brambles and gather roses. No one can habitually swallow poison with impunity. Children, if surrendered to the anarchical government of their own bad passions, will necessarily become vicious in youth and depraved in manhood. If untought the essential restraints of morality and religion, they must inevitably lapse into the worst of habits, and any apparent conformity to the accepted canons of life will arise less from settled convictions than from a fear of the law. If a boy abstains from avenging a fancied wrong by the bowie knife or the pistol, because he dreads the prison or the scaffold, it is evident that if that terror were removed he would rush headlong into murder; but if he refrains from the indulgence of a furious animal wrath, because he knows it to be an infringement of divine and moral law, he is protected from crime by a panoply a million times more impregnable than any which the laws can furnish. If a young lady who indulges in gossip, scandal, and back-biting is simply told that the practice is unbecoming and vulgar, she may abandon the habit for fear of censure, but if she is well indoctrinated in the belief that slander and evil speaking are violations of divine precepts, her reform will be assuredly lasting because grounded in conscience. And thus we might illustrate at any length the efficacy of moral training and the certain and miserable consequences ensuing upon its total neglect.

Until parents take to heart these primary truths and apply them diligently in the culture of their children's mind and hearts, we can see no prospect of marked improvement. The jail and the penitentiary are institutions of human weakness and wickedness. Let men learn to amend their lives and these hideous emblems of an imperfect civilization will disappear. Moral reform must proceed from within outwardly. Make men better, and the prisons will fall to ruins from dilapidation and disuse. Teach the rising generation to fear God and obey his commandments and crime will progressively diminish.—New Orleans Bee.

Advertisements are very much like seed sown which bear abundantly after many days. Advertisers generally admit that it ultimately benefits them. The man who is seeking custom in any branch of trade must invite and attract it by notoriety. Business will not go to a house un solicited, and could not, if it would, find it in obscurity. It is a fact attested by universal experience, that the merchant or manufacturer who is best advertised has the best run of custom.

The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPY, Editor and Proprietor.
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS.—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher, and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, (fourteen lines), one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents. Half a Square, (seven lines), one insertion, 75 cents; each subsequent insertion 37 cents. One Square, per year, \$10.00; six months, \$6.00; three months, \$4.00. Half a Square, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$4.00; three months, \$2.50. Less than half a square charged as half a square. More than half a square charged as a square. Special Notices, 12 cents a line for one insertion; 1 cent a line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted until ordered out, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly; transient advertisements in advance.

AGENTS.

North Woburn.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WISE & CO.
South Woburn.—ALBERT L. RICHARDSON.
Stoughton.—E. T. WHITTIER.
Reading.—THOMAS H. PARSONS.
South Reading.—J. J. B. MANSFIELD.
Winchester.—JOHN H. HOLT.
S. M. PETTEGILL & CO., Boston and New York; R. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Boston Building, No. 100, State Street; JOHN B. HURDILL, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions for the JOURNAL at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and increasing circulation of the JOURNAL renders it valuable as an advertising medium. It is read and preserved by the best families of Woburn and surrounding towns, among whom it circulates to an extent enjoyed by no other paper. It is not excelled, if equalled, in typographical appearance, by any paper published in Middlesex County. By preserving uniformity in arrangement, equal prominence is obtained by all advertisers. Our terms of advertising are moderate.

JOB PRINTING.

We would call the special attention of our readers to our facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of JOB PRINTING. The variety of new and improved types which our office is supplied with is very extensive; our press is new and fast; our workmen experienced and skillful. We have, therefore, every facility for doing all kinds of work, QUICK, NEAT AND CHEAP. Orders left at our office, or sent through our agents, will be promptly attended to, and the price will be as low as can be found elsewhere. Orders solicited.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers will confer a favor by giving notice at the office when they fail to receive their paper regularly, or change their place of residence, so that we can give notice to our carriers.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 19, 1859

In the good old times when our New England Fathers carried the Bible to defend and cheer their souls, with powder and ball to defend their bodies and their hearts, packed in the same knapsack; when every breeze seemed bearing some messages of peril, when every early frost threatened to deprive them of their winter's food, when life was a constant battle, and death an ever present, fighting foe; those same New England Fathers were accustomed to set apart a day when they might assemble together, acknowledge their dependence upon God, praise him for his watchful care and mighty works in their behalf, and return Thanksgiving for His never-ceasing, ever active goodness and merciful kindness.

In those early days of peril and disaster, and of living faith in God, the institution of the New England Thanksgiving had its origin. It was a religious festival, yet in the earliest times the day was not wholly used in religious exercise; such sombre and staid amusements as our fathers indulged in were practiced on that day without reserve; in a few instances we read of foot races and of wrestling, sometimes of shooting at a mark for a prize, while the elders indulged in "moderate strong drinks," and quite as strong talk upon civil and ecclesiastical affairs. Short cropped, kilted and collared boys and girls undoubtedly played their pranks and cut their jokes together even in Puritanic days, but the good men and the matrons indulged in no unseemly laughter, and were guilty of no boisterous mirth. Their souls were saddened by privation, struggle and disaster; the great responsibility which rested upon them as the founders of a new empire, where civil and religious liberty should forever be established, filled brain and soul all full, and left no room for idle mirth. Our ancestors were a serious race; when they gave thanks they did so thoughtfully and seriously.

Thanksgiving days were first appointed for the purpose of acknowledging God's goodness as exhibited in particular acts; as when Louisville was captured; when the great French fleet was dispersed by the tempest; when Phillips' war was ended; when the great pestilence was stayed,—afterwards, as prosperity increased, when the Divine blessing seemed to flow in a constant stream upon the people; when the terrible whoop of the savage was heard no more along the coast; when the people multiplied, and increased their store in peace; when the harvest was abundant and industry grew rich; a single day was set apart for the field labor of the year was done, on which the people were to assemble in their meeting houses, "to sing praises unto the most High and to give thanks for His unmerited kindness."

Thus originated the great New England Festival. In the process of time it has changed its character, though it still retains many of the most original and interesting features. We call "Thanksgiving" a New England festival, for, though a proclamation is usually issued by the Governors of nearly all the States in the Union, it is only in New England that the day is generally observed; elsewhere a few close their places of business, attend divine service and eat the regulation dinner of roast turkey; but these are mostly people of New England birth, who recall the memory of their childhood's home by the celebration.

Thanksgiving is a noble christian festival, worthy of its Puritan origin; nor is it unseemly in the present day that it should be celebrated with a joyful as well as a thankful spirit. The merry laugh of a happy and prosperous people must sound pleasantly even in the ears of angels; and the tender words which pass between parents and children, between brothers and sisters long separated, have a music in them which vibrates in a union with pure and happy souls.

A few thousands raised their voices between the unexplored forests and the dan-

gerous seas, and sung anthems of praise and thanks because God had permitted them to garner their meagre harvests of Indian corn, and had saved them from captivity and the tomahawk. For more than two hundred years the anthem has increased in volume, until now, on the 24th of November, thirty millions of people join in the song of thanks to God for His overflowing kindness. From the farthest Eastern shore may be heard the voice of the people mingling with the harsh music of the waves; where forests once spread a great veil over the earth, church bells will be ringing and organs pealing praise.

The race of the strong armed and strong souled Puritan has levelled the forest, crossed the river and the mountain range; has scattered seeds upon the prairie, fought its way up the eastern and down the western declivities of the Rocky Mountains; has launched its keels upon the Pacific, and established itself in the islands of the Indian seas, while it has met the King of Cathay face to face in the capital city of Peking. Thirty millions of people, rich, powerful, progressive, advancing in art, in civilization, with a domain yet unappropriated, capable of sustaining fifty millions more! Have we not reason for great Thanksgiving?

There may be clouds sent to darken our horizon for a day; there are warnings; let us not be foolhardy and disregard them. Let us give thanks for frowns as well as smiles, and set about removing the causes of anger. We most cordially wish for all our readers, that the hours of the 24th may be made valuable to them by the instruction they may receive, and happy by the union of friends and relatives and pleasant social talk of present and past time. Wherever the family circle has not been broken during the year by the visit of that Angel who sooner or later visits every house, how great cause for fervent and heartfelt thanksgiving exists.

Where death has been taken one from the fireside and the board, hushed the voice of one who spoke only in love or kindness; of a mother whose life was in her children, whose happiness was theirs, whose sorrow theirs; of a sister who was the sunshine of the house; of a brother whose noble promise is cut off; of a child whose fair prospect on earth is blighted, there the bleeding heart will call for sympathy and in the day of gratitude and joyousness call not in vain.

On such days remember the poor. Let us manifest our thankfulness to God by doing kindness to those whom God loves—his poor and suffering children. A true kindness done to your neighbors before dinner, will return a recompense of a hundred fold before the day is done.

Woburn Lyceum.

Mr. Fletcher's second lecture, and the third of the course, was delivered on Tuesday evening. The Hall was amply filled, though the pressure for seats was not quite so severe as on the week previous. The topic of the lecturer was "Northern Italy," with some account of the Waldenses. He commenced by giving a brief history of the rise of the kingdom of Sardinia and its progress in territorial extension and political power. From a small Duchy in the twelfth century under the sway of Count Pierre, a man of singular energy of character, and a statesman and warrior of great talent, the State, after the usual vicissitudes of the embryonic nations of the feudal ages, rose into a kingdom of considerable importance. At present under the reign of Victor Emmanuel, and with the recent accession of Lombardy,—which with the powerful aid of Louis Napoleon, was rescued from the grasp of Austria, and restored to its rightful position of independence—it has attained a power which gives it high rank among the constitutional monarchies of Europe.

After thus rapidly sketching the origin and history of the Sardinian kingdom, Mr. F. took his audience with him in his tour through the grandest as well as the most beautiful portions of its territory. He pictured to them the towering summits of the Pennine Alps, with the shining glaciers that move slowly but irresistibly among them, and pointed out the deep gorges and lovely valleys that lie upon their southern slopes. He then descended into the sunny plains of Piedmont and Lombardy and displayed their fertile fields waving with rich and varied harvests; and the classic ruins, the Po, the Ticino, the Minero, the Adda and others, that rising among the snowy summits of the mountains pour gracefully along the valleys and plains to mingle with the waters of the Adriatic. He also showed the renowned cities that thickly dot the country. Genoa, Turin, Milan, with its splendid cathedral; a wonder of architectural beauty and grandeur,—Pavia, celebrated as one of the great battle fields of Italy, and interesting to the lecturer, as affording him a specimen of Austrian espionage, by his arrest as a suspected republican or a member of the Carbonari, Vercelli, Novara, and many more that are delightful in their situation and rich in historical associations. The speaker then alluded to some of the great names that have flourished in the kingdom, and which have illustrated and magnified the learning, the bravery and the suffering of this heroic people.

While among the cliffs and passes of the Alps, Mr. F. referred to a cave or grotto of modern discovery which was the scene of a stirring incident a few years ago, the parties to which, were the present Emperor of France and Sir Hudson Low, the jailer of the elder Napoleon at St. Helena. The rencontre came near being fatal to the notorious Low and was only prevented from being so, by the presence and entreaties of the woman who acts as guide to visitors at the cave.

In the closing part of his lecture Mr. F. gave an interesting account of the Waldenses who inhabit the mountain valleys of Piedmont. He spoke of their history and probable origin, and of the persecutions they have endured from the papal church through long centuries, till their name has become as immortal as the mountains to which they have so fondly clung. The sonnet of Milton which embodies their memory is one of the best that great poet ever composed, and our own Whittier has sung in some of his noblest verses to the honor of that high religious spirit by which the people were moved.

The visit of the lecturer to them, was well narrated, and the interview between himself and Gen. Beckwith made an amusing episode in its details.

Music was again introduced to "illustrate" portions of the lecture. The pieces sung were from Tyrolean melodies, and were generally very well performed. They are of a character, however, which require much delicacy of expression and evenness in tone to give them proper effect.

During the lecture Mr. F. very courteously alluded to the remarks in our last issue touching the propriety of calling the music then performed, in any sense illustrations of the speaker's theme. He attempted in a very pleasant way to combat that position, assuring the audience that it was one among the many methods of illustrating or making transparent a subject or thought, and appealed to his friends Mr. March and Dr. Stebbins, as public speakers, to confirm his views. As these gentlemen made no response, or no visible one to the appeal, we have no means of knowing whether they coincided with the lecturer or not.

Nevertheless we still adhere to our former opinion, and although we do not wish to appear captious or hypercritical, we desire to add a word or two in defense of it. An illustration, as usually defined, is, to elucidate; to make clear; to employ an image or an incident to make more intelligible an abstract proposition; or by pictorial effects or personification of character to render a written passage luminous, and bring to the mental conception the aid of vision. Now, with this test before us, can it be said that the singing of the choruses from "Masaniello" did any of these things for the lecture on Italian life and scenery? The exploits of the Neapolitan hero were indeed mentioned, but how could the audience associate with any of them the words of the opening chorus, "Away, away, the morning's freshly breaking." It is a spirited chorus, but for all purposes of illustration, could just as well have been applied to an early morning adventure in Germany, England or America as in Italy. The same may be said of the solo and chorus, "Behold how brightly breaks the morning." There is nothing distinctive or marked in the mere singing of either of them, that would naturally suggest either Italy in general, or Masaniello in particular, unless by costume, action and the mimic scene we should see the patriot and his confederates urging each other to the deadly strife. As to the music of the duet, "Come over the moonlit sea," it is very beautiful in itself, but Auber never used it in any such connection. The melody is worked into the overture of the opera, but is not adapted to any part of the libretto, so that the simulated Masaniello never sings this music at all. We repeat then that the choruses and duet, introduced under the circumstances there, were, could in no proper sense be termed illustrations of the lecture.

But in his closing remarks Mr. F. used a word which much better applies to the effect of the music than the one to which we took exception. He said that it might be called an embellishment. To the use of this word in such a connection we have no disposition to cavil. It very nearly expresses what was accomplished. Still we should think the word variation would more nearly hit the mark.

It will be remembered that it was not against the music which we spoke, but merely against the thing claimed for it. As we before said, it would be no objection, but a real gratification to us to have some of our lecture evenings partly or wholly devoted to some such performances.

For Mr. F. personally we have none but the kindest feelings, as we regard him as a gentleman of good attainments and genial disposition, and as having many of the qualifications necessary for a successful lecturer. We trust he will take our criticisms in good part as it is our aim to treat all who appear before our Lyceum with candor, and while we hope to "Nothing extenuate," neither shall we "set down aught in malice."

We are happy to say that the last lecture was in many respects superior to the first, and bating that disposition to stretch it so far beyond the allotted time, was on the whole successful. *Adieu.*

CONCERT.—A branch of the Hutchinson family, consisting of Ann, Lizzie C., and Freddy, will give a concert at Lyceum Hall on Monday evening next.

From the distinguished favor shown the Hutchinson family in times past by the citizens of this town, the present delegation will be authorized to expect a hearty welcome from our citizens. Their style of music, and the list of songs from which they make their selections, never become wearisome; they are pure and simple, and touch the heart more nearly than the elaborate works of great masters sung by artists of the Italian school. The music of the Hutchinsons is home music, and while it can be appreciated by children and youth, it is equally acceptable to men and women, even those whose musical taste has been most highly cultivated.

The Hutchinsons are in every sense popular performers, and we hope the people will encourage them in their well-directed efforts to please, by filling Lyceum Hall, on Monday night; it will be a good beginning for Thanksgiving week.

HIGH SCHOOL.—The examination of the pupils of this institution—always an event of importance to many of our citizens—occurred yesterday, and was, as usual, well attended. The pupils, by their ready replies to difficult questions in the several branches they had been studying, showed that they had made fair advancement in acquiring an education, and that Mr. Stone had labored diligently, faithfully and patiently in imparting knowledge to their youthful minds.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL EXAMINATION.—The examination of the Centre Grammar School took place on Thursday, before a large number of visitors. We regret that we were prevented, by illness, from being one of the number. We learn, however, that the examination passed off very creditably.

ACCIDENT.—On Saturday morning last Mr. Walter Wyman was thrown from his wagon by the breaking of the transom bolt, by which one of the small bones of his right ankle was broken, and the ankle joint partially dislocated. We are pleased to learn that he is fast recovering, and will soon be able to use both feet as well as ever.

Political.

The smoke and dust of the fall elections have passed away, and the air is clear again for a time; the present lull, however, will prove only a "weather breeder;" we shall hear the mutterings of a storm when Congress assembles which will gradually increase in power until the tempest of a Presidential election sweeps over the land.

In New York the contest was somewhat interesting. The issue was not so much upon the election of certain State officers as upon that of sustaining the Senatorial action of William H. Seward; and many rivals of Seward for the Republican nomination for the Presidency, undoubtedly looked forward hopefully to his defeat. Alas for the hopes of man. Of the State Senators chosen, who hold over until 1861, and who are to vote for United States Senator, 24 out of 32 are Seward men—a clear gain of five members.

The opposition to Seward was placed upon the ground that his theory of an "irrepressible conflict" between slaves and freemen tended toward confusion and civil war, and was the immediate cause of the outbreak at Harper's Ferry. Whether it is good, bad, or indifferent, this theory is not original with Mr. Seward. Ever since the two systems of labor have existed, it has been said they could not live together in peace, but that a day will come when one will conquer and "kill out" the other.

In our own State the vote cast was 10,000 less than last year,—the Democratic and Republican vote falling off in about equal proportion. The ill success of Gen. Butler is partly to be attributed to the fact, that in his public speeches he assumed too low a tone. Instead of urging and advocating his principles by argument, as he well knows how to do, he confined himself almost exclusively to attacks upon his opponents, and to such allusions and insinuations as only serve "to split the ears of the groundlings," while they make the judicious grieve.

The fact that 14,000 votes were cast for Geo. N. Briggs for Governor, would indicate that some of the legislation of last winter has created wide dissatisfaction, and it is unquestionably a fact, that the new school law has given the alarm to a large party of our citizens who will labor earnestly for its repeal, and a return to the old District System. It is to be hoped that no farther action will be taken in the matter until both sides have been fully argued and candidly considered.

POLITICAL.—Gov. McWillie of Mississippi has sent his annual message to the legislature, and he suggests, in the event of the election to the Presidency of a Black Republican, that a convention of southern States throw open all southern ports free to the commerce of the world, and to impose a duty of 25 per cent upon the importation of northern manufactures. If these things are done, says the Governor, the commerce and manufactures of Massachusetts would stop, and grass would grow in the streets of Boston. If it were not for the paving stones we might have to get a good crop of the "said grass." For the "said grass" this time he is in a perfect condition for "laying down."

After the above moderate suggestions, the Governor expresses his desire to "keep step to the music of the Union;" he recommends the arming of the militia of the State, especially the volunteer companies.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—A meeting of persons favorable to the formation of a Division in this town, was held in Lower Lyceum Hall, on Saturday evening last.

It was voted to apply for a charter, and the following persons were nominated to the several offices: Wm. M. Miller, W. P.; S. F. Wyman, W. A.; R. M. Bennett, R. S.; G. F. Polard, A. R. S.; B. B. Brown, F. S.; C. A. Smith, T.; C. B. Richardson, C.; G. S. Butters, A. C.; J. J. Knox, I. S.; Wm. Hoskins, O. S.

They expect to receive the charter this evening, when the organization of the Division will take place.

On Friday, George A. Nutter, under the pretence of asking the price of watches, entered the store of Mr. Dodge and helped himself to a timekeeper of the value of \$9, and left. He was arrested on suspicion and searched by Deputy Sheriff Porter, who found the watch in his boot. Judge Converse sentenced him to pay a fine of \$8 and costs; in default of payment he was committed to the House of Correction.

SMALL POX.—We understand that the son of Mr. T. W. Page, residing on Oakley Court, is sick with the Small Pox. We wonder that any parent will be so "penny wise and pound foolish," as to neglect vaccination. No person in this day of travel and intimate connection with the city—is safe without the shielding influence of vaccination. We trust our board of health will adopt efficient means to prevent the spread of this loathsome and terrible malady.

Col. William Schouler, Associate Editor of the Boston Atlas, is one of the most prominent candidates for the office of Clerk of the next House of Representatives. We wish he may get it; he is an old type, a veteran editor, and a good fellow.

Senator Stephen A. Douglas continues in very ill health. He was unable to finish his reply to Judge Black's rejoinder, and has allowed it to be published in pamphlet, in its incomplete condition.

We would call attention to the notice of the Committee of the Lyceum Hall Association, regarding the nuisance of unnecessary and rowdyish noises in the Hall during public meetings. We hope no further effort will be called for to abate the evil.

On Thursday T. F. Page of Winchester, was before Justice P. L. Converse on an indictment for an assault on William Shattuck.

He was found guilty of simple assault, and fined \$3 and cost. B. B. Stanton for the defendant.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—The Lowell Voz Populi reports the death, on Tuesday last, of James Glynn, of this town, who was injured by an accident on Boston & Nashua Railroad last week.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—Hodge's Journal of Finance, and Bank Note Reporter, beside the usual matter found in an ordinary Conterfeit Detector, contains much valuable information on the subject of Banks and Banking, with financial reports, Stock tables, and general information of great value to capitalists and business men.

"American Banner and Workmen's Leader," is the heading of a newspaper just laid upon our table; its outside appearance speaks very strongly in its favor, and when we go below the surface we are not disappointed. The Leader is designed to be the organ of the workmen, and the editor, Theophilus Fiske, Esq., is abundantly qualified to discuss the rights and obligations of the class whose cause he has espoused, as well as to advocate their interests and improve their condition. The paper is to combine all the attractions of a family paper, with its special purpose.

The Harper's Ferry excitement continues unabated. Rumors of an insurrection are prevalent throughout Maryland and Virginia, and the militia are kept constantly under arms. Many northern men, mostly pedlars, have been arrested on suspicion, and others have been warned to leave for home without the ceremony of final leave taking.

THANKSGIVING.—The City Government of Washington have arrived at the conclusion that they have nothing to be thankful for this year, and have refused to set apart a day for Thanksgiving and prayer.

THANKSGIVING SERMON.—The Rev. Daniel March will preach the annual sermon on Thanksgiving Day, in the Congregational church, on which occasion the Baptist society will unite with the Congregational, as customary.

WORKINGMEN'S UNION.—An interesting meeting of this association was held in the Town Hall on Monday evening. It is proposed to hold weekly meetings of Union throughout the winter.

THEFT.—During the night of Sunday last Norton's stable was entered and 2000 cigars stolen from a pedlar's wagon. No clue to the cigars or the thief has yet been had.

JACOB WEBSTER ENGINE CO. give their first ball for this season, in Webster Hall, on Friday evening, Nov. 25.

Hon. Moses Kimball is the leading candidate of the Republicans of Boston for Mayor.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The members and lady visitors of Rising Star Division, No. 52, Sons of Temperance, with their friends united in a social meeting on Tuesday evening, Nov. 15th, in Lyceum Hall.

W. P. Salem Wilder presided and opened the meeting with some remarks upon the Order and the good which it was accomplishing. He was followed by brothers S. C. Knight and W. B. Hastings of Cambridge, Pearce of Medford, and Cloon of Stoneham, interspersed with singing by a select choir under the direction of brother J. C. Johnson.

The third number of the "Evening Star," a paper made up from pieces contributed by the members was read by the Editor, after which the Editor was called out and presented by brother Horace Holt, with a pair of scissors and a pen. Brother Holt spoke as follows:

BROTHER WILDER.—A few of you very numerous friends in our division have delegated me to beg your acceptance of these useful implements to your profession. And esteemed sir, I accept the office with the more pleasure as I can bear personal witness to your fidelity to the cause of temperance, and the interests and prosperity of our noble order, and the very praiseworthy manner in which you have discharged your duties of editor of the Evening Star. Our brother who a few evenings since presented you, in behalf of the division, an editorial chair, dwelt so eloquently and ably upon the importance and responsibilities of the position you occupy with so much honor to yourself and to your contributors, that it would be worse than folly for me to add a sentence in that direction; but the pen and scissors I deem them I may be allowed to speak a few words.

The scissors—the great mass of general readers little imagine how much they are indebted to them for that spicy variety which makes their newspaper so interesting; they little think that each separate item is the offspring of a different mind, and that the scissors perform their very useful service in the hands of a discriminating editor to cull from his exchanges and set before his readers a well spiced and palatable dish. Without them the most brilliant would present but a sorry sheet to the general reader. One hundred fifty years ago the editor of the Boston Weekly News Letter might well have said that he had no occasion for their use, but today when 225,000 newspapers have been thrown from the presses in Boston alone, no editor can safely discard them. For floating on this ocean of matter are gems of wit and wisdom, fact and fancy, not the offspring of one but of a thousand minds. Use them, then, sir, select those pearls of thought which have emanated from other minds, giving them a place in the Evening Star where they shall nourish, invigorate and refresh our own.

The Pen—and here I am at a loss, what shall I say of that which has been eulogized by the great in all ages; the poet has sung its praises, the scholar lauded its virtues, the statesman its power, and the whole enlightened world has acknowledged it the great central lever of civilization since the time when Moses, as commanded by Jehovah, wrote the events which occurred to the Israelites in their journey from Egypt to Canaan with his rude pen of reed, to the present day when Gillett daily turns out 50,000 beautifully finished articles like this!—Feeling confident sir, that this pen in your hands will indite nothing unworthy of the head, eye, heart which prompts it, I beg you to accept it, assuring you that you have the entire confidence of your brothers and friends here assembled, their best and kindest wishes for you and yours, and finally our fervent hope that we may all meet you in that better land from which the monster we are now waging war upon with his long train of miseries shall be excluded forever.

The editor responded as follows:

Generous patrons and friends, your kindness overwhelms me. Hardly have I recovered from the shock to my nervous system, occasioned by the reception of that chair (which took place the week previous) ere I am called upon to submit to another infliction. Embarrassed in that chair, upon its comfortable seat, with my back straightened against its back, I have been endeavoring to fulfill my editorial duties in union with the

antique and upright proportions which it presents. I am now brought before this large assembly, I, a man of few words, to receive at your hands these necessary appendages to my office. It has been often remarked that some persons are born to greatness, some acquire greatness, others have greatness thrust upon them. I claim to belong to the latter class. Words are inadequate to express to you, worthy brother, and through you to my generous patrons, the obligation I am under for your thoughtful care of my wants, and your sympathy under the weight of responsibility resting upon me.

The scissors and the pen—two important instruments of the editorial profession. I do not know why you have selected scissors of such large and ample dimensions as these, unless you expect that my clippings will be of such a heavy and substantial character as to require them. I very much fear that with these instruments in my hands I shall be mistaken for a tailor, and be supposed to be going to cabbage. Well, I presume they will be used to cabbage, as it is the privilege of an Editor to cabbage from the world of literature and news, those items of wisdom and intelligence that will instruct or amuse, improve or interest his patrons. But, unlike the tailor whose duty it is to cabbage whatever surplus he can from the cloth or material which he makes up, to benefit himself or his family. The editorial profession cabbage only what is necessary to make up their paper, the tailor cabbages so much as he can to make up, I cannot say what. I mean no disrespect to that important branch of labor in the community, when I assert a truth that is generally admitted and practiced upon by them. The cases seemed so analogous that I could not fail to allude to it.

This pen so lofty in its character, so majestic in its proportions intended I suppose to present you with those great truths and lofty ideas to which only one like this can be expected to reach. The pen, it is said, is mightier than the sword; in this case it may with some truth be said that this pen is equal to the sword, for to some gallant champion it would be of great service in a fair field and open fight. It was probably selected on the score of economy, for it is evident that a long time will be requisite to wear it out. Lay not the burden upon my hands till it reaches its culminating point, for I fear that my ideas would wear out faster than the pen, and leave only a remnant of not much value. I trust that this colossal pen when in use, will over point in the right direction—that is, over the right shoulder; and as it shall be seen towering high in air like some mountain summit in all its grandeur, may look upon it with wonder and astonishment and ask whence came this great thing.

Worthy brother, and through you my brothers, sisters and friends around me, I accept these manifestations of your friendship and your generosity, in the same spirit in which they are presented. Seated in that antique and upright chair, with these formidable instruments by my side, I shall endeavor to use them well and skillfully, trusting that my back bone may be kept straight, my hand have strength to use these scissors aright, and wield this pen to record your thoughts and feelings.

Thanking you, brother, for the flattering manner in which you have spoken of my services here, I trust that I may long continue to labor with my brethren to promote the glorious cause of temperance.

After the presentation, a song entitled the "Evening Star" was sung in a beautiful manner by Miss Alden. A repetition was called for and granted. The Raven, a poem, was then recited, in an excellent manner, by brother Holt. Although several other pieces were to be recited, and several other addresses to be made, yet as the hour was so late, it was thought best not to prolong the exercises. A large portion of the audience remained, however, for a while, and united in fraternal intercourse and social fellowship. The presentation was a laudable affair, and the whole proceedings were of an interesting and profitable character, reflecting great credit upon the Committee of Arrangements, who planned and successfully carried them out.

EXCERPTS.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

An Irishman who undertook to hang himself, was very much incensed at the interference of a Yankee who cut him down, saying, "I thought this was a free country, and you had a right to do what he pleased; but you won't even let a man hang himself." There are many of the same class of persons nowadays who esteem it the greatest privilege to fight, and "Ye gods! how they do fight." Scarcely a week passes over without the occurrence of broils to disturb our otherwise quiet village. They generally occur on the Sabbath, for the obvious reason that the parties have the leisure to attend to it better, and live higher than on other days, which makes them feel spirited and ambitious to excel in deeds of valor. But this sort of diversion is not confined to the Sabbath.

Last Saturday evening Malachi Kenny was sorrowfully beaten by a man by the name of Doyle, both of whom came up in the last train from Boston, whither they had been to procure "groceries" for the Sabbath. Doyle being considerably bewildered induced Kenny to go out of his way to show him the house of a friend on Back Street; but before parting he must needs exercise the privilege of giving his guide a terrible thumping. Kenny was knocked down and beaten until he was unable to see, and in that condition, blind and confused, he spent the chilly night. Our informant, who first discovered him on Sabbath morning, says that he was the most mangled person he ever saw, his face bearing resemblance to a piece of meat. On the same day, Doyle was arrested, and on Monday tried before Justice Upton, and sentenced to three months in the House of Correction, from which he appealed. We understand that he admits the whole transaction is quite probable, but as he knows nothing about it, he should not be punished for it.

It will be seen by an advertisement in another column that the new grist mill in Lynnfield, recently fitted up by B. Mansfield of this town, is now in full tide of operation. Traces of Indian Summer have been found all through November thus far. The weather for the most part is truly delightful, and a

continuation of the kind would find a welcome for some time to come.

Moses Murray of Milton, who recently shot Benjamin Lindsey in Lynnfield, has been sentenced to the State Prison for five years.

The tea-party at Greenwood on Wednesday evening was a pleasant affair.

The probable loss of the "North Star" creates painful sensations to numbers in this town who had friends on board.

[The "North Star" is safe.—Ed.]

HOW TO TEACH CHILDREN READING.—Many parents in theory inculcate the principles of the golden rule, to do as they would be done by, but in practice they teach what has been termed the "silver rule," to do as they are done by. Instead of forgiveness, an opposite doctrine is taught, though very inconsiderately. The experience of every day abounds in instances. Take one. While riding in the cars a short time since we observed a lady in an opposite seat with a child in her arms, who in its playfulness hurt its head against the window. Of course it received all the pity and sympathy of a kind mother, but still was restless; so the mother consoled it by saying, "There now, whip the naughty window for hurting you so." The window was accordingly whipped, and the little one perfectly satisfied, though it had received as much injury upon the hand in inflicting the blows, as previously upon the head by the bump. The child has now learned a principle not easily forgotten, which is, "When you receive an injury from any person or thing, inflict an injury in return, whether it be upon things animate or inanimate." And the rule will surely be applied in subsequent life, while the parents wonder why the lessons on forgiveness imparted at home and in the Sabbath School have no more controlling influence upon the conduct of their offspring.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.
The Central Park puts on its glories as it puts off its leaves; in this late summer it blossoms of a sunny afternoon with the beauty of up-town, which, equipped or pedestrian way, seeks ventilation in this newly opened pleasure ground, somewhat to the neglect of Broadway. Up-town, far up town, the vicinity of the Central Park, is growing more desirable as a place of residence in the eyes of our citizens. To be sure, it is a great distance to travel from the centre of business, but no man who loves quiet and has children to be reasonably well will think certain advantages dearly purchased by half an hour's extra passage up morning and evening. It is very desirable that the new portions of the city should be built up like Clinton Avenue in Brooklyn, and Genes

DR. M'LANE'S

CELEBRATED
VERMIFUGE
AND
LIVER PILLS.

WE beg leave to call the attention of the Trade, and more especially the Physicians of the country, to two of the most popular remedies now before the public. We refer to
Dr. Chas. A'Lane's Celebrated
Vermifuge and Liver Pills.
We do not recommend them as universal Cure-alls, but simply for what their name purports, viz. :

For expelling Worms from the human system. It has also been

human system. It has also been administered with the most satisfactory results to various Animals subject to Worms.

THE LIVER PILLS,
For the cure of LIVER COMPLAINTS,
all BILIOUS DERANGEMENTS, SICK
HEAD-ACHE, &c. IN CASES OF

FEVER AND AGUE,
preparatory to or after taking Quinine, they almost invariably make a speedy and permanent cure.

As specifics for the above mentioned diseases, they are Unrivalled and never known to fail when administered in accordance with the directions.

Their unprecedented popularity has induced the proprietors,

FLEMING BROTHERS,

preparatory to or after taking Quinine, they almost invariably make

As specifics for the above mentioned diseases, they are Unrivaled and never known to fail when administered in accordance with the directions.

Their unprecedented popularity has induced the proprietors,
FLEMING BROTHERS,

in which they have been successfully engaged for the last Twenty

years, and they will now give their undivided time and attention to their manufacture. And being determined that Dr. McLANE's Celestated Vermifuge and Liver Pill shall continue to occupy the high position they now hold among the great remedies of the day, they will continue to spare neither time nor expense in procuring the Best and Purest material, and compound them in the most thorough manner. Address all orders to

FLEENING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa.

P.S. Dealers and Physicians ordering from elsewhere than Fleming Bros., will do well to write their orders to Dr. McLANE, 1010 Broadway, New York, N.Y., and to Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa., for those wishing to give part of the United States, one box of Pills for twenty cents.

fourteen three-cent stamps. All orders from Canada must be accompanied by twenty cents extra.

Sold in Woburn by Benjamin W. Conant
Elbridge Trull, also by dealers in Medicines
Everywhere.

PERIODICAL AGENCY

AT THE OLD STAND

Woburn Book Store.

THE following **MAGAZINES, NEWSPAPERS, &c.**, are regularly received as soon as published, at the **WOBURN BOOK STORE, Main Street**—

Harper's Magazine,	New York Ledger,
Blackwood's " "	" Herald,
Hallou's " "	" Weekly,

Peterson's	"	"	Tribune,
Arthur's	"	"	Clipper,
Godey's Lady's Book,		Police Gazette,	

Happy Home and Parlor Magazine,
Franklin's Magazine and Gazette of
Fashion,
Forrester's Playscale,
Cosmopol. Art Journal,
Household Words,
American Monthly,
Atlantic
Hall's Jour. of Health,
Gleason's Weekly Line
of Battle Ship,
Harper's Weekly,
Ballou's Pictorial,
Weekly Novelties,
Blair's Sun-Lit,
Boston Daily Herald,
Daily & Weekly Traveller
" " Journal,
" Bee,
Weekly Post,
[Boston Medical Journal
New England Farmer,
Scientific American,
" of Light,
Spiritual Telegraph,
New England Specialist
Boston Pilot,
Irish American,
Irish News,
New York Tablet,
"ittian,
Penny Post, Detective

American Union,
 True Flag,
 Yankee Privateer.

Olive Branch, Almanacs of all kinds
 Waverly Magazine,
 ✂ Subscriptions received for any Magazine,
 Newspaper, or periodical published in the United
 States, at publishers' prices. Books not on hand
 promptly supplied.
 GET YOUR PERIODICALS BOUND.
 Magazines and Periodicals of all kinds bound in
 the best style, and old books rebound at short no-
 tice. Apply at the
 Webber Book Store, Main Street.

WOODRUFF BOOK STORE, MAIN STREET.

HARRISON'S COLUMBIAN HAIR DYE
SIZE ENLARGED, STYLE IMPROVED.

It gives a perfectly natural color.
It has double the quantity and strength of any other.
Its use is easy and rapid.
It covers every shade, from light brown to jet black.
It is perfectly safe, and does not injure the hair.
Its effect is instantaneous and permanent.
It is the best, quickest, cheapest, and safest dye ever used.

Directions for use accompanying each box.
Price—1 oz. \$1.—2 oz. \$1.50.—4 oz. \$3.—8 oz. \$5.
Returned to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by the
W. H. Harrison, of the District Office of the Dis-
trict Court of the United States for the
Eastern District of Pennsylvania.
Manufacturer, APOLLOS W. HARRISON, No.
South 10th Street, Philadelphia.

PIPPY, and Wm. Woodberry, Woburn; E. E. Thompson, North Woburn; A. Rowe & Co., Stoneham; Horatio N. Cate, Reading; W. H. Tifflington

West Cambridge; Peters & Moore, Waltham; Geo. W. Cutting & Co., Weston; A. R. Johnson, Framingham; Daniel Jones, Acton. Oct. 30, '58

proved so effective in removing all kinds of Cough
and Colds as SWEETSER'S COMPOUND ICE
LAND MOSS CANDY. To this thousands wit-
ness. Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis.

asthma, ticklings in the throat, and all affections of the Pulmonary Organs are cured or relieved by its use. If your children have the WHOOPING COUGH let them eat freely of the ICELAND MOS CANDY, and it will afford great relief, rendering the attack less severe, and tend to a speedy cure. * For sale at the WOBURN BOOK STORE.

JOHN J. PIPPY.

BLANK BOOKS and STATIONERY of all kinds, at the lowest cash prices. A large assortment always on hand at the WOBURN BOOK

STORE, Account, Time, Note, Receipt, Shoe-bill
Tax, Check, and all descriptions of blank books
made to order at short notice.

JOHN J. PIPPY.

Carpentings

YOU can buy superior quality INGRAIN
CARPETING, all Wool, for only 50 cents per
yard, at **WM. WOODBERRY'S,**
Woburn, Oct. 9, 1858.

Woburn Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. IX: No. 8.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1859.

(SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.)

Business Cards.

BENJAMIN W. CONANT,
Would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity, that every article used by him in Pharmacy shall be of the first quality.

Drugs, Medicines, &c.,
at his store Nos. 5 & 6 WADSWORTH'S BLOCK, where also may be found a full assortment of articles usually kept in a first class drug store. He pledges to the public, and Physicians in particular, that every article used by him in Pharmacy shall be of the first quality.

T. RICKARD, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Residence on BENNETT STREET, third house from Pleasant street on the right. dec. 4

A. E. THOMPSON,
DEALER IN AMERICAN & FOREIGN
DRY GOODS,
West India Goods, Flour and Grain, Crockery and Hardware, Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.
No. 3 Wadsworth's Block.
Woburn, April 1858.

E. BURBANK,
MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF KID
Also Black & Colored Morocco.
STORE—31 Shoe & Leather St., (up stairs) Boston
Manufacture at East Woburn. Nov. 6.—yif

CONVERSE & CO.,
WOBURN & BOSTON R. R. EXPRESS.
OFFICES—5 Congress Square, Boston; Railroad Depot, Woburn.
Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed. Particular attention given to collecting and paying notes, drafts, bills, &c. (April 1, yif)

FRANK B. DODGE,
WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELER,
ALSO, DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Musical Instruments, Fancy Goods, &c.
MILBURN'S FOR SALE AND TO LET.
(Weston's Old Stand, Main Street, Woburn.)
May 1, 1858.—yif

ALVAH BUCKMAN,
Dealer in BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,
MAIN STREET, (opposite the Common).
1858.—yif. Woburn.

DR. C. T. LANG,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Cor. of Main & Walnut Sts.,
WOBURN CENTRE, MASS.

E. D. HAYDEN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
No. 4 Wadsworth's Block, Woburn, Mass.
Feb. 13, yif

WILLIAM WINN,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Business, Real Estate, and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.
Orders left with Mr. PERRY, at the Journal office, will receive prompt attention.

HARRIS JOHNSON,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Woburn, Mass.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to promptly on reasonable terms. yif

H. HARRIMAN,
HARNESSE AND COLLAR MAKER,
Corner of Oakley Court and Main St., (opposite Central House) Woburn Mass.
Harnesses of every description made from the best stock, and by experienced workmen, at low prices. Repairing neatly done. yif

Perry, Bell & Co.,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
HARD, SOFT & FANCY SOAPS.
Soap made expressly for Curriers' use.
Thanking the public for the liberal amount of patronage heretofore received, we would solicit a continuance of the same, guaranteeing to give a superior article.
All orders promptly attended to.
NORTH WOBURN, MASS.
August 27.—yif

EDWARD BUTLER,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.
BANK BLOCK, WOBURN.
Nov. 7, 1857.—yif

BOSTON & LOWELL RAILROAD
WINTER ARRANGEMENT
ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Nov. 7th, 1859, trains will leave BOSTON, for:
Upper Railroads, 7:30 A.M. 5 P.M.
Wilton, Milford, Danforth's Corner, So. Merrimack, Nashua, Tyngsboro', No. Chelmsford, at 7:30 a.m., 12:30, 5 p.m.
Groton Junction, 8 a.m., 3:30 p.m.
Lowell, North Billerica, Billerica & Tewksbury, 7:30, 10 a.m., 12:30, 3:30, 5 p.m.
S. Woburn, N. Woburn, 10 a.m., 3:30, 5 p.m.
Woburn W. S., and E. Woburn, 7:30, 10 a.m., 12:30, 3:30, 5 p.m.
Woburn Centre, 7:40, 11:30 a.m., 3, 5:15, 6:30, 9:30, p.m.
Winchester and West Medford, 7:40, 10, 11:30 a.m., 12:30, 3:30, 5:15, 6:30, 9:30 p.m.
*Wednesdays at 11:30 and Saturdays at 10 p.m. Mondays at 11:30 p.m., for Lowell, Nashua and West Stations.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE
Wilton at 7, 10:15, 9:30 a.m., 12 m., 2:50, 5:55, p.m.
Milford, 7:45, 10:30 a.m., 4:25 p.m.
Danforth's Corner, 8:10, 10:30 a.m., 4:35 p.m.
So. Merrimack, 8, 10:40 a.m., 4:40 p.m.
Nashua at 8:30, 11, a.m., 5 p.m.
Groton Junction, 8 a.m., 12:45 p.m.
Lowell at 7:30, 9, 11:35 a.m., 2:50, 5:30, p.m.
North Billerica 7:40, 9:14, 11:45 a.m., 2:40, 5:40, p.m.
Billerica & Tewksbury at 7:42, 9:20, 12:10 a.m., 2:45, 5:47 p.m.
Winchester at 7:55, 9:30 a.m., 12 m., 2:50, 5:55, p.m.
South Woburn at 8:10 a.m., 2:55 p.m.
North Woburn at 8:25, a.m., 2:50 p.m.
Woburn Watering Station at 8:10, 9:40 a.m., 12:15, 3, 6:30, p.m.
East Woburn at 8:15, 9:45 a.m., 12:17, 3:02, 6:09, p.m.
Woburn Centre at 8:15, 7:30, 9, a.m., 1:15, 5:15, 7:15 p.m.
Winchester at 8:20, 7:35, 8:15, 9:05, 9:45, a.m., 12:30, 1:30, 2:10, 5:30, 6:15, 7:30, p.m.
West Medford at 8:20, 7:45, 8:25, 9:15, 9:57 a.m., 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, p.m.
*Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
J. B. WINSLOW,
Superintendent B. & L. and N. & L. R. R.
Nov. 3, 1859.

Poetry.

Jimmy's Wooing.

The wind came blowing out of the west,
And Jimmy moved the hay.
The wind came blowing out of the west—
I stirred the green leaves out of their rest.
And rocked the blue bird upon his nest,
As Jimmy moved the hay.

The swallows skimmed along the ground,
And Jimmy moved the hay.
The swallows skimmed along the ground,
And Jimmy moved the hay.
Like children babbling all around—
As Jimmy moved the hay.

Milly came with her bucket by,
And Jimmy moved the hay.
Milly came with her bucket by,
With her light foot so trim and sly—
And sunburnt cheeks and laughing eye—
And Jimmy moved the hay.

A rustic Ruth in linsey gown—
And Jimmy moved the hay—
A rustic Ruth in linsey gown—
He watched her soft cheeks changing brown,
And the long dark hair that tumbled down,
Whenever he looked that way.

Oh! Milly's heart was as good as gold;
Oh! Milly's heart was as good as gold;
But Jimmy thought her shy and cold—
And more he thought than ere he told—
As Jimmy moved the hay.

The rain came pattering down again—
And Jimmy moved the hay—
The rain came pattering down again,
And under the thatch of the laden train,
Jimmy and Milly, a cunning twain,
Sat sheltered by the hay.

The merry rain drops hurried in,
Under the thatch of hay;
The merry rain drops hurried in,
And laughed and pattered in a din,
Over that which they saw within,
Under the thatch of hay.

For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Under the thatch of hay.
For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Like a wild bird fluttering to its nest,
And then I'll swear she looked her best,
Under the thatch of hay.

And when the sun came laughing out,
Over the ruined hay—
And when the sun came laughing out,
Milly had ceased to pet and pout,
And twittering birds began to shout,
As for a wedding day.

HOW I CAME TO BE AN OLD MAID.

BY ALICE CARY.

"Why don't you get married?" my friends used often to say to me; latterly, since the white hairs begin to shine through the brown along my temples, and a long-age struggle has worked itself into lines along my forehead, they generally say: "Why didn't you get married?"

I have taxed my imagination sadly to make answer to these inquiries, and one time and another have told a great many stories, for which, by the way, I have never had a melancholy conscience for an hour. These fabrications have been harmless, and have not only served to amuse my listeners, but also to fill up and smooth off various little sections of time that would otherwise have been laid in the great wall of the past, jagged and uncomfortably enough.

I wish I had no worse sins to answer for. A few nights ago I offered the unpolished apology—it might have been true, every word of it; my listener, Mrs. Robinson, believed it; I am sure she did, for twice I heard her sigh, and once I thought I saw her wipe her eyes, albeit she is not given to the melting mood. We have come to be very good friends, though we are not on the same plane, and in all human probability never shall be. She is married, fat, comfortable, and respectable. I, of course, am none of these things; being an old maid, how could I be?

When I first began to afford a carriage once or twice a year, and make out a list of people who must be called on, her name was set down among the rest. She was the friend of my father, and she never kept my carriage (at a dollar an hour) waiting long at the door, but came down at once in a dress of black silk, trimmed with flounces, usually, a coiffure of lace and flowers, wearing ear-rings, as big as the half-moon, and a watch with a great many "charms," and other showy appendages.

It was her pleasant custom to hope I was well, to beg I would take the easy chair, and to inquire what was new in literature. She knew I was the New York correspondent of a Western newspaper, and the last question was simply complimentary—put on the ground of disinterested benevolence, purely, and having descended herself of this polite obligation to me, she glided naturally into her own affairs, and the remainder of my limited time with her (I was always limited on these occasions) was filled up with talk of the baby who was teething, the oldest girl who was taking French and music lessons, and of the exceeding difficulty of finding a cook who would not quarrel with the chambermaid.

Then she would hope she should see more of me in future, say something about the day, to get me out on, how, and smile, and that was the last of Mrs. Robinson for some months, when she would return my call, ask me what was new in literature, and so repeat her familiar staple of conversation.

At length she came into our block, and asked me to her house once or twice "very sociably"—in short, when one of the children had a birthday party, and she invited her sister Nancy from the country, uncle John, from Indiana, who happened to be in town "buying goods," and one or two plainish neighbors. Gradually it came about that she borrowed our silver teaspoons and candlesticks on festive occasions, with, perhaps, a little extra china and a dozen or two of forks; also, now and then, in some exigency of housekeeping, our bed-key and hammer,

So Mrs. Robinson and I are excellent friends, for, after all, these trifles are the stuff that friendship is made of.

But to my apology. It was that visionary slip of time between sunset and night; there was a circle of shining warmth about the hearth, within which I had drawn my chair, and with my baby nephew on my knee was going,

"Trot, trot to Boston,
To buy a little cake!"

when our remarkable journey was interrupted by Mrs. Robinson, who, with a great coil of white net about her head, red-faced, and out of breath, had just run in for a few moments.

When she had arranged the blower so as to send the heat up chimney, and exclaimed, between the heavings of her stifled bosom, that my room was a great deal too warm, she kissed the dimpled hands and red mouth of my little pet, and asked, with a direct earnestness that appealed to my sincerity:

"Why didn't you ever get married? Just think what a delight it would be if such a beautiful child as this was yours!"

"Yes," I said, "if its father was mine, too."

"What?" and Mrs. Robinson stared at me terribly.

She had not received my meaning, and I explained that love should go before children; that they were not a primary need of nature, as love was, but an outgrowth from it.

She shook her head dubiously, and answered: "Well, that isn't telling me why you never got married!"

"I was only throwing words away," I saw, to talk to Mrs. Robinson of love and marriage as I understood them, for an "eligible match" is not marriage in my creed; so I sloped the wing of my philosophy down to "easy things to understand," and said:

"You know, Mrs. Robinson, I was 'younger once than I am now'; well, it happened that I invested all my affection at one hazard—I lost; in the wide world I had nothing anywhere to fall back upon, and here I am, all my friends my creditors to a great amount; I never shall pay them in this world, for the worst of my venture is, that I am since poor in love for everything. One true affection is a nucleus about which thousands may gather and be kept fast, but lacking that, other friendships are feeble and desultory. You must not blame me too much, I have done the best I could; the tree that is dead at the heart will never blossom well, nor bear perfect fruit."

Mrs. Robinson looked puzzled and curious. She wanted to know all about it, she said; where the wicked man was, and whether I had not got over the disappointment, and if I did not think such villains deserved to be hanged. She hoped, at least, he was poor, and had a wife as cross and homely as she could be.

"On the contrary," said I, "she is rich and pretty, or was when he married her; they thrive, and, as the world goes, are people to be envied."

"Won't you have this chair?" said Mrs. Robinson, rising from the rocker, and speaking in soft, pitiful tones, as one does to a mourner.

"Ah, it was a long time ago," I replied, "and I rocked myself into quietude years since."

After a little contemplative silence, Mrs. Robinson remarked that she "supposed we quarreled, as all lovers did, and that one or the other of us was too proud to make up."

"No," said I, "we never quarreled at all; there is nothing in all our acquaintance, except one little incident, that is not beautiful and sweet to remember."

"Then how could it have happened?" exclaimed my friend.

"He was the village pastor; I one of his flock—a young rustic girl, undeveloped, imperfectly understanding myself, and altogether incapable of making myself understood by anybody, much less by one so much my superior in culture and worldly wisdom as he was."

"Did you ever see a sharp thunder-storm in the country? We never feel the fearful impressiveness of a storm in the city, but in the country it is as if God spoke to us directly from the clouds. I remember one very distinctly, for it blackly underlies my acquaintance with our village pastor."

"It was harvest-time; the day so sultry and close that not a leaf stirred on the cherry-tree at the door; the earth was baked and cracked; the corn-blades shivered; the rosebushes heavy with dust, and the grass in the high ground of the pasture-fields white and brittle as stubble. For two nights there had fallen no dew, and everybody was crying out for rain. A dozen times that day little Cyrus Bates, the sturdy boy of our oldest workman, had been to the well for water. Every time, I noticed, he poised the bucket on the curb and drank from it with manly pride, as the older hands did; then he filled the yellow-hooped cedar pail which he carried to the field, full to the brim, and bore it along with a steady hand, his bare, and bristled feet crushing the stubble beneath them defiantly. It was nearly night the last time he came for water, and as he went up the hill toward the level where all hands were busy, some cocking the hay, others raking it into windrows and loading it into the expanded waggon, I noticed that a sudden gust took off his straw hat, and having whirled it up into the air, carried it half across the field. We hardly lifted our heads to see 'there would be rain' before the leaves of the cherry trees trembled and shook and turned their faces toward it, while the aspen and locust trees grew white with turning their leaves inside out. Whirlwinds of dust began to chase each other along the high road; the teamster cracked his whip and trotted his horses up hill. The air blackened

in five minutes the rugged pyramids of blue clouds that had been piled along the west all day, dissolved and ran over half the sky.

"Directly came a sharp flash that made us put our hands to our eyes, and a rattling burst of thunder that made us shrink into ourselves. The last gleam of natural light was snuffed out in an instant, and all was lurid and terrible. The shutters flapped round, the dog came crouching and whining to the door, the heifer turned her forehead to the sky, and the bull lashed his sides, pawed up the dust, and bellowed back to the thunder; the colts galloped out of the hedge-row, and with heads lifted high, and dilating nostrils, looked on at another."

"I saw little Cyrus running to catch his hat, and saw him stop under the black walnut tree on the hill-top."

"We shut our eyes again, for the heaven above our heads seemed cracked and smashed together: the dust began to dimple with great warm drops that fell fast and faster; the trees writhed and twisted in their wrestle with the strong wind. The eave-drops ran over, the eistern filled full and overflowed, and all the dooryard grass and flowers were washed flat, under the channels of sudden rivers."

"The thunder broke a little less near, and rolled and tumbled down the sky and muttered awfully to itself. Bucketfuls of water had driven under the doors and through the windows. When suddenly as it had come, the rain stopped, and the sun parted the wet clouds and looked out."

"From forks to roots the walnut tree was riven open, and one great branch hanging by a few twisted splinters. The team was coming down the meadow, slopping through pools, and cutting deep ruts in the sod; the oxen strained their necks out of the yoke as they drew forward the wet load that jutted over their backs and half buried them. The hands were walking close behind, but Cyrus was not with them. Perhaps he is on the load of hay, I thought; I looked up, he was there. One of the hands holding him against his bosom, and I knew, more by an instinctive perception than by the lifeless, backward dragging of the arm, that he was dead."

"They found him under the walnut tree, the handle of the rake he had used that day, fast in his hand."

"When the evening chores were done, I wiped away my tears, and went to watch, as was the custom, with the corpse of poor little Cyrus. I remember the very dress I wore—a checked gingham of pink and white, with short sleeves and low neck. I thought it was very pretty at the time, and when I was ready could not help stopping to admire myself in the glass, notwithstanding the admonition of conscience that it was wicked to indulge worldly vanity at so solemn a time."

"I broke a bright rose from the bush at the gate as I went along, and slipped it stem under my belt."

"It was almost dark in the room where little Cyrus lay, for the candles were not yet lighted, and not till he came forward and gave me his hand did I see that the village pastor was there. I had never expected so much honor, for we were poor farming people, living quite out of the range of his pastoral visits, and the rumor ran that he was proud and exclusive in his associations."

"I discredited rumor that night, but I do not now. Character may be built at one side of the most obstinate pride, and at the other, of the gentlest humility; and whichever side is at first presented to us, makes an impression of completeness which we never afterward get quite rid of."

"He called me by name, saying he had long ago noticed my sad black eyes at church and inquired me out."

"Oh, what comforting sweetness there was in his voice as he took the hot-hardened hand of the poor mourning mother in his, and repeated: 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' When the wild turbulence of her grief was calmed, and she was sent away to the living children, who had need of her, he drew me to the window farthest from the dead, and talked of the many mansions in our Father's house; of the beautiful provisions of consolation for sorrow, and of the fitting responses all along through life to the needs of nature. It seemed to me that he was very wise and very eloquent. I felt drawn to him, he said for me so many things which I had thought and could not say, and showed me clearly so many truths of which I had hitherto seen only the shadows. I loved everything in nature—the fields, the flowers, the sunsets—but nothing had loved me back, and the first faint similitude of an answer to my life's demands was exceedingly precious."

"He was sorry, he said, that other duties would not permit him to remain in the house of mourning, where it was always good to be. But twilight deepened into night, and the stars came out with their old magnificence of splendor, that always delights and astonishes, and still he went not. He would wait till some young people, who were expected, came; it would be too melancholy for one so little used to death as I, to be left alone with it."

"By-and-by the young people came, but they were so frivolous, he said, so thoughtless, so unlike me, it would be cruel to leave me to such companionship."

"I was flattered; how could I help being so! and as we always appear to best advantage when we are conscious of giving pleasure, I was, to say the least, less awkward, crippled, and embarrassed, than usual. At home, I went to bed almost with the birds; I had never in my life kept awake all night, and I could not now. I heard the midnight crowing, and I heard nothing else till the burst of bird-songs at daybreak awoke me."

"The pastor was gone. A shawl, belonging to one of the young watchers, was wrapped about my neck and tucked carefully over my bare arms. I knew instinctively who had done it, and also who had stolen the bright rose from beneath my belt."

"It was a luxury to breathe the air as I walked home across the fields that morning; exquisite to brush the dew from the grass, and delicious to smell the earth and feel the sunshine. It was as if I had been born into a new world; and so indeed I had."

"Our house came within the range of pastoral visits after that; in truth, the walk from the village to our home was a delightful recreation, and before the summer was gone, not a week passed without having one or two calls from our kind clergyman."

"When the work was done I used to take my seat on the stone step of the door that looked toward the west, and watch the fading of the sunset, and the dropping of the birds in the lilacs, my heart all the while listening for the footsteps that I had learned to recognize afar off. Sometimes it would be quite dark before he came, and I would have no pleasure in the grass at my feet, nor in the shining of the stars along the green wall of woods in the west. Suddenly, at the click of the gate-latch, the watch-dog, that was used to lie with his head on my knee, would run down the walk and whine his welcome. In a moment the old glory would be in the stars, the old brightness in the grass, and such a sweet tumult in my heart, as nothing under heaven, except the first dawning of love, can awaken."

"No matter what we talked about; every common thing was as interesting as if it had been made just then, and we saw it for the first time."

"When he came, early, or when the moon lighted up the orchard with her full lamp, we sometimes went there, for the hill where the apple-trees grew commanded a fine prospect—the village with its curling smokes and window-lights, quiet glimpses of farmhouses in their setting of dooryard trees, the stone mill, the red schoolhouse, and the dusty high-road, cutting the green fields and winding along the hills, up and up, till it seemed to end in the sky."

"The birds would go to bed in the boughs above us, and after a little twitter and stir, only the noises of insects would disturb the ferny lush, save now and then when the farmer's boys called to one another, or the tinkling bell of some belated leader of his flock broke through the silence."

"Sometimes the strong arm of my companion would help me over a run, and afterward it was sure to keep its place about my waist till our paths struck into the window-lights of home."

"When the leaves began to grow yellow, and the katydids to sing, we still sat on the doorkone; and as the night air grew chilly my shawl would be wrapped about me very tenderly, and all those needless cares and fearless fears, manifested, which, above all things, women prize."

"One night, when some slight accident had bruised my hand, he took it softly between his fondled and kissed it, ending his pretty petting, as he took leave of me, with a kiss on my cheek."

"After that, he never came nor went without that fine expression of endearment, compared with which language is poor indeed."

"Every Sunday I sat in church, and word by word dropped into my heart and stayed there, not because of its excellence or eloquence, but because he said it. I found meanings in sentences and looks that no eye could find or see, and sat in my place with my little secret, as close to heaven as any austere worshipper of them all."

"Winter nights came, but often when the snow fell fastest, or when the wind was sharpest, the pastor came too, and we sat by the fire, sometimes, till near midnight, I, at least, very happy."

"He read to me, sometimes those fine poems of the Bible, so wondrously bright with sacred splendor, sometimes the inspirations of later bards; and often, in lines of peculiar sweetness, he put so much personal feeling that he seemed but expressing his own sentiment in borrowed language, or rather, reading from his heart. Tone, glance, everything, said 'you and I,' but he never said it in any more direct way, though thus indirectly he told me many, many things that he loved me; thus he praised my hair—my mouth he praised in a yet sweeter way. And so all the winter nights came and went, and though I had had a thousand nameless intimations of affection, there was no defined basis on which to rest my hopes."

"I was much younger than he, else I should have drawn from all this an inference fatal to my peace. When it was intimated that our pastor was too proud, too finely accomplished to marry among us, my heart only hardened towards those who thus mangled him, and gave him the more tenderness, the more devotion, until in him I had invested the whole treasure of my affection."

"Gradually his manner changed towards me; his visits were less frequent, and he varied suddenly from gay carelessness to a solemn and almost pitiful interest; he avoided the old themes, and conversed on matters of general interest."

"When I rallied him for neglect of me, he replied, flatteringly, that his conduct was dictated by the necessity of self-defence; and when I would not be satisfied with jesting, he told me that he was about to leave his dear people for a season, and that he could not break off, without some preparatory discipline, the 'friendship' which had given him the best pleasure of his life. I inquired if transient separation from his people involved that necessity. The tears were in my eyes, and my voice was not quite steady, I believe."

"I do not remember all that he said, but I know he kissed me, called me his dear little pet, excused himself for leaving me at an ear-

ly hour, on the plea of a business engagement, and left me with no better satisfaction than the promise of a long and confidential interview before his departure."

"I waited for that final visit as the criminal waits the coming of the jury when his trial is ended. He came at last, not as I expected, but in company with one of the deacons of his church; in short, it was a brief family visit, no intimation, by look or word, that I was any more to him than was my father, who gave him his honest hand in tearful confidence."

"Before Christmas he would be with us again, and the joy of meeting would more than make amends for this momentary sorrow!"

"But love believes all things, as well as hopes all things; I knew that no land nor sea could divide me long from him, and I was sure he would come back. I did not consider that I was to be subjected, not only to the trial of absence, but also to the comparison with women who were their accomplishments and graces as naturally as I my rustic frock. I did not know, that taken out of my customary surrounding, the little charm I had would fall away, and I appear to humiliating and awkward disadvantage."

"After two or three months I received a letter from my pastor, beginning, 'My dear friend,' and ending with 'Your affectionate pastor.' He described some fine scenery that had come under his observation; told me of some celebrated persons he had met; dwelt a good deal on the toil and care, and vanity of this life; alluded to the pleasant memories connected with his sojourn among us, and finally hoped he should see, on his return, the roses of my cheeks brighter than ever, and that I would have found what I eminently deserved—the best husband in the world!"

"There vanished my castle; there my heart, that had dissolved to tenderness in his smile, grew cold and hard, and I judge, since, of men and things, through my intellect alone."

"Oh, that was too bad!" cried Mrs. Robinson, between indignation and tears. "What became of the fellow after all?"

"He asked a dismissal from his charge before long, and soon afterward married an accomplished woman—an heiress, I believe, and never came back among us. He is a citizen of this great metropolis, in which we are, living in retired elegance and leisure—an admired and influential gentleman; I a poor old maid. So the world goes!"

Mrs. Robinson wound her head-dress low about her eyes. She believed every word I had spoken, and when she took leave, she pressed my hand very tenderly, and insisted that I should drop in upon her often of evenings, and take a cup of tea or play a game of whist—she was almost always at home, and would be so happy to see me."

CUTTING GRAFTS.—There is no better time to cut grafts than at the commencement of winter. In cutting and packing them away, there are some precautions to be observed. In the first place let them be empty and distinct, labeled, as it is very annoying to find the names gone at the moment of using them. For this purpose they should be tied up in bunches, not over two or three inches in diameter, with three bands around each bunch, at the ends and middle. The name may be written on a strip of pine board or shingle, half an inch wide, a tenth of an inch thick, and nearly as long as the scions. This, if tied up with the bunch, will keep the name secure. For convenience in quickly determining the name, there should be another strip of shingle, sharp at one end, and with the name distinctly written on the other, thrust into the bundle with the name projecting from it. If these bunches or bundles are now placed on ends in a box, with plenty of damp moss between them and over the top, they will keep in a cellar in good condition, and any sort may be selected and withdrawn without disturbing the rest, by reading the projecting label. We have never found sand, earth, sawdust, or any other packing substance, so convenient, clean, and easily removed, and replaced, as moss, and packing grafts. It is needless, however, to keep an occasional eye to them, to see that the proper degree of moisture is maintained, which should be just enough (and not a particle more) to keep them from shriveling. They must of course, be secure from mice."

Plum grafts, which are sometimes injured by intense cold, are generally better if cut before the approach of the severest weather, and securely packed away.—Illustrated Register of Rural Affairs.

"SWEETNESS OR TEMPER, affection to a husband, and attention to his interests, constitute the duties of a wife and form the basis of matrimonial felicity. Beauty and wit though they may captivate the lover, will not long captivate the husband. They will shorten even their own transitory reign, if, as in many cases, they shine more for the gratification of strangers than of the man to whom they rightfully belong. Let the pleasing of that one person be a thought never absent from the wife's heart; if he loves you, he would suffer deeply should he suppose your love for a moment to be withdrawn; if not, his pride will supply the place of love, and his resentment that of suffering."

CHARITABLE.—An old lady was in the habit of teaching the duty of charity to her grandchildren in this wise:

"My dear, when I and your father and mother have finished our meals; when you have eaten all you conveniently can, and when you have fed the three cats and the parrot; then, my dear children, remember the poor."

THE McFLINSEYS.—The New York Express charged the ladies with over-dressing. Miss Flora McFlimsey sends a letter in reply. We quote:—

"I call upon you first, sir, to look at me in my ball dress; and I select that because it is supposed that a woman in a ball dress is the costliest dressed of all women. Sir, I have not clothes enough on, as everybody can see, to keep a woman warm, to say nothing of what propriety and decency require. There is not a beggar in New York who does not go into the street with more clothes than I have on; and yet you have the impudence to abuse me, when I reiterate, with solemn truth, my 'Nothing to Wear.' There is nothing on my arm; look at them, sir, for you may as well look at them as any other body in the street. There is nothing on my arms, from my wrist onward and upward, as you can readily see. Ewe herself, in paradise, was scarcely with less clothing than I have here on these two arms. Then, there is nothing on my neck, or next to nothing; and if a poor humble woman of this world can wear less on her shoulders than I, the Belle Flora, wear, I should like to see and aid the poverty of that helpless woman. My robe is looped up over my shoulders, and hence the neck, bust, arms, &c., that God blessed me with when I came into the world, are just as he gave them to me. Now, sir, if you do not blush when you see this,

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. IX : No. 9.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1859.

(SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.)

Poetry.

"SUMMER IS DEAD."

BY MRS. H. J. LEWIS.

Flush! tell it not to the flowers and trees,
Whisper it not to the birds and the breeze;
Let not the blossoms of crimson and blue
Hear the sad tale though its burden be true!

Flush! for the sea hath scattered its breath,
Fearing to catch the first summons of death;
And the bright clouds that are passing away
Fain must drop tears lest they hear what you say.

Aye! though her mantle of glory is still
Spread over garden and meadow and hill,
Though the rich bloom has not touch of decay,
And the bee toils through the long sunny day,
Summer is dead!

Aye! it is ended! From forest and glen,
From cities alive with the conflict of men,
From the grass at our feet, from the now silent
bud,
From earth, sea and sky, its spirit is heard,
Summer is dead!

So much of her glory and gladness is left,
We sigh not as those of her presence bereft;
Her crown and her garlands unfaded are hung
Where they dropped when aside they were careless-
ly flung;
Summer is dead!

Written for the Middlesex Journal.

THE BRAZEN HORNS: A TALE OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES CARROLL.

Author of "The Architect of Verona," "The Rival Chevaliers," &c., &c.

Forests all around. Forests of great oak trees, whose many trunks lifting the deep foliage, formed long arches, like the transepts and the aisles of old cathedrals, leading everywhere into shadowy recesses. A labyrinthine forest of a thousand paths, the haunts of wild deer and of outlawed men. An English forest, hard and stubborn; of English oak trees, massive, gnarled and twisted, bearing huge bolls, uncouth and jagged; mere excrescences, neither for use nor ornament, yet cherished with that pertinacity which belongs to the English character, whether exhibited in English oaks or in English men.

Through the great forest flowed the streams, which before reaching the ocean, unite to form the Humber, and in different parts it was known by the names of these rivers, as Trentwood, Airwood, Ousewood, Swalewood and Derwentwood.

One of the numerous paths which wound beneath the oaks of the great forest, crossed the river Don at a place called Donford, famous in all the country round about as the residence of the Anchorite Anselm, and all the foresters and the swine-herds whose home was in the woods when they found themselves afflicted with sickness either of the soul or body, applied to him for healing, for he was ever ready to comfort the broken hearted and he knew of simples that would soothe the smart of wounds. Though Anselm lived apart from the world because he thought he hated it, and that a close communion would ensure his soul's damnation, yet he loved men as individuals, and women too for that matter, and was always ready to assist them with his good offices. The hut in which Anselm lived was built against the base of a huge rock that rose broken and abrupt, from a mossy bank, washed on its edge by the water of the river: on one side of the hut was a little stone chapel surrounded by a massive oak cross, while on the other wound the pathway, in one direction losing itself in the forest, in the other plunging into the river, from which it emerged on the further side and wound among the trees.

It was the twilight of a September day; the sun had sunk to rest and the mists were rising from the river when Father Anselm, who was devoutly repeating his evening prayers in the little chapel was interrupted by the sound of trampling horses, which suddenly assailed his ear, accompanied by the clatter of steel. He brought his devotions to a sudden close and stepped out upon the path; scarcely had he appeared at the chapel door when two horsemen reined their steeds and came to a stand on the road before him.

One of the horsemen that thus suddenly appeared before the holy man, would have claimed the first attention in an assembly of a thousand, as he now claims ours. He was clad in mail, armed back and breast, with greaves upon his legs, and gauntlets on his hands; his casque hung at his saddle bow, while his head was covered by a small cap ornamented by a single feather. He sat upon his horse with the air of one who for years had been accustomed to the saddle, with that combined lightness and firmness which can only be acquired by long and arduous practice. His armor was all of black, except that on his corselet of polished brass inlaid, was the figure of the cross, surmounted by a serpent's head with open mouth and fangs extended; a small circular shield that hung beside his casque bore the same device. He was a man who had counted at least fifty summers and winters; his face was very tall, and disfigured by many scars, his cheek bones were high, his nose prominent and sharp, his lips thin and compressed, his eyes of a medium size, grey and very bright, his forehead broad and massive. Looking on him one would have known he was a man who had outlived fear, perhaps hope, as well. His companion was a youth, like him clad in mail but of a gayer fashion, inlaid with gold and silver, forming curious devices; there was no casque hanging at his saddle bow, but a plain steel cap or morion, while on his head he wore a bonnet of bright blue, adorned with feathers, black and red and white, which gracefully drooping, cast a shade over his brow. The young man was tall and stout of limb and he sat upon his horse with ease and grace. His complexion was fair and bright, and his eyes had laugh-

ter in them; his hair hung in heavy masses about his neck, and on his lip and chin appeared a light silken moustache and beard, the insignia of his manhood.

"Worshipful sir, I give you welcome," said Anselm, addressing the elder of the horsemen.

"Thanks, good Father. If you be Anselm, as I believe, you will give refreshment to myself and my squire here."

"Anselm is my name, Sir Knight. I pray you, have we met before this day?"

"Ay, many times."

The Anchorite looked earnestly at his visitor and shook his head. "Nay, I know you not," he said. "But you have been a soldier in the holy war; I see the cross upon your shoulder. You have been many years from England, your cheek is yellow, and seamed with scars made by the sword of the infidel; alight, and partake of such refreshment as one of the humblest servants of the Lord whose battles you have fought, has yet to offer you."

"I have been used to harder fare than you will offer, good father," said the knight, as he cast the rein over his horse's neck and leaped to the ground. "Come, Hubert, alight, let us in and be refreshed."

"In good faith, Sir Walter, you could not have given a command which I would more readily obey; I feared that among other tricks you have learned in the Holy Land, was that of marching days and nights without food or lodgment." So saying the young man alighted and stood at the door of the hut.

"Our horses need refreshment, Hubert; theirs has been the greater labor of the day," said the elder man as he removed the bit from the mouth of his steed. "Browse here, Saladin; the grass is sweet and thick, and for water, you have the river; be ready when I shall call for thee." The horse rubbed his head against his master's shoulder, and, as long habit had taught him, proceeded at once to make the most of present opportunity.

"Will you not honor my poor house by remaining until the morning?" said Anselm.

"No! I must away within the hour, and be at Hereford by the break of day."

"I pray you, go not into the forest by night!"

"And wherefore not, good father?"

"The paths are all beset by outlawed men, whose pastime and whose business is, to rob and murder."

"And is this all, father?"

"All? What would you more? I warn you, my children, remain with me. You have no guide, you will be lost in the multitude of paths, hard to find by day, while at night none but the foresters can follow them."

"Surely, Sir Walter, the good man speaks well," said Hubert.

"Nevertheless, I shall not follow his advice. I will on to Hereford this night. I know every path within ten leagues, ay! every track of deer."

Anselm again looked earnestly at the knight, and said, "Who art thou, that seemest a stranger, and yet talkest of knowing all the paths of Airwood?"

"I know them and I know thee, good father; as for who I am, when in the holy land they called me the Knight of the Serpent; and of late, my lance and my good horse Saladin, gained for me the prize at the tournament of Caen, the heralds named me Sir Walter Mayne. But let us in; we waste time."

The three entered the hut together and such refreshments as the store of the anchorite could afford was soon set before his guests, who hastened to do honor to the fare.

Sir Walter was the first to speak. "Father Anselm, I have heard rumors of some strange bugbear that haunts the forests hereabout; know you aught of him?"

"Aye! Sir Walter, I know him well; you speak of the Devil's Knight, Sir Satan, as the people name him; may the saints defend you from his wrath!"

"A formidable name in faith. Why is he called Sir Satan, father?"

"Because, forsooth, he wears no crest upon his helmet, but in place thereof, a pair of brazen horns, such as grow upon the forehead of the Arch Devil. And his deeds are like the deeds of Devils."

"And he haunts the forests by night and day?" said Sir Walter.

"You speak truth, fair sir, and never a rich traveller goes through the forest, but is dazzled by the flashing of his arms."

"And in his blindness he foregoes his purse?" said Hubert.

"Such is the tale they tell."

"Now, Sir Walter, in God's name let us on! This good father will pray for us, and you should have some favor, being newly come from Palestine after digging the graves of the infidel. The saints will be with us, and if with their help we cannot shame this Devil shame be to us."

"You may have chance to make trial of your valor, Hubert," said Sir Walter.

"I must win my spurs, Sir Walter, and though I like a fair field and daylight, yet if that is wanting I must be content with the dark wood, and a midnight joust with the Devil."

"You may find this no matter for jesting, Hubert. This devil seems a Knight, and I doubt not has learned the use of his sword arms."

"I care not for his sword, so that he does not gore me with his horns."

"Hubert, forego jesting. You would jest at your father's grave."

"Not so, Sir Walter," said Hubert seriously. "I honor the memory of my valiant father, and had he lived I would have loved him. But now," he added in a gayer tone, "if the good father's forebodings are true, I am on the march toward my own grave, and worse, toward the clutches of Satan, and if

I am pleased to be merry, why not? When all is over, I shall be glad enough."

"But a little while ago, you were for remaining here until the morrow."

"Ah! But I had not heard of the brazen horns; I would see them gimmer in the moonlight."

"I will pray the saints you may not see them," said Anselm.

"What! You a priest and fear the Devil? Out upon you."

"Nay, were he in truth the Devil I would exorcise him from the forest with the exorcism prescribed by holy church, but being a man in Satan's garb—"

"We will exorcise him with our swords; the fleshly enemy needs steel," added Hubert. Good youth, your tongue is apt; may your sword serve you as well."

"My tongue has brought me into many a net, from which my sword has freed me. Give me your blessing, father, ask the saints to help us; see, Sir Walter is bridling his horse, which means, the time for talking and leaving taking is over."

Hubert was at fault. Sir Walter advanced toward the hut, and seating himself upon a bench near the door, he took from a pouch which hung by his side, a small roll of parchment and gave it to the priest, saying, "as you are a clerk, make me a fair copy of this, good father. I will wait till it is finished."

The priest took the parchment and entered the cabin; a few minutes only had elapsed when he returned bearing the parchment he had received and its counterpart. "Take this, Hubert, and if any mischance befall me and you escape, bear it to the Lord of Hereford and to the Lords Mowbray and Neville. Hark! what sound is that?"

"Horsemen, Sir Walter," said Hubert as he bounded into his saddle. "May the forest fiend gore me, if I live, and do not your bidding."

"Praise the saints!" ejaculated Anselm. Here be three, four of the followers of my Lord of Hereford, on the way, I doubt not, to the castle; your hands are strengthened to meet the dangers of the wood."

The new comers were disposed to make but a short delay at the ford, as the shades were falling rapidly. Sir Walter was also anxious to proceed, and after forcing upon the anchorite, a broad piece of gold in requital of his hospitality and to enable him to extend it to others, the knight led the way across the stream and plunged into the forest.

CHAPTER II.
A NIGHT IN THE FOREST.

The moon had risen, and its rays glittered through the leaves of Airwood, filling each wider opening in the path before them with a soft, pure light, as Sir Walter Mayne and his squire at an easy pace pursued their way, a little in advance of their companions.

It was the policy of the knight to save the horses as much as possible, until the dangers of the forest were left behind; as for himself, he had long ago forgotten the meaning of the word fatigue, and the youthful Hubert was not inclined to remind him that his own frame was not of iron.

It was nearly midnight when, as the companions rode side by side, the silence, which had been interrupted for an hour, was broken by the knight, who said:

"I pray you, Hubert, now that we are near our journey's end, tell me what secret causes moved you to become my follower?"

"Because I must follow some stout knight or be idle, and all our bravest men-at-arms being gone to France, with the King and his highness the Prince, I could not choose."

"And this was all?"

"No, Sir Walter, believe me, I took a liking to your sallow face and silent tongue; and then you talked with me about my sire and the battles he fought in the holy land; you were his friend, and I could not forego loving my father's friend, and hoping to make him my friend as well."

"And so you shall, good Hubert, was this all?"

"Nay, I believed that one who had so long lived in camps and fields would not be content with peace; and I hoped you would lead me where I might try my sword in earnest, and win my spurs."

"So you may. You have not told me all, go on, I may be of service to you."

"There are two things that make me seek this spot above all others in England; first, we are on our way to one of the castles of my Lord of Hereford. My Lord is there and his beautiful daughter, the Lady Harriette of Hereford; I met her at the tournaments given by our lord, the King, to celebrate his nuptials with the Lady Philippa, of Hainault. I won a prize, and her hand awarded it; I vowed her service, and I loved her. I would follow the forest fiend, so that he led me to her side."

"I knew you for a lover, Hubert; but go on. The second cause?"

"Near the castle of my Lord of Hereford is the stronghold of Sir Reginald de Burgh. I was born in that castle; I was a child there; and if men say true, had my noble father lived, he or I would have been its keeper this day. I love the place, and will walk through the woods and by the streams, though Sir Reginald and all his vassals should bid me away."

"Reginald de Burgh! your father's brother?"

"Nay, his cousin, and a lying knave. To gain my father's lands he blackened my mother's name, and made the king believe me base born. Give me the spurs of knight, and I will seek him through the land, and do battle with him for the honor of my dead sire and dame, with lance, or sword, or battle-axe."

"Well spoken, good Hubert, and should you need a champion, you may call on me. I would have a tilt with this Sir Reginald

for your sake, and to keep the rust from my lance point."

Hubert did not reply to this offer of his leader; they were approaching where the path, crossing a bubbling brook, widened into a smooth, grassy bank, bounded on all sides, except that of their approach, by dense thickets of hazels. The moonlight lay upon the water, and silvered the foliage. Both horsemen drew the rein on the border of the stream.

"We will wait for our followers," said the knight.

"Close vizar and draw sword! Sir Walter, for we have need. There's the glitter of steel in the copse! Now, good St. Hubert, give your godson strength, for the Devil himself would bar his way!"

At the first word spoken by the squire, the bushes had opened, and a horseman, armed from head to foot, wearing a helmet of polished steel adorned with two brazen horns, appeared and seemed to bar the way before the travellers; in his right hand he held his naked sword, and as he waved it above his head, he cried, and his voice sounded cold and hollow from beneath his helmet. "Hubert de Burgh, 'tis you I seek; yield you my prisoner, and the Knight you follow shall go on without hindrance; for yourself, you leave this place in my train, or stay here dead."

"So, ho! sir Devil, 'tis I you seek! you do me honor more than I deserve. My name has travelled further than I thought; even you have learned its sound. If you have a better right to Hubert de Burgh, than Hubert de Burgh has to himself, come on and make it good."

"Resist and you must die!" replied Satan. "You cannot fight against a score!"

"I love Hubert de Burgh too well to give him, body and soul, to such a you; if you ask him, you must pay his price." So saying, Hubert spurred his horse, which cleared the stream at a bound, and in a moment his sword was crossed with that of his formidable adversary.

"Die then, hold youth!" cried he of the horns, as he aimed a blow at the squire's morion.

"Not yet," answered Hubert, as he warding the stroke and returned it with energy. "Not this night!" he shouted, as with all the vigor of his youthful arm he rained his blows upon the helm and buckler of his adversary.

"By all the saints, you are but mortal stuff, sir Devil! Back to the woods again, or down to hell!" and the blows fell heavier and faster. Satan had met an unexpected storm; he recoiled toward the thicket and acted only on the defensive.

"Hold! Hubert, hold! Back! back!" cried Sir Walter.

As Hubert drew his rein in sudden wonder, half a dozen arrows from the thicket clattered against his corselet, and fell harmless to the ground; Sir Walter passed him and plunged into the thicket; his sword gleamed among the leaves, a thrilling cry of pain was heard, another and another, and Saladin reappeared bearing his master, who held a dinned and dripping sword in his hand.

Hubert's surprise had given his adversary breath, and he renewed the attack with vigor and determination. The squire was forced to give ground; step by step his horse recoiled until his hind feet were washed by the water of the brook. The sudden splash warned Hubert of his danger; should he be forced into the stream while his foe maintained the bank above him, he was lost. The stunning clatter of steel informed him that his companions could afford him no assistance.

"St. Hubert against Satan!" he shouted, as he furiously plunged the spur into his horse's flank, and aimed a swinging blow at the head of his adversary; the sudden plunge of the steed gave the blow additional might, and the sword crashing through the helmet sent one of the brazen horns whirling through the air. The would-be Devil's sword waved wildly and harmlessly, another and another stroke followed the first, and his arms tossing in the air, Satan fell prone upon the field. Hubert shortened his sword, and leaped from his saddle for the purpose of giving a finishing stroke to his adversary, when a heavy blow from behind hurled him from his seat, and stretched him senseless and bleeding by his side.

Meanwhile Sir Walter and the followers of Hereford had much ado to maintain their ground against superior numbers, but the knight was in his proper element, practising the business of his life, and he astonished both friend and foe by the rapidity of his movements, and the death-dealing power of his sword arm. Wherever his face was turned the enemy fell back. Now here, now there, he sprang, and at every turn a bleeding adversary sought the shelter of the bushes.

But notwithstanding the prowess of the knight, the event of the struggle would have been adverse to his arms, had not his foes, who were pointed at his breast, witnessed the sudden fall of their leader; they still fought, slowly retreating toward the spot where he lay, hard pressed by Sir Walter with his flashing sword. The foresters rallied around their fallen chief, and here the fight grew hot.

Hubert, who had been stunned, but not seriously wounded, by the blow he had received, gradually recovered consciousness as the tumult thickened; he moved his limbs to satisfy himself they had not lost their power, he comprehended at a glance the posture of affairs, waited till the tide of strife moved from his immediate vicinity, and springing to his feet, sword in hand, sought the side of his leader.

"Thank God, you are not slain! Hubert!" said the knight.

"Am not that, Sir Walter, but had the Devil got me he has paid his price."

"There stands your horse, Hubert; mount, and quickly."

Hubert hastened to obey.

The knight urged Saladin into the midst of his foes, and striking here and there, for a moment cleared the space before him. "Now Hubert! now men of Hereford, follow me for life," he cried, and galloped along the path, followed closely by his companions of the fight. They pursued the beaten track but a short distance when Sir Walter turned into a narrow and obscure path, saying, "I will put the hounds at fault, and they dare to follow. Come on, I know the way to Hereford." In the recent struggle the sword of the knight had placed his position above questioning, and he was implicitly obeyed.

The party pushed on at a rapid pace, only stopping occasionally to breathe their tired horses, until, as morning began to dawn, they found themselves in comparatively open ground near the Air, and near their place of destination.

Hubert had been long silent; now his head drooped upon his breast, and the rein slackened in his hand; sometimes he was seen to grasp the pommel of his saddle, as if for support. Sir Walter Mayne, at first attributing these motions to natural fatigue, at length became alarmed at their frequent recurrence and hastened to his side. "What ails thee, Hubert?"

No answer.

Sir Walter alighted, and with the assistance of one of the men of Hereford, lifted Hubert from his horse; he could not speak, his breastplate was stained with blood, which issued from a gap near the shoulder. The wound, in itself but slight, had become dangerous by the fatigues of the night, and the constant irritation caused by the irregular movements of the horse.

Increasing day soon revealed the battle-marks of Hereford. One of the attendants was despatched for assistance, while Sir Walter watched with a tender interest by the side of his wounded squire.

CHAPTER III.
HEREFORD CASTLE.

The Earl of Hereford did not derive his title from the estate on the borders of Airwood, but from the manor of the same name on the banks of the Wye, near the borders of Wales; where a representative of one branch of the family still resides in one of the finest country residences in England, in the vicinity of the busy and populous town of Hereford.

One of the noblest and proudest of English Barons, was the Earl Robert. Though years had deprived him of that suppleness of limb which belongs only to youth, yet was his body erect and hardy, his step firm, his form erect and majestic; he still could bear the weight of the helm upon his brow, could poise the lance and wield the heavy mace. He was proud of broad lands, proud of his numerous train of warlike vassals, proud of his strong castles, proud of his country, proud of his ancient name and proud of his fair daughter.

Earl Robert, with heart and hand, welcomed the sallow visaged knight and his wounded squire, at the great gate of Hereford. In those days the practice of the healing art was almost entirely confined to the priests and the women, and as at this time there was no priest in the castle, Hubert was placed under the charge of the lady Harriette. The squire, awakening to consciousness, and finding himself attended by the lady of his secret love, could do no less than render thanks to the Devil, for by this name alone he knew his late foe, for the service he had done him; as his perceptions were not yet distinct, and he could not distinguish the act of thinking from the act of giving expression to his thoughts, he blessed Sir Devil in plain words, whereupon the lady Harriette thought him mad, ordered cooling draughts to be administered, and hastened to inform her father and the stranger knight of the critical situation of her patient.

Hubert, hearing her sigh despondingly, and witnessing her sudden departure, endeavored to divine the cause, and in the midst of the endeavor fell into a sound slumber, from which he did not awaken that day.

Earl Robert and his guest walked together in the narrow court-yard of the castle. The Earl held in his hand the roll of parchment which we have already seen at the hut of Anselm. They had been talking upon general subjects for an hour, when Sir Walter said,

"My lord, having shown you the estimation in which I am held by our sovereign liege, the king, by his royal consort, the Lady Philippa, and by his highness, the valiant Prince of Wales, you can have no cause to doubt my gentle birth and knightly honor."

"None, Sir Walter."

"I am a stranger in England. So long have I been absent that on my return I find neither friend nor fellow. Earl Robert, I would crave a boon of you."

"The friend of the king, the counsellor of the queen, can ask nothing of Robert of Hereford will not give, and if his sword you need, it shall be drawn in your cause."

"First, then, Earl Robert, I would have you send a trusty messenger to Sir Reginald de Burgh, commanding him in the king's name, to hasten to Durham, with all his vassals at his back."

"Tis my commission to call him to the field."

"Will your lordship grant my request?"

"Ay, Sir Walter, but what more?"

"This squire of mine who lies wounded in the castle, I love him. Should any ill chance befall me, permit him to enter your service, protect him and assert his rights; his blood is as gentle as your own; listen, Earl Robert." The knight, in a low tone, poured into the ear of Hereford a long tale

of war and woe and black injustice. During the narration the Earl many times grasped his sword with an angry gesture, while his face flushed with excitement; when it was finished he said,

"Nay, an' this be so, in God's name he may walk my castle walls, an' if they were his own. Brave youth! And you his father's friend?"

"Ay, my lord."

"So help me all the saints, I believe you are a true and valiant knight, and a guest who will do honor to the castle of Robert of Hereford. We will in, Sir Walter, and look on the brave boy."

"And despatch the messenger?"

"Within the hour. He will return on the morrow."

Near the close of the day succeeding that on which the conversation just repeated took place, the messenger returned from the stronghold of de Burgh with this message—

"Sir Reginald greets Robert, Earl of Hereford. He cannot obey the command given in the name of his sovereign lord, the King, being ill and disabled by a grievous wound, caused by a fall from his horse. Nevertheless, such of his followers as in these troubled times may be spared, from the defence of his castle, may, by permission of the noble lord of Hereford, march to the war under his banners. Sir Reginald, at his own proper charge, will send one hundred men-at-arms, with their following, to the castle of the Lord of Hereford on such day as the Lord of Hereford may name."

On the receipt of this message, Earl Robert and Sir Walter Mayne consulted together, long and earnestly. And at the close of the discussion the messenger was ordered to retrace his steps and be the bearer of a missive, demanding that the one hundred men-at-arms should muster at the castle of Hereford on the seventh day thereafter.

This accomplished, Sir Walter, accompanied by a sufficient number of attendants to ensure his safety, set forth from the castle, promising to return within the week.

Hubert, having received a parting visit from the knight, and generous assurances from the Earl, was in no great haste to arise from his couch. His was a happy temperament. He was accustomed to weigh good against evil and make the good preponderate, and now the pain of his wound was more than compensated by the pleasure he experienced in the company and gentle sympathy of his nurse. He had been told that no great enterprise would immediately be undertaken, and he was very well content.

Day after day came and passed, Hubert could no longer make his wound an excuse for remaining in his chamber; thanks to his happy frame of mind and to his gentle nursing, he rapidly regained his natural strength and vigor.

On entering for the first time the great hall of the castle, he was surprised and delighted by the generous and heartfelt congratulations of the proud Earl Robert, and he, only an obscure squire unknown to fame; his usually ready tongue could only stammer forth his thanks; he was prepared to encounter difficulties and to surmount them; he was not prepared to find the way of his wooing an open path.

Hubert was the only guest at Hereford; many opportunities for conversation with the Earl and Lady Harriette occurred, as of course, and they were multiplied by the desire of the youth. Devotion of the brave to the fair was the spirit and the fashion of the time, and the growing intimacy of the youth and maiden attracted neither particular observation nor comment. They walked together in the courtyard, and when Hubert was able to mount his horse, they rode, accompanied or green followed by a few attendants, on the green lawn that stretched away from the castle wall to the banks of the river, and on the level savannah through which the waters flowed. During these excursions Hubert was obliged to recount the adventures he had met with in the forest, and all other scenes and dangers through which he had passed, some in England, others in France, where for a time he had served under the banners of the Black Prince; the lady Harriette listened with attention, and sympathized with the various emotions which the squire happily described; he would excite the passions of hope and fear, and at a single stroke turn all to ridicule, so that in the lady's eyes, gathering tears were forced to give place to gathering smiles. Hubert became more and more earnest in his devotion to the lady Harriette, while on this theme alone his tongue refused its office. What troubled him more than all else, the lady would speak jestingly of devoted love and constancy, while these were the only subjects on which he desired to be serious.

"Oh yes, you may be my squire, Hubert de Burgh, but you must lay the trophies of your valor at my feet. Now, when you vanquished the terrible forest fiend, why did you not bring to my shrine his sword or his plume, or the brazen ornament you struck from his helmet?"

"By St. Hubert, fair lady, one of Satan's horns would hardly serve to decorate a lady's boudoir, an' for sword or plume, I fear I thought more of saving my own head than of gathering trophies; and now some cowardly knave will find them, and prove his prowess by their means."

"Another time think of honor, while you cherish life, I pray you."

"I will not fail, lady; but see! there are spears upon the river bank."

"It is the following of Sir Reginald de Burgh. They are hastening towards the castle; let us be before them."

"And lo! another party. That is Sir Walter Mayne; I would know his horse Saladin among a thousand."

Soon after Hubert and Lady Harriette had

The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPEY, Editor and Proprietor.
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.TERMS.—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whereupon previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, (fourteen lines), one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion, 50 cents. Half a Square, (seven lines), one insertion, 50 cents; each subsequent insertion, 25 cents. One Square, per year, \$10.00; six months, \$6.00; three months, \$4.00. Half a Square, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$4.00; three months, \$2.50. Less than half a square charged as half a square; more than half a square charged as a square. Special Notices, 100 words, one insertion, 1 cent; a line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted FREE OF CHARGE, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly; transient advertisements by the line.

AGENTS.

North Woburn.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WISS & Co.
East Woburn.—ALBERT L. RICHARDSON.
Stoneham.—E. T. WHITTELL & CO.
Reading.—THOMAS RICHARDSON.
South Reading.—Dr. J. D. MANSFIELD.
Winchester.—Dr. J. D. MANSFIELD.
S. M. PETTENHILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. H. Palmer), 200 Broadway, Boston, and JOHN BURRILL, Boston, are authorized to take advertisements and subscriptions for the JOURNAL at the rates recited by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and increasing circulation of the JOURNAL renders it valuable as an advertising medium. It is read and preserved by the best families of Woburn and surrounding towns, among whom it circulates to an extent enjoyed by no other paper. It is not excelled, if equalled, in typographical appearance, by ANY PAPER published in Middlesex County. By preserving uniformity in arrangement, equal prominence is obtained by ALL ADVERTISERS. Our terms of advertising are moderate.

JOB PRINTING.

We would call the special attention of our readers to our facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of JOB PRINTING. The variety of NEW and HANDSOME TYPE with which our office is supplied is very extensive; our presses are new and fast; our workmen experienced and skillful. We have, therefore, every facility for doing all kinds of work, QUICK, NEAT and CHEAP. Orders left at our office, or sent through our agents, will be promptly attended to, and the prices will be as low as can be found elsewhere. Orders solicited.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIBERS will confer a favor by giving notice at the office when they fail to receive their paper regularly, or change their place of residence, so that we can give notice to our carriers.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 3d, 1859.

JOURNALISM.

The word which forms the title of this article, though one in common use, finds no place in the old edition (1844) of Noah Webster. "Journal" according to that renowned authority comes from *Journal*, French, *giornale*, Italian, *diurnum*, Latin, though what possible relationship there can be between *Journal* and *diurnum* we are at a loss to discover.

Journal means, "an account of daily transactions, or the book containing the account," or "a paper published daily, or other newspaper," also "the title of a book or pamphlet published at stated times." Journalist is "the writer of a journal or diary." And "journalism," (this is our own definition), "is the art of journalising," or "the art of keeping a record of daily events."

Whether the journalist is simply keeping a diary or editing a paper he is alike practicing the art of journalism, and no occupation will so completely develop the individual character as this. No photograph will give so faithful a representation of the physical man, as will a journal, faithfully kept from day to day, present of his moral and intellectual organization.

Public journalism, the arrangement and making up of a newspaper, published at regular periods, is altogether a different exercise of art from that required in keeping a merely personal record; in the latter case the journalist writes down what is interesting and important to himself personally, as an individual, and has record is faithful; he omits petty incidents which affect his thoughts or his temper, while great public events in which he takes no personal interest are safely omitted. Should a man's interest be half a mile, and lead his owner on a wild chase of half a mile, and he maintain his perfect coolness under these circumstances, the incident should be recorded as an illustration of character, although of no public importance.

It is the duty of the public journalist so far as he is able, to keep a record of the public mind, to mirror in miniature passing events which excite public interest or affect public character, to endeavor to give expression to the apparently undefined public thought of the day, or, in default of this, to condense into a single paragraph a multitude of facts, bringing the most prominent idea to the attention of the reader, suggesting much while expressing little. This duty is not confined to the editor of a journal, it equally applies to outsiders who contribute to its columns.

Newspaper literature is essentially different from all other branches; the differences are as material as those between painting landscapes and portraits, or between writing songs and epics. Didactic writing is out of place in a mere newspaper, historical essays, labored arguments belong to a more permanent class of literary works. Many men of undoubted genius, and great acquisitions, ignominiously fail as newspaper writers; as for instance Edward Everett and George S. Hillard, whose unexceptionable but dull articles, though they would be just bearable in a book, every one yawns over and leaves unfinished in a newspaper. Writers of that stamp, though they would grace the heavy pages of the North American Review, add nothing to the interest of the New York Ledger or the Courier. While Sylvanus Cobb, however destitute of genius and of knowledge of English he may be, is successful, because he addresses himself to an actual want of the community.

In the office of a daily newspaper the art of recording current events and commenting thereon, is divided among many, and rendered easier, by giving to each assistant editor a special department. In the Tribune and Herald establishments of New York, usually one man does the literary, another does the music and drama, another the commercial, others the local, others the political,

and so forth, and no difficulty is found in filling four, five, and sometimes seven and eight pages with new matter every day in the year.

These papers, and others of a like character, are the great journals in which the events of the world are daily recorded and commented upon, and they form the magazines from which local papers derive their weekly supply.

To furnish the editorial matter for a weekly paper, however humble its pretensions and however limited its size, is no slight labor. In order that all the articles may be fresh, writing is generally deferred until the evening before the day of publication, and only twelve hours of light are left.

It frequently happens that between twenty and thirty articles, long or short, are written by the same hand for the same issue; no one of these requires a great amount of labor, yet when the reader remembers that the editor has been obliged to change the whole current of his thoughts, and to apply himself to twenty-five different subjects in half as many hours, he will in some measure appreciate the degree and kind of labor required to furnish him with the variety in which he is interested. And if, in this multitude of calls upon our editor's thoughts, he omits some things which in the opinion of the reader ought to have been mentioned, or if he superficially considers a subject which in the opinion of another ought to have been thoroughly discussed, reason will be found for excusing such omissions and incompleteness. On the other hand, the editor is under obligations to make his paper interesting and worth the money sometimes paid for it; he ought to know what he is about when he undertakes to conduct a public journal, and if his paper is not what it ought to be generally, he ought not to expect patronage and support; if he does he will be disappointed.

For all that has been said to the contrary, an editor's life, if the editor has properly chosen his profession, is a busy and a merry one. It takes him a long time to grow old, for the constant infusion of new born thoughts and feelings into his heart and mind, keep his intellect and his affections young and active. His art of "journalism" is never learned; each recurring day brings him a new sensation and a new knowledge. His effort is to instruct and please; from the great ocean of fictitious literature he selects such drops as suit his purpose, to satisfy the desires of those who love fancy better than fact. Gems of poetry sparkle in his columns, and relieve the dullness, necessary dullness, of telegraphic despatches and editorial comment.

The journalist has a free range; fact and fiction are his wherever found, and journalism is for the most part pleasant journeying in all fields, without regard to fences and bounds, or to proprietary rights; plucking a green sprig here and a flower there, to be put in the button-hole and worn with all the grace of ownership.

Woburn Lyceum.

It being presumed that the duties and pleasures incident to Thanksgiving would absorb all the leisure of the week in which it occurred, no lecture was given on the 22d. On Tuesday evening last the course was resumed and Dr. J. V. C. Smith gave the fourth lecture in order. This gentleman is always popular with an audience, as, in presenting a subject, however abstruse or technical in its general character, he manages to strip it of its terms and phraseology, and talk about it in such every day language as to make it clear to the common apprehension. He is sometimes a little careless in the use of words, and in pronunciation does not always follow the authorized standards; but if he makes use of a word which does not perfectly express his idea, he quickly supplies another and another till his thought is fully presented. This style of speaking of course begets tautology, but in Dr. Smith it does not appear offensive, as his readiness makes large amends for his repetitions, and he rarely dwells upon any point to the limit of tediousness.

The topic introduced by the lecturer was "The Digestive Apparatus in the various orders of animal life, and the functions it performs." All matter, he said, is endowed with motion, and this motion is a necessity of its existence. In activity only is there life. Inertia is the prelude to death or death itself. One of the methods nature employs to produce this never ceasing activity is the mutual destruction of the animal races by each other. The Chinese have a proverb, that there is no mouth created without a supply of food to fill it. But this all-devouring tendency among the animal races serves another purpose in the economy of nature, viz., to check the too great multiplication of any particular species of organized life. The lecturer then pointed out certain remarkable contrivances furnished to some of the lower orders of animals by means of which they secure their prey. He instanced the devil fish, and showed how it entrapped the cod and others of the finny tribes into its capacious but inexorable jaws.

He then passed to a description of the processes of mastication and digestion as seen in the reptiles and fishes. These are very curious and wonderful though generally simple, yet they are so perfectly adapted to the needs and habits of their possessors that they excite constant admiration and surprise. The lobster chews his food with his claws. These many pronged appendages are used as teeth to tear in pieces the substances that enter its mouth and thus prepare them for digestion. The anaconda and other serpents take their food into the stomach whole. They swallow, by involuntary muscular aid, animals of larger diameters than their own bodies. They then lie in drowsy inaction while digestion goes on. In this lethargic condition they frequently fall easy victims to their natural enemies.

In the next higher order of animal life, birds, the digestive apparatus is more complex. Mastication is carried on within. Food is taken up by the bill and sent to the crop or stomach, and from thence into the gizzard, which is an organ used for grinding or pulverizing what is received into it, and make it ready for absorption and circulation. This grinding process is a purely mechanical one, and is accomplished by the aid of gravel stones acted on by the muscular contractions

of the organ. Dr. S. suggested the possibility that the first miller might have taken his hint from this source for the best method of crushing his grain. While speaking of the digestive organs in this class of animals, the lecturer gave some practical directions with regard to feeding them, which may be very useful to all who indulge in birds or fowls, either as pets or for economical purposes. He illustrated, by an anecdote of an ostrich once exhibited in Boston, the absolute necessity of these grinding stones in the gizzard, and the great strength of the instinct that demands them.

As we ascend in the scale of animal life the digestive organs are found to be more intricate and elaborate. In the ruminating animals there are four distinct processes before the food is prepared to supply the waste or add to the growth. In the camel a very curious provision is made to supply this animal with water in its long journeys over the sandy deserts. Pouches or sacks are connected with the stomach which the instinct of the camel teaches it to fill when about to start with a caravan, and its thirst is slaked from this internal deposit till the desert is crossed—or for a period of about sixteen days. The herbivorous animals, like the cow and ox, do not masticate their food till it has passed into the first stomach and returned again to the mouth. Here, while the animal is in a quiescent state, the masticating process is completed, and the food goes to the second stomach, and thence through other stages into the general system.

In the highest order of animal life, man, the digestive organs are the most complex and delicate, as his more refined nature requires a more careful and elaborate analysis of his food. He has also the capacity to receive and pass healthily through his system a greater variety of substances than any of the lower animals. From this fact the lecturer inferred the omnivorous nature of man, and hence that he will thrive best on food of a varied character both animal and vegetable. As he approaches the tropics he requires less animal food, and as he approximates the poles he requires more. Of all the living inhabitants of the earth, man is the only being that can exist for any time under all latitudes and in all climates.

In the course of the lecture frequent allusion was made to the evidences of design and adaptation in the various methods employed to enable the animal creation to secure and assimilate their food, and it was remarked that no careful observer of these marvelous exhibitions of thought and skill, could fail to be impressed with the conviction that a great and beneficent Being was the author and finisher of them all.

The lecture thus slightly sketched, was said by Dr. S. to be the continuation of a relative subject upon which he spoke last year, namely, the respiratory organs, and it was hinted that on a future occasion he would be glad to pursue the subject still further. We shall have no objection to such an arrangement, as we believe such lectures are about as useful as any we have. There is, to be sure, no strain upon the mind in listening to them, but while we are gathering some new facts, our memories are jogged with regard to many old ones, and thus our knowledge is kept fresh and serviceable.

It is hardly worth while to complain of short lectures after being surfeited with those of Mr. Fletcher, but we verily think Dr. Smith owes us fifteen minutes more talk than he gave us, for he closed some time before the allotted hour, and when men talk without manuscript we always expect a little grace added to the original compact.

Washington Irving.

Washington Irving, the acknowledged prince of American literature, died at his residence at Irvington, Nov. 28. He has long been in feeble health and the news of his death was not altogether unexpected.

Irving lived to a ripe old age and his life has been a busy, and according to his own authority, a happy one. Until very recently he has been engaged in literary pursuits; at this very time the last and noblest of his works, "the Life of Washington," is delighting tens of thousands of readers in Europe and America.

Irving lived many years to enjoy the fame he had fairly earned. Two generations of American writers have nearly passed away since he first appeared in the literary world; but no one has been able to snatch a single leaf of laurel from his brow; his fame is secure so long as true excellence is appreciated, so long as the language in which he wrote shall be spoken among men.

The works of Irving best known to the general reader are, "The Sketch Book," "The Knickerbocker History of New York," "The Conquest of Grenada," "The Alhambra." The lives of Columbus and of Washington; and these will be read with delight for many generations yet to come.

The 36th Congress, which assembles on Monday next, exhibits a large Republican gain over the last. It may be interesting to compare the two:

1857.	1859.
Republicans, 92	Republicans, 113
Democrats, 129	Democrats, 92
Americans, 15	Anti-Lecompton Dem., 9
Vacancy, (Ill.) 1	South's Opposition, 23
Total, 237	Total, 237

The Democrats have gained in the South, and the Republicans have lost in the North, so as nearly to reverse the position of the two parties; though the Democrats had a clear majority in the last Congress, a position which can be claimed by no party in the present. On Monday next, Democrats and Republicans will commence the struggle for the possession of the Anti-Lecompton Democrats, and through them of the speakership.

On Friday afternoon, some of the ladies of North Woburn tolled the bells, and their friends raised a flag half-mast, as an expression of feeling regarding the death of Brown. Parties opposed to the demonstration tore down the flag and secreted it, and fired a salute. High words passed between the parties, and considerable excitement prevailed.

It is stated that the reason we never hear of accidents on the Underground Railroad, is because all the trains run in the same direction. Collisions, therefore, are impossible.

A new, bright vane has been placed on the cupola of the Town House, which we trust will give us reliable information as to the vagaries of the wind; but were we a "brand new" and brightly burnished vane, we should take exceptions to being placed upon so shabby a building. It looks like a new silk hat over a suit of corduroy, or a fashionable twelve dollar bonnet over the dress of a beggar. We trust our town fathers have only commenced, as the Egyptians are said to have done in building the pyramids, at the top, intending to work down with paint-brush and plane.

We may suggest in this connection, that new guide boards be needed on the corner of Salem and Clinton streets, the present being almost entirely illegible.

On Thursday night, the past and present members of Warren Academy invited the past and present members of the Woburn High School to meet them in upper Lyceum Hall. A good band of music from West Cambridge, Ford & Merced's, was in attendance, and furnished most excellent music, and the "young folks" kept up the dance in full vigor until an early hour.

The Academy scholars deserve great praise for the thorough manner in which all the arrangements for the re-union were made and carried out. The great success of the party will probably induce a second trial of the experiment, and we sincerely hope expectation will not be disappointed.

On Thursday evening we listened for the merry ringing of the bells which in old times announced a wedding in church, but in vain. What objection to the old custom that could furnish subject for such description as the following:

"Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness they foretell!
How it swells!
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
On the rapture that how it tells
Of the swinging and ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells!"

OSCEOLA DIVISION No. 143, S. or T.—The institution and installation of this Division, under the Charter granted Nov. 19th, 1859, took place in Lyceum Hall, on Monday evening, Nov. 28th. The ceremonies were very simple and interesting. Twenty-two male members were initiated, and eleven lady visitors obligated. A special train from Boston arrived at 7 1/2 o'clock, bringing delegations from Crystal Fount and Caledonia Divisions of Boston, Union Division of Cambridge, Rising Star Division of Winchester.

The Division is in a flourishing condition, and quite a number propose joining as soon as the Division gets started.

There is to be a meeting of the members in the vestry of the Congregational Church, this (Saturday) evening. A full attendance is requested, as business of importance will come before the meeting.

THE NEW CHURCH.—The work on this church is progressing finely. The tower has already reached the height of one hundred and fifteen feet, and should the present fine weather continue, another section will be added, at the top of which the spire proper will commence. The bell will occupy the upper part of the section that has just been added. It is worth a journey up where the workmen are now employed, to see the strength of the timbers, and the admirable manner in which they are framed together.

MR. AUBURN MEMORIAL, is the title of a new paper published at Cambridgeport. The publication is in the small quarto form, printed upon fine paper, in clear type, and the contents are as agreeable to the mind as the paper to the eye.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH.—Every day we hear of arrests in the Southern States, of men guilty of no crime excepting that of expressing opinions adverse to the institution of slavery.

The first amendment to the Constitution of the United States prohibits Congress from making any law "abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." Free speech and a free press are the chief pillars of our Democratic Government; but they must both go down when slavery gives the word. Slavery sustains itself in part by muzzleing the press and treating those who exercise free speech to prison fare or a ride on a rail.

HARPER'S Weekly comes with an illustrated supplement this week in form, covered with re-prints from old wood cuts. It is intended for the Holidays and bears date Jan. 1st. Price 6 cents. It is a good thing for the children, and adults will find their money's worth in it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Numerous favors from correspondents, regular and occasional, are on the editorial table. The continued illness of the editor, prevents his attention to them and to other matters connected with the paper. Time will make everything right again, and we must ask the friends of the Journal to be patient; their communications will not be lost, and will not injure by a little keeping.

Our neighbor over the way, G. R. Gage, shows a sign of prosperity which we are heartily glad to see. We have often wondered as to the meaning of that cloudy strip of board fastened carefully over the door of our friend. Now everything is clear. May the fortunes of Gage ever wear the same golden hues in which his name now rejoices.

At noon yesterday, Friday, the thermometer stood at 69. Remarkably warm weather for the season. Thomas Hood's universally known description of November has not applied to the month just closed.

The committee appointed for that purpose have purchased 30,000 feet of land on Plymouth street leading westerly from Johnson-st., well known as the Circus field, and as soon as the plans are completed, intend to erect a school-house thereon. The lot is conveniently located, level, and spacious, sufficiently large, and admirably adapted to the purpose. We are informed that the cost of the lot is \$2,100.

For the Middlesex Journal.

PRESENTATION.—A few weeks since, Mr. G. D. Pike, (the student that supplies our pulpit) made the following proposition to the scholars connected with the Sabbath School in this place: He would present a Bible to every scholar that would learn and recite perfectly "Christ's Sermon on the Mount." He also told them that he, together with some of the teachers, would meet them at some given time and place to hear them recite. And I am happy to say that thirty-seven came forward and recited the sermon perfectly. I would here add that the average attendance in the Sabbath School is eighty. Sabbath morning the bibles were displayed upon the table in front of the pulpit. At noon, when the Sabbath School was commenced, Mr. Pike made some appropriate remarks respecting the gift, also urging upon them the necessity of studying and treasuring up the truths of the Bible. After making a few remarks, he called each one up separately, and presented to them the Bibles, —the greatest gift to man.

North Woburn, Nov. 28, 1859.

For the Middlesex Journal.

This place is not so dull as many people suppose. It is true that we have no Lyceum, and also many other things that those of a larger population enjoy; but we are having this winter a course of social gatherings, which no doubt will do a great deal of good, and the young folks of East Woburn and some of the neighboring towns, gather together and have a merry time of it. This allows the young people a better chance to become acquainted with each other.

One of the above gatherings came off at Union Hall, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 22d. Although the weather was unfavorable, the Hall was well filled, and every one enjoyed himself much. Another is to come off Tuesday evening, Dec. 6.

Yours &c., W.
East Woburn, Dec. 1, 1859.

The following letter was addressed by its author to Gov. Wise of Virginia. The reply we published in the Journal last week.

LYNNFIELD, MS., Nov. 12, '59.
To His Excellency, HENRY A. WISE.
My Dear Sir:—I suppose you receive many letters now-a-days with reference to John Brown, who has been doomed to execution on the gallows for a violation of Virginia's laws. Excuse a word from me. I have known and loved that intrepid man, and though I do not approve his course in connection with the Harper's Ferry insurrection, yet cannot bear the idea of his being put to death.

And I feel it impressed on my mind, like the bidding of God, that I must write a pleading letter to you; yes, you, dear Sir, whom not having seen I have loved and admired. Do not, O do not let that noble heart-beat, although strangely misguided old man die, if it be in your power to prevent so dire a catastrophe. Pray see that his sentence is changed, even if it be to imprisonment for life; and multitudes will "rise up and call you blessed," handing your name down to immortality as a genuine benefactor, and thank you forever. But "a word to the wise is sufficient." Please drop me a line and state whether any hope at all may be cherished for John Brown.

Yours, truly and sincerely,
WILLIAM C. WHITCOMB.

JACOB WEBSTER Engine Co. No. 2, of North Woburn, gave a ball in their Engine House Hall, on Friday, the 26th Nov.

There was a large company assembled, and all whom we have seen, who participated in the affair, protest they had a glorious time. There were no ardent spirits or wines on the premises, but the Websters and their friends need no artificial incentives to make them merry. It was a late hour, or rather early in the morning, before the lights were extinguished, and the anniversary party was over.

MR. GEO. O. SANDERSON has disposed of the estate situated on Winn street, in rear of the Baptist and Orthodox churches, to the First Baptist Society.

THE Working Men's Union held a meeting at the Town Hall on Thursday evening, and discussed various matters connected with the organization. The association is held weekly meetings during the winter in Lower Lyceum Hall.

THE House of Representatives have voted that each member is entitled to four dollars per day for actual attendance. If the legislators have earned this sum they ought to take it in the name of justice. But doubts may be reasonably entertained on this subject. It is true they have done much work, it is equally true that they propose to take four dollars a day for many weeks of entirely useless and unproductive talk.

Gov. Wise has perpetrated a joke, offering to pardon General Brown on condition that he be allowed to hang General Synpathy. We are in doubt as to whether the valiant Governor deserves punishment most for the badness of his joke or for trifling upon a serious subject.

THE EXECUTION.—John Brown is dead. A telegraphic despatch reached Boston on the afternoon of Friday announcing that the execution had taken place without interruption.

In view of the wide-spread and deep excitement caused by the attempt at Harper's Ferry, the trial and the execution, we must consider the event one of very great importance, marking an era in American history. The life has been strangled out of the pioneer, but no man who has studied public sentiment for the past three weeks, can doubt that at least half a million still exist, and that their spirit of the stern old Puritan, and that their feelings have been intensified and rendered more dangerous by the exasperation caused by the execution of their leader.

The execution will not strike terror, it will only tend to excite a spirit of revenge.

A Committee of the Legislature have reported that the business of the session will probably be finished by the 10th of December, and that the body may be prorogued on that day. It is too early to review the proceedings of the legislature. We can only say at present that they have accomplished a great deal, and that they have been a great while doing it. Should the prorogation take place on the 10th, the re-elected members will have only a short vacation—until the first Wednesday in January.

STONEHAM.

The Unitarian Sewing Circle met on Thursday evening last, at the residence of John Hill, Esq. This meeting was the largest they ever held, and everything passed off to the delight of all present. There were not less than twenty-five persons assembled.

The Committee who superintended the celebration held in this town on the 4th of July last, held a meeting this week, and voted to give the surplus, amounting to fifty dollars, which was left after the expenses of the celebration were paid, to the Town Library. We hope the Library will have many similar donations, and that its prosperity will constantly increase.

The Dramatic Association of this town will give three exhibitions at the Town Hall, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, Dec. 14th, 15th, and 16th; and it is expected that these exhibitions will prove the most successful of any they have yet given. We will give further particulars in our next issue.

A horse, attached to a buggy, and belonging in Reading, ran away, near Spot Pond, on Monday last, upsetting both driver and vehicle. The horse made the best of his way home, leaving the buggy behind him. Damage slight.

A person boarding at the hotel in this place, yesterday, while the keeper was in Boston, yesterday, to help himself to a fine overcoat, and various other articles of clothing, belonging to some other boarders, the value of which, probably, is \$50. As yet no clue has been found as to his whereabouts.

E. A. Upton, Esq., of South Reading, has opened a law office in this town, on Main-st. The grounds for the new Cemetery on Fulton Street, the area of which is twenty-five acres, are now being actively laid out. We thought, while passing it yesterday, that the situation was low and damp for the purposes for which it is intended.

Learners and peddlers have become so great a nuisance, that some of the large business firms have positively forbidden their entrance into their premises.

Business of all kinds is very dull just now, and the signs do not indicate any immediate change.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Thanksgiving in Stoneham was kept in accordance with the ancient custom of the New England people. A Union service of the Congregational and Methodist societies was held in the Congregational church. The sermon which is highly spoken of, was by the Rev. Mr. Fish of the Methodist society. The usual Thanksgiving dinners were partaken of by almost everybody, (consisting of course of plum puddings and turkey,) of which none probably ate with more relish than the workmen employed in various departments of the shoe manufactory of the enterprising firm of John Hill & Co., who were each the recipients of a good turkey. In the evening the Hutchinson family gave a concert at the Town Hall, to which everybody went, the hall being literally crammed so that even standing places were not to be had at any price.

And I regret to say that many went away dissatisfied, the execution of the pieces not being up with their former reputation. Star of Hope Division No. 28, of this place, is doing well, having now about 225 members and increasing fast. They met in the Town Hall on Monday evening at 7 o'clock.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

We felt heartily amused the other evening by the appearance of an earnest man from "out of town," rushing into a room where several gentlemen, and among them four Justices of the Peace, were engaged in a committee meeting. The intruder was a man of some intelligence, and pretended to know considerable about law, etc.; but it is important to see him very early in the morning in order to find him sober. At the time referred to, he had "borne the burden and heat of the day," and his burden, like that of many others in this world, being too heavy to stand up erect under, he "reeled to and fro like a drunken man." "See here, square B," said he, addressing a well known lawyer, "I have here, I've been robbed, and want you to make out a complaint." "Hush, hush," said Mr. B., "go away. I am busy and can't attend to you." "But you must, for I've been robbed." "Well, go to 'quire U., for I am engaged." "I have been to him, and he won't take a record of it." Then turning to another, he said, "Come, square W., make a record, for I've just been robbed." "I am engaged," coolly replied Mr. W., "and cannot be disturbed; so you must leave." After a moment's pause to gather strength, he energetically replied, "but I have been robbed, honestly, and you must make out a complaint." He was told that if it was done honestly, no one had a right to take a complaint, and he must leave the premises forthwith. He started to find justice in some other office, and the key was turned against him.

The two schools in the North District were united at the commencement of this term, on account of the small average of pupils during the past season. Miss Emerson, of the Senior school, taking charge of the whole, and Miss Hutchinson of the Primary department receiving an appointment to the West Primary, vacated last term by the resignation of Miss C. Emeline Sweetser. The present term shows a large increase to the number of scholars, as though, as one remarked, a whole township had moved in. Justice calls again for division, and a division will be made to take effect next Monday.

The Educational Association will hold its next meeting at Greenwood School Hall, on Monday evening next. Subject for discussion: "How far does the responsibility of teachers extend over the conduct of their pupils out of school?" Mr. A. Walton, of Greenwood, was thrown from his wagon one evening last week, near the Catholic Church, and received a severe shock, beside having both shafts of his carriage broken. The highway, which was undergoing improvement, had been left for the night in an unfinished condition.

We have been asked several times what horse was recently burned, belonging to the Yale Engine Company, as intimated by a

paragraph in the last number of the Journal referring to the burning of Mr. Skinner's barn. If it had read *hoss* instead of *horse*, no explanation would have been necessary.

The South Reading Literary Association have voted to give an exhibition in Declamation, etc., at the Town Hall, one week from next Monday evening.

On Sabbath night, a horse belonging to Mr. Benjamin Mansfield, got cast in the stall and was choked to death by the halter.

The great wedding of the season took place at Mrs. Ransom's, on Avon street, on Tuesday of this week. Mr. Samuel E. Currier and Miss Phebe A. Ransom were the happy couple.

M.

For the Middlesex Journal.

PLEASURE.

The question, "Why do temperate persons drink more than intemperate?" seems to imply a paradox. But the answer, "Because they live to drink longer," explains it.

If, then, one is fond of the pleasure of eating and drinking, he ought to be strictly temperate to secure the greatest amount of this pleasure.

The man who dissected his hen "that ever and anon laid a golden egg," in order that he might more rapidly view her productions, did not commit a greater absurdity than he who eats and drinks two or three meals at once, in order more rapidly to enjoy the pleasures of the table.

Were the object of his pursuit the headache, colic, dyspepsia, vertigo or gout, he has the direct road to it and will no doubt be in time to obtain it. Solomon speaks of a man given to appetite, applying a knife to his throat at a table of dainties; such a *bon vivant* might well have a blister plaster applied to the nape of his neck to restore him to his senses. And is it not amazing how such lunatics abound? By attempting to raise pleasure too high, it is infallibly ruined. How true it is that "man by the fall received such a blow on the head that he has been insane ever since." He calls bitter, sweet; and pain, pleasure, to keep out of fire and water; for he drinks "liquid fire" and pursues a course that "drowns men in perdition."

The drunkard feels his vitals waste, Yet drowns his health to please his taste. What pains, what loathsome maladies From luxury and lust arise.

While the ways of wisdom are as pleasant as they are peaceful, and end in "pleasures forevermore," "O, that they were wise; that they understood this; that they would consider their latter end!" J. E.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

SILVER WEDDING.—The occasion of the silver wedding, as it is termed, of Hon. John A. Bolles and wife, was improved by some thirty of their friends who called upon them one evening last week at their residence, to congratulate them upon reaching this period of their wedded life

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

New York, Nov. 23.

Thanksgiving Day was observed more generally than ever before, by our citizens. Foreigners do not comprehend the meaning of the day readily, but having gained a tendency to take all the holidays they get in this working-day country, they are found to coincide heartily in any arrangement which shuts up places of business, proclaiming an armistice between competing dealers in wars of all descriptions. Yesterday the stores were to considerable extent closed at an early hour in the forenoon, the churches were opened and Broadway was lively, the sunshine tempting promenaders to come forth. The sermons delivered yesterday were generally of a high order, and our leading preachers are now expected to make extraordinary efforts on this day, the more so as their sermons are liable to be reported in full in the journals of the next morning. A daily contains this morning full reports of nearly a dozen Thanksgiving sermons, making a collection of rare interest, as it indicates the shades of opinion which characterize different sections of the community. The pastors of the leading churches are representatives of the style of character and opinions of their congregations to a great extent. Staid conservatives are Rev. Drs. Hutton, Potts, Krebs, Bethune; and they gather around them men chiefly of that ilk; a medium stand point is occupied by the Rev. Drs. Hawes, Tyng, and Storrs; the "progressive" wing is led by Rev. Messrs. Beecher and Rev. E. H. Chapin of the Universalist church in Broadway. The day was celebrated with special eclat in the benevolent institutions of this city, which through special donations were generally enabled to furnish unusual dinners to their inmates, accompanied with a deal of volunteer speech-making. And the German population kept the day after their national fashion.

Business is not brisk with the majority of wholesale merchants during this month. The importers and manufacturers of goods have generally sold out their stocks or nailed up the balance till the trade of another season demands it; jobbers who "break bulk" or sell by the piece and dozen, are selling only to retailers from the near-by towns and this city. But the trade of this city alone is something enormous; intelligent merchants estimate it as equal in value to that of the far northwestern States; partly because the class of goods taken here are more costly. By this city we mean of course to include Brooklyn, Williamsburg, and Jersey City. And the retailers of these cities supply not only an immense population but a horde of retail buyers from the country and visitors from a distance who think they find it to their advantage to patronize New York merchants in preference to those of their own locality. This is true in some instances indeed, but in many cases not. In the towns which are readily reached by the great railroads, goods are retailed at a very small advance on New York cost; the retail business can be done at a smaller percent of profit than here, where enormous rents are to be paid, the result of extravagant taxes, caused by the waste of public money through dishonest officials.

The reins of the city government may not be an honor of any great magnitude to the holder, but they are certainly a prize in a pecuniary point of view to an unprincipled speculator. There is absolutely almost no limit to the facilities for fraud which open themselves to those in municipal offices. And these frauds have become in some sort legalized by custom in the eyes of men who think themselves altogether too honest to put their hands into a neighbor's pocket. We have an election for Mayor and Corporation Council on hand, with a triangular contest in which it is difficult to predict who will "come out ahead."

The city continues to undergo a rapid change in the erection of new buildings. The new stores for the wholesale dry goods trade which are going up in the district between Canal and Chambers street, west of Broadway, are generally remarkably commodious and costly. It is perhaps to be regretted that so much money is being expended in ornamental and white marble fronts, which confer no benefit upon the buyer of goods. Solid warehouses are best in taste for wholesale traffic, but our American jobbers, in many cases, are inclined to attract buyers by external gilding and gingerbread work; a course which English traders would condemn as absurd. However, there is no disputing people's hobby horses, as Sterne has it.

Special Notices.

SCHOOL-NOTICE.

The Schools in Woburn Centre will commence Dec. 5. In the afternoons they will commence at 11 o'clock, instead of 10 o'clock, and close at 4 o'clock.

By order of the Committee,
H. P. STEPHENS, Chairman.

Woburn, Nov. 30, 59.

WOBURN LYCEUM.—1859-60.

The 5th lecture will be delivered by
Rev. R. P. STEPHENS, D. D., of Woburn,
at Lyceum Hall, on TUESDAY EVENING, Dec. 6th,
at 7½ o'clock.

EPHRAIM CUTLER, Sec'y, Woburn Lyceum,
Woburn, Dec. 3d, 1859.

SELECTIONS MEETING.

The Board will meet at their office every THURSDAY EVENING, at 7½ o'clock, for the transaction of business, until further notice.

JOSEPH KELLEY, }
WM. T. GRAMMER, }
Woburn, March 17, 59. if

BOY WANTED.

A smart, intelligent BOY is wanted in the Journal Office. Apply at the Book Store.

DR. P. B. RANDOLPH.

The famous man whose eloquent protest against Abolition, Free Love, and all the ultra radical "isms" and "ologies" at the great Utica Convention a year or so since caused such a sensation all over the country, is announced to speak at 2 and 7 o'clock, on SUNDAY NEXT, Dec. 4th, in the TOWN HALL. Mr. Randolph is related by blood to the great John Randolph, of Roanoke, and is said to be nearly as eccentric and quite as eloquent as that famous man. Dr. Randolph is son of Wm. B. Randolph, of Virginia, himself a brother of John. Dr. has been lecturing to immense audiences in various towns of New England, and has been invited to speak in this place by several of our most respected citizens. Beyond a doubt he will draw large audiences to hear him.

A CARD TO THE LADIES.

Dr. Duponno's Golden Periodical Pills.

FOR FEMALES.—Infallible in correcting irregularities, relieving painful and distressing menstruation, removing obstructions, and always successful as a preventive. "One of the first Ladies," of Lowell, who used them successfully, says, "she considers Dr. Duponno's Pills of so much value she would be willing to pay Five Dollars a box, if she could get them no less. Every agent is presented with a receipt, comparing these Pills, and they will tell you they may be relied upon."

Price \$1.00 per box. Sold by
E. TRULL, Woburn, Mass.

Sole Agent for Woburn, Winchester, Reading, Stoneham, Lexington, &c., &c. La-
diere by sending him \$1.00 through the Woburn P. O. can have the pills sent to any part of the Country conveniently by mail. None genuine unless signed S. H. Howe. Sold in Lowell by Jos. R. HAYES, and J. E. BILLINGS, Druggists.
Sept. 10th, '59.—11

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY CURE EFFECTED BY

DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE PREPARED BY FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH.

New York, March 19, 1852.

THIS is to certify that I have been troubled for almost four years with a choking sensation, sometimes so bad as almost to suffocate me; I employed two regular physicians, but to no purpose. I was then persuaded to try a bottle of Dr. McLane's Celebrated Vermifuge, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh. I took two teaspoonful at one dose. It soon began to operate, when it made through work. I had a regular worm factory within me; I also judge it brought away from me some two quarts of worms; they had the appearance of having burst. I took the remainder of the bottle at two doses. The effect was, it brought away about one quart more, all chopped to pieces. I now feel like a new man.

The above is from a widow lady forty-six years of age, resident of this City. For further particulars, the public are referred to Mrs. Hardie, No. 3 Manhattan place, or to E. L. Theat, Druggist, corner of Rutgers and Morris streets, within me.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

Dr. McLane will be pleased to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so good as Dr. McLane's.

HORACE WATERS,

AGENT.

333 Broadway, N. Y.

Publisher of Music and Music Books and Dealer in

Pianos, Melodians, Alexandre Organs, Organ Accordion, Martin's celebrated and other Guitars, Violins, Tenor Viols, Violoncellos, Accordions, Flutinas, Flutes, Pipes, Clarinets, Triangles, Tuning Forks, Pipes and Hammers.

Bells, best Italian Spoons, Brass Instruments for Bands, Piano Stools and covers, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

SHEET MUSIC,

FROM all the publishers in the U. S., British, Italian, and Modern School, and all kinds of Instruction Books for the above instruments. Church Music Books, Music elegantly bound; Music paper

Poetry.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

"Hark, my maiden, and I'll tell you
By the powers of my art,
All the things that ever befall you,
And the secret of your heart.

"How that you love some one—don't you?
Love him better than you say?
Won't you hear, my maiden, won't you?
What's to be your wedding-day?"

"Ah, you cheat, with words of honey,
You tell stories that you know;
Where's the husband for my money?
That I gave you long ago?"

"Neither silver, gold, or copper
Shall you get this time from me;
Where's the husband, tall and proper,
That you told me I should see?"

"Coming still, my maiden, come,
With two eyes as black as mine;
Marching soldier, and humming
Gallant love-songs as he goes."

"Get along, you stupid gipsy!
I won't have your barren heart;
Staring up at me half-dressed,
Saucy with his chin up—so?"

"Come, I'll tell you the first letter
Of your husband's name—
I know every one, that's better,
Thank you, gipsy, all the same."

"Ha, my maiden, run your text so!
Now I see the truth—
And the day is Monday next,—" No,
Gipsy, it was—Monday last!"

Business Cards.

BENJAMIN W. CONANT,

Would respectfully inform the Inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity, that he has on hand a well selected stock of

Drugs, Medicines, &c.,

at his store, No. 5 & 6 Woburn Block, where also may be found a full assortment of articles usually kept in a first class Drug Store. He pledges to the public, and Physicians in particular, that every article used by him in Pharmacy shall be of the first quality.

Strict personal attention paid to putting up Physicians' prescriptions. Compounding and delivery of Family Medicines, and all kinds of Druggery, at night, and at as low a price as can be afforded.

He has the privilege to refer to
SIR W. F. POWELL, Druggist, of Boston.
CHAS. K. CANNON,
SAR. W. A. BROWN, JR.,
JOHN S. HARRISON, &c.

Also to Drs. Henry Bartlett, Charles E. Winslow, E. C. Cutting, Horatio G. Morse, John S. Flint, Henry A. Martin, Thos. B. Nute, and A. L. Cummings, City Physicians.

Woburn, May 1st, 1858.

T. RICKARD, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Residence on DENNETT STREET, third house from Pleasant street on the right. dec. 4

A. E. THOMPSON,

DEALER IN AMERICAN & FOREIGN DRY GOODS.

West India Goods, Flour and Grain, Crockery and Hardware, Fancy Goods, &c., &c., &c.

No. 3 Woburn Block.

E. BURBANK,

MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF KID

Also Black & Colored Morocco.

Store—31 Shoe & Leather St., (opposite) BOSTON

Manufacture at East Woburn. Nov. 6—yft.

CONVERSE & CO.,

WOBURN & BOSTON R. R. EXPRESS.

OFFICES—5 Congress Square, Boston; Railroad Depot, Woburn.

Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed. Particular attention given to collecting and paying notes, drafts, bills, &c. [April 1, yft.]

FRANK D. DODGE,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELER.

Also, DEALER IN Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Musical Instruments, &c., &c., &c.

MELODEONS FOR SALE AND TO LET. (Weston's Old Stand, Main Street, Woburn, May 1, 1854—yft.)

ALVAH BUCKMAN,

DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS.

MAIN STREET, (opposite the Common.) 1858—yft. WOBURN.

DR. C. T. LANG,

SURGEON DENTIST.

Cor. Main & Walnut Sts., Woburn Centre, MASS.

E. D. HAYDEN,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.

No. 4 WADSWORTH, WOBURN, MASS. Feb. 13, yft.

WILLIAM WINN,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.

Orders left with Mr. Perry, at the Journal office, will receive prompt attention.

HARRIS JOHNSON,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to promptly on reasonable terms. yft.

H. HARRIMAN,

HARNESS AND COLLAR MAKER.

Corner of Oakley Court and Main St., (opposite Central House), Woburn Mass.

Harnesses of every description made from the best stock, and by experienced workmen, at low prices. Repairing neatly done. yft.

Perry, Bell & Co.,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

HARD, SOFT & FANCY SOAPS.

Soap made expressly for Curriers' use.

Thanking the public for the liberal amount of patronage heretofore received, we would solicit a continuance of the same, guaranteeing to give a superior article.

All orders promptly attended to.

NORTH WOBURN, MASS. August 20th—yft.

EDWARD BUTLER,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR.

BANK BLOCK, WOBURN. Nov. 7, 1857—yft.

Full Length Steel Engravings of

WASHINGTON & EVERETT

Including a View of Mount Vernon.

In the Engraving of Washington. These splendid engravings are from original paintings by Hinks, and are engraved on steel in the highest style of Art. They are each 50x50 inches, each contains 180,000 square feet, so many copies, and so many pictures have been printed upon the plates as to make it possible to produce ENGRAVINGS REALLY BEAUTIFUL, as well as the BEST PORTRAITS, and that shall be SENTHOLD ORNAMENTS TO ANY PARLOR.

By the Editor of the New York Observer says: "These engravings are genuine works of art, and the likenesses are admirable. The portrait of Mr. Everett will take precedence of all others."

The New York Christian Advocate says:—"They are among the finest engravings we have ever seen, and they are really works of art."

By special arrangement, the entire year's subscription to the Magazine is paid over by us to the publishers, and the cost of the engravings is paid only by the difference between the lowest wholesale and the regular price of the Magazine.

For only \$1.00, we send you a copy of the Magazine, and a copy of the engravings. The Magazine is sent only for the year.

By the Editor of the New York Observer says: "These engravings are genuine works of art, and the likenesses are admirable. The portrait of Mr. Everett will take precedence of all others."

The New York Christian Advocate says:—"They are among the finest engravings we have ever seen, and they are really works of art."

By special arrangement, the entire year's subscription to the Magazine is paid over by us to the publishers, and the cost of the engravings is paid only by the difference between the lowest wholesale and the regular price of the Magazine.

For only \$1.00, we send you a copy of the Magazine, and a copy of the engravings. The Magazine is sent only for the year.

By the Editor of the New York Observer says: "These engravings are genuine works of art, and the likenesses are admirable. The portrait of Mr. Everett will take precedence of all others."

The New York Christian Advocate says:—"They are among the finest engravings we have ever seen, and they are really works of art."

By special arrangement, the entire year's subscription to the Magazine is paid over by us to the publishers, and the cost of the engravings is paid only by the difference between the lowest wholesale and the regular price of the Magazine.

For only \$1.00, we send you a copy of the Magazine, and a copy of the engravings. The Magazine is sent only for the year.

By the Editor of the New York Observer says: "These engravings are genuine works of art, and the likenesses are admirable. The portrait of Mr. Everett will take precedence of all others."

The New York Christian Advocate says:—"They are among the finest engravings we have ever seen, and they are really works of art."

By special arrangement, the entire year's subscription to the Magazine is paid over by us to the publishers, and the cost of the engravings is paid only by the difference between the lowest wholesale and the regular price of the Magazine.

For only \$1.00, we send you a copy of the Magazine, and a copy of the engravings. The Magazine is sent only for the year.

By the Editor of the New York Observer says: "These engravings are genuine works of art, and the likenesses are admirable. The portrait of Mr. Everett will take precedence of all others."

The New York Christian Advocate says:—"They are among the finest engravings we have ever seen, and they are really works of art."

By special arrangement, the entire year's subscription to the Magazine is paid over by us to the publishers, and the cost of the engravings is paid only by the difference between the lowest wholesale and the regular price of the Magazine.

For only \$1.00, we send you a copy of the Magazine, and a copy of the engravings. The Magazine is sent only for the year.

By the Editor of the New York Observer says: "These engravings are genuine works of art, and the likenesses are admirable. The portrait of Mr. Everett will take precedence of all others."

The New York Christian Advocate says:—"They are among the finest engravings we have ever seen, and they are really works of art."

By special arrangement, the entire year's subscription to the Magazine is paid over by us to the publishers, and the cost of the engravings is paid only by the difference between the lowest wholesale and the regular price of the Magazine.

For only \$1.00, we send you a copy of the Magazine, and a copy of the engravings. The Magazine is sent only for the year.

By the Editor of the New York Observer says: "These engravings are genuine works of art, and the likenesses are admirable. The portrait of Mr. Everett will take precedence of all others."

The New York Christian Advocate says:—"They are among the finest engravings we have ever seen, and they are really works of art."

By special arrangement, the entire year's subscription to the Magazine is paid over by us to the publishers, and the cost of the engravings is paid only by the difference between the lowest wholesale and the regular price of the Magazine.

For only \$1.00, we send you a copy of the Magazine, and a copy of the engravings. The Magazine is sent only for the year.

By the Editor of the New York Observer says: "These engravings are genuine works of art, and the likenesses are admirable. The portrait of Mr. Everett will take precedence of all others."

The New York Christian Advocate says:—"They are among the finest engravings we have ever seen, and they are really works of art."

By special arrangement, the entire year's subscription to the Magazine is paid over by us to the publishers, and the cost of the engravings is paid only by the difference between the lowest wholesale and the regular price of the Magazine.

For only \$1.00, we send you a copy of the Magazine, and a copy of the engravings. The Magazine is sent only for the year.

By the Editor of the New York Observer says: "These engravings are genuine works of art, and the likenesses are admirable. The portrait of Mr. Everett will take precedence of all others."

The New York Christian Advocate says:—"They are among the finest engravings we have ever seen, and they are really works of art."

By special arrangement, the entire year's subscription to the Magazine is paid over by us to the publishers, and the cost of the engravings is paid only by the difference between the lowest wholesale and the regular price of the Magazine.

For only \$1.00, we send you a copy of the Magazine, and a copy of the engravings. The Magazine is sent only for the year.

By the Editor of the New York Observer says: "These engravings are genuine works of art, and the likenesses are admirable. The portrait of Mr. Everett will take precedence of all others."

The New York Christian Advocate says:—"They are among the finest engravings we have ever seen, and they are really works of art."

By special arrangement, the entire year's subscription to the Magazine is paid over by us to the publishers, and the cost of the engravings is paid only by the difference between the lowest wholesale and the regular price of the Magazine.

For only \$1.00, we send you a copy of the Magazine, and a copy of the engravings. The Magazine is sent only for the year.

By the Editor of the New York Observer says: "These engravings are genuine works of art, and the likenesses are admirable. The portrait of Mr. Everett will take precedence of all others."

The New York Christian Advocate says:—"They are among the finest engravings we have ever seen, and they are really works of art."

By special arrangement, the entire year's subscription to the Magazine is paid over by us to the publishers, and the cost of the engravings is paid only by the difference between the lowest wholesale and the regular price of the Magazine.

For only \$1.00, we send you a copy of the Magazine, and a copy of the engravings. The Magazine is sent only for the year.

By the Editor of the New York Observer says: "These engravings are genuine works of art, and the likenesses are admirable. The portrait of Mr. Everett will take precedence of all others."

The New York Christian Advocate says:—"They are among the finest engravings we have ever seen, and they are really works of art."

By special arrangement, the entire year's subscription to the Magazine is paid over by us to the publishers, and the cost of the engravings is paid only by the difference between the lowest wholesale and the regular price of the Magazine.

For only \$1.00, we send you a copy of the Magazine, and a copy of the engravings. The Magazine is sent only for the year.

By the Editor of the New York Observer says: "These engravings are genuine works of art, and the likenesses are admirable. The portrait of Mr. Everett will take precedence of all others."

The New York Christian Advocate says:—"They are among the finest engravings we have ever seen, and they are really works of art."

By special arrangement, the entire year's subscription to the Magazine is paid over by us to the publishers, and the cost of the engravings is paid only by the difference between the lowest wholesale and the regular price of the Magazine.

For only \$1.00, we send you a copy of the Magazine, and a copy of the engravings. The Magazine is sent only for the year.

By the Editor of the New York Observer says: "These engravings are genuine works of art, and the likenesses are admirable. The portrait of Mr. Everett will take precedence of all others."

The New York Christian Advocate says:—"They are among the finest engravings we have ever seen, and they are really works of art."

By special arrangement, the entire year's subscription to the Magazine is paid over by us to the publishers, and the cost of the engravings is paid only by the difference between the lowest wholesale and the regular price of the Magazine.

For only \$1.00, we send you a copy of the Magazine, and a copy of the engravings. The Magazine is sent only for the year.

By the Editor of the New York Observer says: "These engravings are genuine works of art, and the likenesses are admirable. The portrait of Mr. Everett will take precedence of all others."

The New York Christian Advocate says:—"They are among the finest engravings we have ever seen, and they are really works of art."

By special arrangement, the entire year's subscription to the Magazine is paid over by us to the publishers, and the cost of the engravings is paid only by the difference between the lowest wholesale and the regular price of the Magazine.

For only \$1.00, we send you a copy of the Magazine, and a copy of the engravings. The Magazine is sent only for the year.

By the Editor of the New York Observer says: "These engravings are genuine works of art, and the likenesses are admirable. The portrait of Mr. Everett will take precedence of all others."

The New York Christian Advocate says:—"They are among the finest engravings we have ever seen, and they are really works of art."

By special arrangement, the entire year's subscription to the Magazine is paid over by us to the publishers, and the cost of the engravings is paid only by the difference between the lowest wholesale and the regular price of the Magazine.

For only \$1.00, we send you a copy of the Magazine, and a copy of the engravings. The Magazine is sent only for the year.

By the Editor of the New York Observer says: "These engravings are genuine works of art, and the likenesses are admirable. The portrait of Mr. Everett will take precedence of all others."

The New York Christian Advocate says:—"They are among the finest engravings we have ever seen, and they are really works of art."

By special arrangement, the entire year's subscription to the Magazine is paid over by us to the publishers, and the cost of the engravings is paid only by the difference between the lowest wholesale and the regular price of the Magazine.

For only \$1.00, we send you a copy of the Magazine, and a copy of the engravings. The Magazine is sent only for the year.

By the Editor of the New York Observer says: "These engravings are genuine works of art, and the likenesses are admirable. The portrait of Mr. Everett will take precedence of all others."

The New York Christian Advocate says:—"They are among the finest engravings we have ever seen, and they are really works of art."

By special arrangement, the entire year's subscription to the Magazine is paid over by us to the publishers, and the cost of the engravings is paid only by the difference between the lowest wholesale and the regular price of the Magazine.

For only \$1.00, we send you a copy of the Magazine, and a copy of the engravings. The Magazine is sent only for the year.

Business Cards.

CENTRAL CASH STORE!

THE Subscribers having taken the store lately occupied by Mr. O. Brown, in Kelley's Building, Main Street, would respectfully give notice to the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, that they will keep constantly on hand, all kinds of

West India Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Grain, Crockery, Earthenware, Glass, Stone and Wooden Ware, which they offer for sale, for CASH, as low as can be bought at any store in the vicinity.

We would invite the public to call and examine our stock of goods, which are carefully selected, and as good as can be obtained in the market. Goods delivered free of expense.

Woburn, April 15th, '59.

East Woburn Grocery Store.

H. RAMSDELL informs the inhabitants of East Woburn, that he keeps constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of GROCERIES, of all descriptions, and of the best quality. Also, Crockery and Glass Ware, all of which will be sold at the very lowest cash prices.

East Woburn, Sept.—yft.

WILLIAM PRATT,

Watch-maker and Jeweller.

And dealer in Watches, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, &c.

347 Washington street, Boston.

Particular attention given to repairing fine Watches, Clocks and Jewellery.

FATHER KEMP,

Respectfully give notice to their friends and the public, that they have opened a

B. F. NICHOLS,

NEW BOOT AND SHOE SALOON

142 Hanover street.

Next door to the Tea Store between Blackstone and Court Streets, Woburn.

May 18, '59.

LUMBER.

TO CARPENTERS & BUILDERS. All kinds of LUMBER for Building Purposes, ready planed, matched, &c., for sale at very low prices, by the subscriber, at his wharf, next to the bridge in East Cambridge.

Dec. 4, yft. S. L. THOMPSON.

Spring Style! Spring Style!!

HATS & CAPS

For 1859.

NOW MANUFACTURING AT

W. A. HASLAM'S,

Cor. of Main & Walnut sts., Woburn.

12 Silk Hats Warranted Waterproof.

HATS and CAPS made to order at short notice. Hats renovated and made to look as new.

Mar. 25th.

JOHN G. COLE,

PAINTER AND GLAZIER.

Painting, Hanging, White-washing and Coloring done in the most perfect manner. Also, Glazing, Marbling, Staining and Bleaching of every description. Puttying and GLASS, of the best quality, constantly on hand.

SHOP, first building south of the Branch Railroad Depot, Main street, Woburn. Feb.—yft.

HAT MANUFACTORY.

W. A. HASLAM.

PRACTICAL HATTER

Invites the attention of the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity to his stock of HATS & CAPS of his own manufacture, and of the best quality, and to his business, to give perfect satisfaction to all who may be pleased to patronize him.

SINGLE HATS MADE AT SHORT NOTICE. Those persons who find it difficult to get a hat to fit, can have one made by leaving their measures, that will be as easy to wear as an old one.

OLD HATS renovated in good style. yft.

T. W. PAGE,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Woburn, Mass.

Sales of Real Estate, Household Furniture, and all kinds of Personal Property, attended to promptly and on reasonable terms.

ORDERS MAY BE LEFT AT THE WOBURN

APRIL 25, yft.

NICHOLS' PUMPS.

THE Subscriber would announce to the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, that having secured the services of Mr. J. Nichols, he is now

LOCATED IN WOBURN CENTRE, on Union Street, near of Jones' Blacksmith Shop, where he will be happy to attend to his former patrons and to all who may be pleased to favor him with their orders. All orders by mail, at his place of business, promptly attended to.

June 19, yft. AMOS NICHOLS, JR.

FAIRBANKS' SCALES.

CELEBRATED

FAIRBANKS & BROWN.

No. 34 KILBY STREET, Boston.

WYMAN'S

AMBIOTYPE, MELANOTYPE, AND

Duplicating Rooms.

KELLEY'S BLOCK, WOBURN.

Particular attention given to copying Pictures.

March 25th, 1859—yft.

PIANO-FORTES

BOUGHT, SOLD, AND EXCHANGED,

Also, Tuning and Repairing done promptly, thoroughly, and on reasonable terms.

Woburn, or 250 Washington St., Boston.

Mr. GREEN believes his facilities for transacting business in the PIANO-FORTE line, are unequalled, and will warrant perfect satisfaction to all who avail themselves of his services.

Orders left at E. J. BROWN'S STORE will receive prompt attention. Dec. 19, 1857—yft.

MANSFIELD'S BARILLA SOAP.

WILLIAM WOODBERRY.

Paint, Pitch, Tar, and Grease from Cloth

ing, also, Grease from Coat Collars, and Oil from Carpets without injury.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stancham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. IX : No. 10

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1859.

(SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.)

Poetry.

"WE SHALL MEET IN HEAVEN."

BY MRS. H. J. LEWIS.

Thou, whose face I have seen smiling,
Ere life grew sombre to my chaste soul,
Though youth has passed since our last sad farewell,
And far from mine thy being's destined goal,
I see thee through a mist of smiles and tears,
And bless thee still across the waste of years.

I see thee, with thy dark-fringed eye dilate
With pure and noble thought; I hear thy voice
Deep, soft and touching, as of tones that wait
On hearts that tremble 'e'en while they rejoice;
I list thy kind counsel as of old
And the sweet wafts of time are backward rolled.

Some hopes I had to take thee gentle hand
Once more in mine, to read upon thy brow
What life had done for thee, to clasp the hand
Anew that lies so idly parted now;
But they have perished on my chequered way,
Perished with others fair and dear as they.

On earth no more! but where the parted meet,
Where the heart's wounds are healed, where
Doubt is lost,
There, early loved and cherished: may our feet
Safe on the shore, death's turbid river crossed,
Together rove, and crowding thee with flowers,
I shall forget the yearnings of these hours.

THE BRAZEN HORNS: A TALE OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES CARROLL.

Author of "The Architect of Verona," "The Rite
Chevaliers," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.

GUESTS AT THE CASTLE.

The Earl of Hereford on the morning after the arrival of the followers of De Burgh, informed their leaders that he had received news of an event which would oblige him to remain in the castle for several days; meanwhile they were to eat at his tables, and be placed in the same position in all things as the vassals of his own house. As soon as possible he would muster them under his banner and conduct them to the war.

The leader of this band of auxiliaries was an old soldier, worn and battered in many wars, whose name was Ronald, and who was called Black Ronald by the followers of De Burgh. On the morning succeeding his arrival at the castle he was aroused by a summons from the Earl of Hereford, requiring his immediate presence in the hall. In place of the Earl he encountered Sir Walter Mayne, and remained for some hours in close communion with him; during the remainder of that day and the whole of the succeeding he was employed in secret conferences with some of the principal personages under his command, and towards the evening began to circulate a tale that treachery was being meditated against Sir Reginald, but what the nature of the plot, and what its object, no man could tell. Orders were given that every man should be within the castle walls at sunset, as the gates would then be closed. When Ronald mustered his men that night, he found that two were missing; he hastened to report this fact to Sir Walter.

"It is well," said the knight, and he gave orders that certain men who he designated, should set forth from the castle at midnight. Having made these dispositions, he accompanied Ronald to the court-yard where the troops were assembled; as he passed through the lines, some scores of men lifted their bonnets and made him a low obeisance. The knight carefully observed each man as he passed him by and returned his greeting. "You have done well," he said to Ronald, as he left his side and again entered the castle. He sought an interview with the Earl. "All is well," he said; "I depart for the castle de Burgh this night."

"Be not too hasty, Sir Walter; the enterprise will be attended with great danger." "Assure you, none, my lord. Should Sir Reginald reach this castle before my return, I pray you by fair means or by force, detain him until I appear. I swear to you, upon the honor of a knight, to justify your proceedings, so that no blood is shed. Should my esquire return, let him by no means meet Sir Reginald face to face."

"It shall be so, Sir Walter. I need not caution so old a soldier against rashness." "I shall prize your friendship too highly, Earl Robert, not to endeavor to deserve it. You need not fear for my safety. I promise to lead fifty lances under your banner to this Scottish war we have upon our hands."

"Fifty lances, Sir Walter? What fifty lances can you call into the field?"

"Nay, I am not mad, noble Earl; I will make my promise good. I pray you pardon me; I will explain all in good time."

At midnight, Sir Walter appeared in the court-yard, clad in complete mail, and mounted on Saladin; as he issued from the gate, he was followed by a long train of armed men. We will leave him to complete his journey; our business detains us at the castle.

During the succeeding day Earl Robert frequently ascended to the battlements and gazed over the adjacent country, penetrating with his eye each opening in the surrounding forest, but without making any discovery; when night approached he ordered strict watch to be kept during the hours of darkness, and charged the warder to admit no one at the gate, unless he should be first summoned and be present in person.

It was past midnight when Earl Robert was awakened by a loud blast upon the horn that hung at the further end of the drawbridge. He hastened to the gate and bade the warder demand the name and business of the summoner.

"Who art thou that callest upon the warder of Hereford?" cried that important official, "and what wouldst thou in the castle?"

"I am the friend, and guest of the noble Earl," was the reply, "by name, Walter

Mayne, the Knight of the Serpent. I seek shelter and hospitality for myself and my following."

"Admit him," said Earl Robert. "Thou art welcome, Sir Walter Mayne," shouted the warder as the drawbridge rattled to its place and the gates were opened wide.

Sir Walter crossed the bridge and entered the court-yard, followed by his train, some members of which bore heavy burthens in their arms. On perceiving the Earl, the knight immediately dismounted and sought his side.

"My noble lord," he said, "Sir Reginald will be here within the hour: we have passed him on the way; I have not been discovered, and would not have him know that I am in the night. Decline converse with him this night: bid him meet you in the hall at the ninth hour of the morning."

"Sir Walter, I know you will deal justly, like an honorable knight, and will not question you."

"You shall have no need, Earl Robert," said the knight, as he drew a parchment from his vest and gave it to his host. "Take this scroll, read it on the morrow before meeting Sir Reginald in the hall. It is from the King: it will tell you who I am and what I seek. Has my esquire returned and is Father Anselm in the castle?"

"Not yet, Sir Walter."

"May the saints send them here before the morning! A fair good night, noble Earl; I must to my chamber."

"A happy morrow!" returned the Earl, as he walked away.

"What! Gregory!" called the knight. "I am here, my lord," answered one of the train, approaching.

"Find Ronald, Black Ronald, and bid him to my chamber presently."

"I obey, my lord," answered Gregory, and hastened away.

As Sir Walter was about to seek his chamber he met the Earl returning, and accompanied him to the gate: the Earl approached the warder, saying, "Should other gentle guests present themselves this night, bid them welcome in my name. I will sleep, and greet them on the morrow."

"I hear my noble lord," said the warder in the stately manner becoming his high office. Sir Walter Mayne and the Earl now entered the castle together and were conducted to their chambers.

As the knight had foretold, in about an hour after his own arrival, appeared Sir Reginald de Burgh; he was forced to content himself with the welcome offered by the warder, and to postpone the business of his visit until the morrow, though he made no attempt to conceal his impatience. He was conducted in due state to an apartment of the castle, where fatigue soon conquered thought and he slept.

This was the night of a lifetime to the warder of Hereford Castle. An hour before it gave place to morning, he was again summoned to the gate, and this time it was to give entrance to the Earl of Mowbray and the gentlemen of his train. Lord Mowbray readily accepted the welcome of the official, demanding only food and lodgment in the castle of his sworn friend the Earl of Hereford.

Daylight appeared; the sun arose, and Hubert had not yet arrived.

CHAPTER V.

THE ACCUSATION.

Lord Hereford sat in his castle hall; a parchment scroll was in his hand, and as he read its contents, a fiery gleam was in his keen gray eye. An officer of the household entered the room, and, approaching Earl Robert, said, "My Lord of Mowbray is in the castle and would speak with your lordship."

"Conduct him hither, and see that he be attended with all honor."

Lord Mowbray soon appeared, accompanied by a few of the principal gentlemen of his train. The greeting between the two Earls, while courteous and dignified, was warm and heartfelt.

Source had Mowbray assumed his seat, when the usher again appeared:

"My lord, Sir Reginald de Burgh, arrived since midnight, desires audience of your lordship."

"Admit Sir Reginald."

The knight entered hastily; on observing Mowbray and his followers, he stopped, and after the ordinary courtesies seated himself in silence. His visage was pale and haggard, and beneath the velvet bonnet which he wore, the edge of a bandage was observed, wound closely about his brow.

"You have been wounded, Sir Reginald!" said the Earl of Hereford.

"Ay, my lord, sorely wounded, and no matter of trifling import could have brought me to your lordship's castle this day."

"Is it so? I pray you the purport of your visit."

"Nay, my lord, it is for your ear alone."

"Sir Reginald, there be no secrets between your knighthood and myself which my cousin of Mowbray and the gentlemen that follow in his train may not know as well."

"I would not draw the honor of Earl Robert of Hereford in question before his friends," replied De Burgh haughtily.

"My honor! Sir Reginald! you are within my castle walls a wounded man,—presume not too far upon my hospitality."

This discussion was interrupted by the third appearance of the usher: "Sir Walter Mayne, my lord," he said, and at the word Sir Walter Mayne appeared.

"My friend and guest, my Lord of Mowbray," said Earl Robert.

"In faith, I know him well, Lord Hereford," replied Mowbray. "I knew him in the Holy Land," and he arose and embraced him warmly.

When the greeting was over, Lord Hereford presented his guest to de Burgh. Sir Reginald arose and stretched forth his hand. "Nay, Baron de Burgh," said Sir Walter, "if when the sun sets you offer me thine hand, mine will not refuse its office."

Without awaiting a reply Sir Walter proceeded. "My lord of Hereford, you have read the parchment scroll from the King?"

"I have, Sir Walter."

"By all the saints! Robert of Hereford, I am not here to receive thy contumely and the insult of thy unknown guest. I will away, with my men at arms at my back; when I next appear, I will be more numerously attended and will not crave an audience in vain," said Reginald de Burgh, as he rose to his feet.

"Nay, Sir Reginald, sit thee down, and speak less loudly. Thou art here, and here shalt thou stay till we have done with thee. Thou shalt have audience, sure enough," said the Earl angrily.

A loud blast upon the horn at the gate of the castle rang through the apartment. Sir Walter Mayne and Earl Robert started to their feet; Sir Reginald followed their example. "Thou art in haste, Sir Reginald," said the Earl. "Sir Walter, will you take my place at the gate?" Sir Walter left the room.

"My lord of Hereford, I came here to learn the cause of rumors I have heard, that treachery is meditated against me and my power. May I ask your lordship questions or shall I go and henceforth believe Hereford my enemy?" said de Burgh.

"Neither, Sir Reginald. No treachery has been plotted; of that I give you my word as knight and Baron of England. Thou art to remain here, and instead of treachery thou wilt find justice."

Sir Walter Mayne again entered the room, followed by some of the vassals of Hereford together with Hubert and Father Anselm; as they advanced and took seats near the great oak table that filled the centre of the hall, Sir Reginald partially arose, but recovering himself from what seemed surprise sunk again into his seat.

"My lords of Hereford and Mowbray, I am now prepared," said Sir Walter.

Lord Hereford arose and laid upon the table a parchment scroll to which was attached the broad seal of England, and he said, "I hold here a commission from our sovereign lord, the king, addressed to myself and to my noble cousin, the Earl of Mowbray; we are instructed to examine what cause of difference exists between Sir Walter Mayne and Sir Reginald de Burgh; to hear what accusations Sir Walter may bring against Sir Reginald; the evidences by which such accusations are sustained. If time is needed, suitable delay shall be made that Sir Reginald may more fully defend himself. If the accusations are proved, the punishment shall not be inflicted, but Sir Reginald shall be kept prisoner in the castle of Hereford until the return of the king to England. If Sir Walter Mayne fails to make good his charges, he shall be commanded in the name of the king to quit the realm of England, and his blood shall not be required of Sir Reginald or his champion." Earl Robert passed the parchment to the Earl of Mowbray, and when he had glanced at its contents he said, "Sir Walter Mayne, we first proceed to hear your accusations."

Sir Walter arose and confronted, first Sir Reginald, and then the Earls Mowbray and Hereford. Each breath was stayed as his voice sounded through the hall.

"I proclaim Sir Reginald de Burgh a knight forsworn, a perjured man, a breaker of the laws, a villain and a robber! And I will make my proclamation good."

Sir Reginald started to his feet. "Am I here, Lord Hereford, to hear the vaunting of an unknown knight? I will away, let who dare stay me!"

"Peace! Reginald," said Sir Walter. "If, when thy wound is healed, thou shouldst call on me to make good my cause, thou shalt not find me wanting. My lord, will it please you to bid Ronald lead hither the men of de Burgh? Sir Reginald shall not be without attendance."

A pause ensued, concluded by the appearance of Black Ronald leading a long train of Sir Reginald's men completely armed.

As soon as they appeared Sir Reginald arose. "Vassals," he said, "make way for your lord through that door; I will leave this castle."

"Not a man moved."

"Men of de Burgh," said Sir Walter, "seize this base perjured and outlaw and guard him well."

The men at arms advanced toward Sir Reginald, led by Ronald and forced him to his seat, where they surrounded him with drawn swords.

The knight was struck dumb with astonishment; his soul was filled with fear; when he recovered the power of speech he said, "My own vassals beset me! I cannot choose! Justice, my lord! I ask justice."

"And thou shalt find justice," said Mowbray; "proceed Sir Walter with thy witnesses."

CHAPTER VI.

THE PROOF.

Sir Walter, thus called upon, proceeded to establish the fact that Sir Reginald held the barony of de Burgh as against Hubert, the son of the last lord, in virtue of having proved to the King that Hubert had no claim to the estate, not having been born in lawful wedlock. This fact was within the knowledge of both the Earls, and was not disputed by Sir Reginald. Then Sir Walter called upon Father Anselm to advance.

In answer to the knight's questioning, father Anselm related that he was present at the marriage of the last Lord of Hereford with the Lady Margaret, that Father Thomas,

the Abbot of a monastery in Trentwood (since dead) performed the holy sacrament, that the marriage was in private, the only witnesses beside himself having been Sir Reginald de Burgh, the cousin of the bridegroom, and another man whom he did not know; that he had never heard that Sir Reginald disputed the validity of the marriage, that in all its forms it followed the ordinance of holy church.

Ronald declared that he knew the Lord de Burgh and the Lady Margaret were united in lawful wedlock; that in about two years thereafter Hubert was born and the lady died; that soon after, his lord went to the Holy Land; that the boy was left in the castle under the charge of the keeper; that when the child became a youth he entered the service of a noble lord whose office was about the king; that news came of the death of the Lord de Burgh; that he liked better to serve a man than a boy; that when Sir Reginald became lord of the castle he kept silence, and entered his service.

"This proof is strong, Sir Walter Mayne; nevertheless, we will decide nothing until we have heard all," said the Earl of Mowbray. "If you have proved Sir Reginald forsworn, you have not proved him a villain and a robber."

"Stay," said Reginald, "I demand the time named in the commission, in which to prepare my defence. I have been entrapped; how can I answer in the moment all the charges this unknown knight may please to bring?"

"Nay, Sir Reginald, you shall have all justice," returned Mowbray; "but how can you prepare a defence without first hearing the accusations?"

"Let me not hear them to-day," said Reginald.

"Ay, this day and this hour shalt thou hear them. What, Sir Reginald, will you put it in the power of your accuser to name you coward too?" said Mowbray.

Reginald was silent.

"My Lords, and all you who hear me," said Sir Walter, "ye know something of the forest fiend, Sir Satan, as the people call him. He has robbed, he has murdered, he has waged war against the king's liege subjects. A villain and a robber, there he sits! He and Reginald de Burgh are one!" The effect of this announcement was startling; every man was on his feet, and twenty swords were drawn; then a low hum, in which the words, "It is true, it is true," might be distinguished, passed around the hall, as Reginald, who had risen from his seat, sank back while the red blood trickled from his temple.

"Bring hither our booty from Burgh castle, Ronald," said Sir Walter.

Ronald led the hall, and soon returned bearing a complete suit of mail, which he laid upon the table.

"No more, no more," said Reginald.

"Aye, more, Reginald de Burgh, more till I am revenged," cried Sir Walter, and his voice was hoarse with passion. "More, vile perjurer, I will torment thee with thy crimes."

"My Lords, here is the helmet that you Devil wore. I found it in his chamber at the castle de Burgh on yester eve. 'Tis his, my Lords, else, how came it there? See, one of the brazen horns is gone, the same blow, given by my valiant esquire, that bled it thence, gave the wound of which he died."

"Aye, and by St. Hubert, that same esquire has now the brazen horn in his keeping," said the youth, advancing with the majesty in his hand; "forsooth, I meant it for a trophy, but as we have the whole kit, it shall not part company with its fellow, and he laid the horn upon the table."

"Good Hubert, you have done well, and shall meet with your reward," said Earl Robert.

"Nay, an' if I have clipped one of Satan's horns, and thereby confounded his lying majesty, I am well content."

"What hast thou to say, Sir Reginald?" said Mowbray.

"Nothing, to you, my lord; but, turning to Sir Walter, he added, "But who art thou that thus pursueth me like a fiend?"

Sir Walter replied, "Black Ronald, look me in the face. Who am I?"

"The Lord Walter de Burgh!" said Ronald, "aye, in truth, I am; Walter, Lord de Burgh, thy lord, Reginald, and I will make thee know the doom of a treacherous vassal! Anselm, look upon me! Look well and closely; do you know me not?"

"Aye, my good lord, I know thee now, full well. May all the saints be praised!" said Sir Walter.

"Yes, thy father, boy, more proud of thee, than thou of him. Thou wouldst have wiped the stain from the names of thy dead sire and dame; behold, my arm is yet strong enough to defend mine honor."

"In faith, my sire, I loved thee when I knew thee not."

"And when I knew thee, I loved thee, boy."

The vassals of Burgh rounded round their lord to do him honor; he received them kindly, and some of them he called by name. The hall resounded with their greetings. As soon as Sir Walter could escape them, he addressed the Earls: "My Lords," he said, "I have made my accusation, and have named my claims; these I will maintain with sword or lance or battle axe, against any valiant knight who will stand champion for this Reginald, at such time and place as he may choose."

"What sayest thou, Sir Reginald?" asked Hereford.

"Conduct me to my chamber," replied the broken man.

Attendants were summoned, and Sir Reginald, pale and trembling, left the hall. "Let some of your own household act as his guard," said Sir Walter. It was so ordered.

While Sir Walter was yet receiving the congratulations of the Earls, and talking with his son, one of the attendants who had departed with Sir Reginald hastily returned, his face flushed with excitement, saying, "The knight of Burgh is dead, dead by his own hand."

When the door had been closed upon him, the sentinel at the threshold heard him fall and moan pitifully; he summoned his comrades and entered; they found Sir Reginald upon the ground with his own dagger fast in his breast. He was dead.

Sir Walter led fifty lances into the field under the banner of the Earl of Hereford, and with him fought in the battle of Neville's Cross, and Hubert, having taken prisoner John Graeme, the warlike Earl of Menteith, made a knight upon the field.

The event of the battle left England at peace within herself for a short season, and during this interval was laid the foundation of the union of the baronies of Burgh and Hereford by the betrothal of the brave Sir Hubert and the fair Lady Harriette.

This union was afterward completed, the lesser estate was merged in the greater, and the title of de Burgh became extinct.

Gild Your Feathers.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Young Love but seldom ask'd advice,
And when he ask'd but seldom took it;
But he's been humbled once or twice,
And his proud spirit could not brook it:
So he got wisdom to impart
His care and counsel for all weathers;
Which was to seek no maiden's heart,
Until he'd richly gild his feathers!

Love smil'd; and soon his pinions bore
A golden blaze of beauty round him;
And maid, who'd scorn'd young Love before,
Now full of grace and sweetness found him:
Such taste—such spirit—such delight—
A wing to warm the worst of weathers.
Hail! harried Love, but wisdom's right—
There's naught like gilding well one's feathers.

The following pleasant sketch has a peculiar interest at this time, describing as it does one of the foremost men of America as he appeared at a ripe old age, and within a few days of his departure from this world. Those who have learned to love and honor Washington Irving through his writings, will peruse the sketch with eagerness.

[From the Independent, Nov. 2.]

Half an Hour at Sunnyside.

A VISIT TO WASHINGTON IRVING.

I had half an hour one day last week at Sunnyside—the residence of Washington Irving. Such a half hour ought to have been one of the pleasantest in one's life; and so it was. The pleasure began before reaching the door-step, or taking the old man's hand—in the thousand associations of the place—for a visit to Sunnyside is equal to a pilgrimage to Abbotford.

The quaint, grotesque old dwelling, with its old-fashioned gables, stood as solemn and sleepy among the trees as if it had been built to personate old Rip Van Winkle at his nap. The grounds were covered with brown and yellow leaves, with here and there a red quivering running and rustling among them, as if pretending to be the true red-breast that laid the leaves over the babes in the woods.

The morning had been rainy, and the afternoon showed only a few momentary openings of clear sky; so that I saw Sunnyside without the sun. But under the heavy clouds there was something awe-inspiring in the sombre view of those grand hills with their many-colored forests, and of Hendrick Hudson's ancient river still flowing at the feet of the ancient palisades.

Mr. Irving is not so old looking as one would expect who knew his age. I fancied him only in the winter of life; I found him only in his Indian summer. He came down stairs, and walked through the hall into the back parlor, with a firm and lively step that might well have made one doubt whether he had truly attained his seventy-seventh year. He was suffering from asthma, and was muffled against the damp air with a Scotch shawl, wrapped like a great loose scarf around his neck; but as he took his seat in the old arm-chair, and despite his hoarseness and troubled chest, began an unexpectedly vivacious conversation, he made me almost forget that he was the guest of an old man long past his "three-score years and ten."

But what should one talk about who had only half an hour with Washington Irving? I ventured the question:

"Now that you have laid aside your pen, which of your books do you look back upon with the most pleasure?"

He immediately replied, "I scarcely look with full satisfaction upon any; for I often do not seem that they might have been; I only wish that I could have twenty years more to take them down from the shelf, one by one, and write them not."

He spoke of his daily habits of writing, before he had made the resolution to write no more. His usual hours for literary work were from morning till noon. But although he had generally found his mind most vigorous in the early part of the day, he had always been subject to moods and caprices, and could never tell when he took up the pen how many hours would pass before he would lay it down.

"But," said he, "these capricious periods of the heat and glow of composition, have been the happiest hours of my life. I have never found, in anything outside of the four walls of my study, any enjoyment equal to sitting at my writing-desk with a clean page, a new theme and a mind awake."

His literary employments, he remarked, had always been more like entertainments than tasks.

"Some writers," said he, "appear to have been independent of moods. Sir Walter Scott, for instance, had great power of writing, and could work almost at any time; so could Crabbe—but with this difference: Scott always, and Crabbe seldom, wrote well. I remember," said he, "taking breakfast one morning with Rogers, Moore and Crabbe; the conversation turned on Lord Byron's poetic moods; Crabbe said that, however it might be with Lord Byron, as for himself he could write as well one time as at another."

"But," said Irving, with a twinkle of humor at recalling the incident, "Crabbe has written a great deal that nobody can read."

He mentioned that while living in Paris he went a long period without being able to write. "I sat down repeatedly," said he, "with pen and ink, but could invent nothing worth putting on the paper. At length, I told my friend Tom Moore, who dropped in one morning that now, after long waiting, I had the mood, and would hold it, and work it out as long as it would last, until I had wrung my brain dry. So I began to write shortly after breakfast and continued, without noticing how the time was passing, until Moore came in again at four in the afternoon—when I had completely covered the table with freshly-written sheets. I kept the mood almost without interruption for six weeks."

I asked which of his books was the result of this frenzy; he replied, "Bracebridge Hall."

"None of your works," I remarked, "are more charming than the Biography of Goldsmith."

"Yet that was written," said he, "even more rapidly than the other." He then added:

"When I have been engaged on a continuous work, I have often been obliged to rise in the middle of the night, light my lamp, and write an hour or two, to relieve my mind; and now that I write no more, I am sometimes compelled to get up in the same way to read."

Sometimes, also, as the last I'll tell you, I mention, he gets up to shave!

"When I was in Spain," he remarked, "searching the old chronicles, and engaged on the life of Columbus, I often wrote fourteen or fifteen hours out of the twenty-four."

He said that whenever he forced his mind unwillingly to work, the product was worthless, and he threw it away and began again; "for," as he observed, "an essay or chapter that has been only hammered out, is seldom good for anything. An author's right time to work is when his mind is aglow; when his imagination is kindled; these are his precious moments; let him wait until they come, but when they have come, let him make the most of them."

I referred to his last and greatest work, the Life of Washington, and asked if he felt on finishing it, any such sensation as Gibbon is said to have experienced over the last sheet of the Decline and Fall. He replied that the whole work had engrossed his mind to such a degree that, before he was aware, he had written himself into feebleness of health; that he feared in the midst of his labor that it would break him down before he could end it; that when at last the final pages were written, he gave the manuscript to his nephew to be conducted through the press, and threw himself back upon his red cushioned lounge with an indescribable feeling of relief!

He added that the great fatigue of mind throughout the whole task had resulted from the care and pains required in the construction and arrangement of materials, and not in the mere literary composition of the successive chapters.

But what magnificent volumes! What a work for an old man to have achieved! What a fitting close to the labors of a long and busy life! They unite on one page, and lay perpetuate in one memory, not only a great name, but its great name-sake; the Father of the American Republic, and the Father of the American Republic of Letters.

On the parlor wall hung the engraving of Faed's picture of "Scott and his Contemporaries." I alluded to it as presenting a group of his former friends.

"Yes," said he, "I knew every man of them but three; and now they are all gone." "Are the portraits good?" I inquired.

"Scott's head," he replied, "is well drawn, though the expression lacks something of Scott's force; Campbell's is tolerable; Lockhart's is the worst. Lockhart," said he, "was a man of very delicate organization, but he had a more manly look than in the picture."

"You should write one more book," I hinted.

The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPEY, Editor and Proprietor.
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS.—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher, and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, (fourteen lines), one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 75 cents. Half a Square, (seven lines), one insertion, 50 cents; each subsequent insertion 35 cents. One Square, per year, \$12.00; six months, \$7.00; three months, \$4.00; half a Square, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.50; three months, \$2.00. Less than half a Square charged as a square. Special Notices, 50 cents a line for one insertion; 4 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly in advance. Advertisements in advance.

AGENTS.

North Woburn.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINS & Co. Boston.—Messrs. ALBERT L. RICHARDSON, South Woburn.—Messrs. J. D. MANSFIELD, Haverhill.—Messrs. J. D. MANSFIELD, Haverhill.—Messrs. J. D. MANSFIELD, Haverhill.

S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer, Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston, and J. H. BURLING, Boston, are fully empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL at the rates printed by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and increasing circulation of the JOURNAL renders it valuable as an advertising medium. It is read and preserved by the best families of Woburn and surrounding towns, among whom it circulates to an extent enjoyed by no other paper. It is not excelled, if equalled, in typographical appearance, by ANY PAPER published in Middlesex County. By preserving uniformity in its management, equal prominence is afforded by ALL ADVERTISERS. Our terms of advertising are moderate.

JOB PRINTING.

We would call the special attention of our readers to our facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of JOB PRINTING. The variety of NEW and HANDSOME TYPE, which our office is supplied with, is very extensive; our presses are new and fast; our workmen experienced and skillful. We have, therefore, every facility for doing all kinds of work, QUICK, NEAT AND CHEAP. Orders left at our office, or sent through our agents, will be promptly attended to, and the press will be as low as can be found elsewhere. Orders solicited.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIBERS will confer a favor by giving notice at the office when they wish to receive their paper regularly, or change their place of residence, so that we can give notice to our carriers.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 10, 1859.

THE UNION.

We would call the attention of our readers to the account of the great meeting in Faneuil Hall, on Wednesday last, to be found in the Boston dailies of Thursday, and to the speeches delivered on that occasion by Hon. Edward Everett, and others of scarcely less reputation. And we do this because that meeting was called in consequence of an event of not very great importance in itself, but by circumstances made of the first magnitude, and we desire to offer a few suggestions on the subject.

We endeavor to regard the present agitation of the country with coolness, and to take an impartial view of the condition of things, while we most earnestly desire that, if danger really threatens the American Union, the storm-cloud may soon be dissipated and the sky appear calm and bright again.

We have read the principal speeches delivered in Faneuil Hall, on Thursday, with great care, and would advise our readers to follow our example with all expedition,—do not fear knowing too much of the condition of our country.

The sympathy for John Brown, which has been so freely expressed in the North, has irritated the public mind of the South to such a degree, that "disunion" is to-day the only popular political principle in that section; and the Faneuil Hall meeting was called in order that the act of Brown might be publicly disavowed, that public expressions of sympathy for him might be condemned and that fraternal feelings toward the South might find an opportunity of expression.

We are told that expressions of sympathy for John Brown aggravate the danger to the Union, of which the agitation of the Slavery question is the cause. Hence, for the safety of the Union, that the danger may be removed, the agitation of the slavery question should be brought to a final close. But now brought to a final close? Do any of our great men, lovers of the Union, answer this question? A final settlement of the question of Slavery extension will forever stop agitation, and this alone. What shall be the nature of that settlement? This is a difficult problem, and the danger which threatens the Union is not altogether imaginary.

Edward Everett undoubtedly loves the Union, and appreciates as fully as any man is capable of doing, the blessings which the Union has conferred; and when he sees danger, he leaves his ordinary pursuits and raises his voice in persuasion and expostulation, crying "Peace! peace!" He pictures the terrible effects of a slave insurrection; he counts the cost of a dissolution of the Union; he makes a speech worthy of his great reputation; he speaks feelingly of the fraternal relations which ought to exist between the citizens of New England and those of Virginia. But we may be allowed to ask, does he touch the real cause of the difference and danger?

John Brown's invasion was not the cause, but the effect of slavery agitation, and slavery agitation is based upon a great difference of opinion and principle. The question which underlies it all, is this, shall Slavery be permitted to extend over territories now free and until this question is settled definitely by Congressional action, it is in vain to cry "peace!" for the people desire to know the conditions on which peace is demanded. When the masses of the people have taken a position in politics, they must be convinced that it is wrong before they will abandon it; the fact that it permits some favorite institution or interferes with existing relations, will not move them to change. The people are always stubborn and regardless of consequences, until they are convinced by argument or experience that they are wrong; and those who would save the Union, instead of merely crying "peace!" must, if they would suc-

ceed, come forward as the leaders of a great popular movement, calculated to settle forever, on just and equitable principles, the great question of slavery extension, which alone has produced the danger, if danger really exists.

It is not enough, in the present condition of the public mind, to recommend the cultivation of fraternal feelings. Public sentiment demands that something should be done. Tell us what sacrifices the North is to make, and what the South is expected to concede. Tell the people what to do, not how to feel, in order to restore the harmony which undoubtedly ought to exist between the two great sections of this Confederacy.

Much is said, in general terms about the guarantees and compromises of the Constitution, and Edward Everett, among others, able men and of great reputation as statesmen, call upon the people to preserve them; tell us what these compromises and guarantees are, in express terms, that we may know exactly what they are, and exactly how far they have been disregarded by the people of either section; that we may know who is to blame for present trouble, and precisely what sacrifices, if any, we are called upon to make; what have we done that we ought not to have done? What shall we do that we have left undone? We have read the speech of Mr. Everett in vain to find an answer to these questions, neither have we been able to ascertain precisely what his opinions are regarding great questions agitated at the present time; not how far, for the sake of the Union, he would be willing to sacrifice his principles.

Our great men must be more explicit in their demands, before the people will answer yea or nay.

Woburn Lyceum.

Rev. Dr. Stebbins occupied the platform on Tuesday evening and gave the fifth lecture of the course.

The committee did well in securing such of our fellow townsmen to appear before the Lyceum as have a good word to say, and know how to say it. Novelty is so generally attractive that men who have become popular or notorious from whatever cause, are very commonly sought for to fill the programme of lectures, when the solid minds and cultured scholars in our own neighborhood are too frequently overlooked.

Dr. Stebbins chose for his theme the general subject of "Education," and he laid it before his hearers without preface or apology. He said that in a town like this, where seven thousand dollars are annually expended in the support of schools, and thirty thousand dollars are invested in schoolhouses and their sites, and thirteen hundred children are to receive a part or the whole of their education, no citizen, no father or mother, could fail to have a lively interest in a matter that so nearly touches their pockets and their homes.

The theories and practices of education, it was said, have been almost indefinitely discussed; but some things had become decided, and some things were still unsettled. Among these are, the proper structure and ventilation of school-houses, the number of hours which should be given to the schoolroom by the younger children, and some of the studies which should occupy their attention. But there are theories of education yet open for discussion and to some of these the lecture would be devoted.

In the great objects of education all are generally agreed—viz., discipline of the mind, the acquisition of knowledge, and the right development of character. These are the ends at which all true educators aim. In reaching these results, different systems prevail; but one is so generally prevalent and has become so fixed in the curriculum of our schools and colleges and receives the sanction of so many professional men, that it stands in the minds of the community as the best method of intellectual culture. In this system the study of the Greek and Latin classics is regarded as indispensable to a thorough education. With these views and this system, Dr. Stebbins declared himself to be at variance, and was ready for a discussion of the issue. He then entered upon an examination of the claims of the dead languages to the position they hold in our institutions of learning. At the outset, he said he should not deny to them a disciplinary power. The study of Latin and Greek as requiring severe mental application and taxing of the memory, must in so far forth give strength and efficiency to the intellect. But while it is doing this for the student what is its effect upon his progress in useful knowledge and his moral character? If discipline alone was the thing to be sought, no controversy would be necessary with the advocates of the ancient literature. But it must be remembered that other elements are to be taken into the account in estimating the value of any method used in educating the youth of our land. There are two leading objections to the study of Latin and Greek which at once meet them for the place they occupy in our schools. The first is, that they take so large a portion of the pupil's time in tracing the relations and finding the terminations of verbs and nouns, which, when fully mastered, add little or nothing to his stock of useful knowledge and are forgotten almost as soon as learned. It was asserted that not one in twenty of those who have graduated from our colleges can read a page of Latin prose without previous study, and the aid of a lexicon. The second objection to their study is, the contact of the student's mind with the vulgar and impure stories and legends of heathen mythology with which the text books are filled. This point was urged by the lecturer with great force, and the debating effects of this intercourse with the licentious fables of fabled gods and goddesses was portrayed with a bold and lofty moral power that must have been appreciated by the audience. It was also said that none of the learned professions except theology should be dependent upon the languages of the past, and the pedagogy that employs them in modern literature, in medical prescriptions, and in the statute books should be made a scorn and reproach by all. The advantages to be derived from an acquaintance with the Latin and Greek as the sources of a large portion of the English language, was treated as being comparatively unimportant.

The inquiry was then made, if these studies are excluded from our schools of learning, and reserved only for special purposes by

philologists and students of antiquity, what shall be substituted for them as meeting all the demands of a modern education?

In reply Dr. S. said he unhesitatingly offered the whole domain of the natural sciences, as efficient and noble objects of study and research. In the names and orders of the rocks in geology; of the elemental substances and their countless variations in chemistry; of the air and water and their properties and powers, in pneumatics and hydraulics; of the genera and species and habits of animals, in zoology; and of the classification and growth of plants in botany, there is enough to task the most active mind and strongest memory in mastering.

Now if the second object in education is looked at, viz., the attainment of useful knowledge, it is at once perceived that the fields of science as laid open to us by modern discoveries, are infinitely richer in their fruits and graces, more applicable in their results to life and its healthy pursuits, than all the treasures of eloquence, passion and logic that crowd the epics of Virgil, the orations of Cicero, or the philosophies of Demosthenes. The study of the works of nature opens to us the truest and the highest knowledge which the mind of man can compass and entertain in its relations to earth. The want of this knowledge meets us every day in the field, in the workshop, in the counting-house, and the kitchen even should not be exempted in the enumeration, for there if no where else, ignorance brings forth its severest penalties.

If the third field of education is now considered, the development of character, the same reasoning applies with regard to the natural sciences only with increased force. The study of nature in any of her varied departments, is the study of the great Creator in his works. The "foot-prints" of the Divine Being are everywhere impressed upon the earth and the heavens. We cannot examine any part of them from the infomies that reveal in myriads of thousands in a drop of water, through all the gradations of animal life till it culminates in man; from the tiniest moss that melts under the real with oak that has braved the power of a hundred storms; from the smallest grain of sand that glistens on the sunny beach to the refulgent planet that sweeps through the starry spaces in the infinity above us, without awakening a reverence for the skill, the wisdom and the beneficence of Him who made, adapted, and sustains them all. That the "uncovered astronomer is mad" has passed into a proverb, and insanity may with equal truth be predicated of the student of any other branch of natural science who finds in it only food for skepticism. The more we learn of the power and wisdom of God as revealed in his visible creation, the more must we love and reverence his character and perfections, and thus unfold in our own hearts the likeness of the Almighty Father.

We confess that the above sketch of Dr. Stebbins' lecture gives but an imperfect idea of a well-argued and scholarly performance. It possessed the qualities both of strength and brilliancy, and was delivered with a vigor that would do credit to Chippin.

With its conclusions all may not agree, but we think those who heard it will generally sympathize with its tone and concur in its judgments.

NATURAL HISTORY ASSOCIATION.

This Association met on Thursday evening with the President, John Cummings, Jr. Nine members were present. The Secretary, S. W. Abbott, read a paper entitled "Fresh Water Polyzoa," being a review of the literature of this department. A little more than half an hour was then spent in the microscopic analysis of the *Dicranum repens*, a very interesting member of the Moss family. The remainder of the evening was devoted to Mineralogy—the subject under consideration being granite, its composition, etc. Fine specimens of mica, felspar and quartz were laid upon the table, to illustrate the elements composing this common, though very valuable rock. The next meeting will be at the same place, Dec. 22d.

BASE BALL CLUB.

A dozen of our young men have effected an organization as a Base Ball Club, preparatory to active operations early in the spring. The taste for active, open air sports is rapidly increasing in New England, and we are glad of it; our most approved manner of life educates the mind at the expense of the body, increasing thought while it diminishes muscle, and we should encourage physical education. If the young men will conduct themselves with propriety, as we have no doubt they will, and not make their organization a means of extravagance and dissipation, they will receive general encouragement.

The Young Men's Literary Association.

of this town, have made an arrangement with Hon. Joshua L. Giddings, to deliver a lecture before them. We congratulate the young men upon their success, and have no doubt the old Congressional veteran will be greeted by a crowded house. A sight of Mr. Giddings is worth much, to hear the man so long the patriarch of the U. S. House of Representatives relate his experiences, is worth more. Due notice will be given of the lecture.

The deficiency already ascertained in the affairs of the Boston Five Cents Savings Bank, caused by the embezzlements of the Treasurer, Isaac F. Shepherd, and the manner in which he has conducted the affairs of the institution, amounts to \$37,000.

The investigation has proved that the Trustees of the Bank and other officers, have been guilty of the most culpable negligence, in allowing one man to cheat and steal with impunity, when a critical examination of the books would, at any time during the past three years, have exposed the fraud and saved innocent depositors, who placed implicit confidence in them, from a loss of at least one-fourth of the amount of their deposits.

The exposure which has been made, will in future, we trust, prevent honorable men from allowing their names to be used as Trustees, thereby giving the public confidence, unless they really intend to be responsible for the trust reposed in them.

Godley for January is a splendid number, as the publishers promised it should be.

The Universalist Society of West Cambridge, held a fair and festival in the Town Hall, in that place, on Wednesday evening last, which was very fully attended. The fancy articles upon the tables were beautifully and tastefully arranged, so that the eye never tired in gazing upon them; and the tables containing the edibles almost groaned under their burdens, and everything that an epicure could desire was to be found upon them. At the left of the entrance to the hall, was an arch, appropriately decorated, under which were two young ladies, representing the denizens of fairy land, who were ready at all times to send and receive messages from the unknown sphere of fairydom. After the auction of the articles let unsold was concluded, the merry dance was commenced, which was kept up until the " wee sma' hours ayont the twal." The music was furnished by the Boston Brass Band, assisted by Flagg, Spalding & Daggart's Band. The net proceeds will reach a large sum, as the amount of articles sold, and the number of persons present, was very large.

The proceedings of Congress form the all-absorbing subject of thought and conversation to earth. The N. Y. Herald correspondent terms the "irrepressible nigger" raised his woolly head in each house on the first day of the session. In the Senate Mr. Mason of Virginia introduced the colored gentleman dressed up in a resolution of inquiry into the John Brown invasion; in the House, Mr. Clark of Missouri brought forward the same individual done up in a book called "Hesper's impending Crisis at the South," which somebody is accused of having endorsed and spread through the country, to the imminent danger of the Constitution and the Union. We opine that the men who introduce this subject and thereby invite discussion are as guilty of "agitation" as anybody else.

It is said in Washington that Southern members, in the event of choosing a Republican Speaker, will immediately demand the passage of laws to protect slaveholders in the enjoyment of their property at home, if their demand is refused they will immediately withdraw in a body.

New Publications.

We have received two numbers of Peterson's new cheap edition of the works of Charles Dickens. The two numbers contain "Oliver Twist" in full, and nearly half of the "Pickwick Papers." The edition is a very good one, notwithstanding its cheapness—twenty-five cents a number.

It is perfectly safe at any time to take up a volume of Dickens with the expectation of being amused; and these numbers of Peterson's series are just the thing to put in a carpet-bag when travelling, or to have lying within reach when at home.

"The Old Stone Mansion" a novel, by Charles J. Peterson, published by Peterson Brothers, Philadelphia. We can say of this book what we can truthfully assert of very few of the popular books of the day, we have read it through, and if we could make our readers appreciate our feelings regarding the lighter literature of the day generally, we might rest satisfied that our opinion of the book would be fully understood.

"The Old Stone Mansion," though not of the sensation order strictly, is intensely interesting and in some chapters highly exciting, with that kind of excitement which makes the blood chill and the heart stop, and it reads late at night it renders the hearing sensitive and makes one start involuntarily at the slightest sound. We do not think the author has succeeded as well in that part of his book which treats of the fashionable world as in the melo-dramatic portion; the Frigidities, D'Alencos and Elliotts have been more cleverly satirized by Ke Marvel and Curtis.

The crisis of the story—the solution of the mystery of the old Mansion, is worked up with amazing power, and if we find fault with the plot, as having been borrowed in part, at least, we are more than satisfied with the manner of the working and the not unnatural denouement. The character of the heroine is engaging, and if we feel provoked in some instances at the apparent weakness, we are bound in the end to become satisfied, and thus sympathize with the hero.

LOVES OF THE ISLES, by Alfred Tennyson. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston.

We notice this book for our own gratification, having received no inducement to do so from the publishers.

After reading the book over and over, in silence and aloud to our little family circle, we say God bless the singer, and give him long life to sing and sing again. We have all read those quaint old tales of chivalry, which tell us of the mighty deeds of King Arthur, the great Pendragon, and all the knights of the Table Round, Sir Lancelot, Sir Gawain, Sir Modred and Sir Galahad. Tennyson has selected some of the most touching and romantic legends of the Round Table, and clothed them in the most delicious and musical verse; the tales are four in number, "Enid," "Vivien," "Elaine," and "Guinevere" essentially differing in their character they are almost equally interesting and beautiful. "Enid" is more full of pathos; "Enid" of adventure; "Vivien" of contrast between the great and the base; "Guinevere" of sorrow and mystery. The legends of chivalry are by no means exhausted, and we trust our author will soon select others to be presented to the world. In that attractive dress he is so fully capable of giving them; meanwhile, let no one who has the germ of music and poetry in his soul, fail to read and read again the "Idylls of the King."

THE PRINTER for November is as welcome as ever. It is a periodical equally honorable to its conductors and to the art preservative, and merits the hearty support it receives from the "profession."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The lecture of which you send us a review is to be delivered in this town as we are informed, and the publication of your letter would take off the novelty.

Other friends must still be patient, their favors will be attended to in due time.

Our poetic friends would oblige us by making their contributions short. Many fine poems are obliged to omit on account of their extreme length.

STONEHAM.

DONATION PARTY.—A large number of the parishioners of Rev. Mr. Squires, of Stoneham, gave a donation party on Thursday evening, at his house. A good time was expected, and expectations were fully realized. Meetings of this character contribute very materially to strengthen those feelings of friendship and esteem which ought to exist between pastor and people, and tend to increase the prosperity of the society under whose auspices they are carried out.

A complimentary party was given to Mr. Williams, of South Reading, by his friends, on the occasion of the closing of his dancing school in this place which has proved successful and interesting to both tutor and pupils. About twenty couple were present and enjoyed themselves exceedingly.

The Stoneham Dramatic Association announced for Wednesday evening of next week, the play of the "Denouncer, or Seven Clerks," and the farce of the "Irish Tiger." This will be the first performance of the season, and a full house will undoubtedly greet the amateurs, who succeeded so well last winter and who have no doubt prepared themselves to out-do all former efforts during the present season. On Thursday the same bill will be performed, and we hope the S. D. A. will receive invitations to visit neighboring towns or will do so on their own responsibility.

READING.

A few words once more. Circumstances have prevented me for some weeks past, from sending anything to the Journal, but in the meantime I perceive its columns have been filled with an abundance of good matter, therefore I regret not the omission on my part to contribute. As for news there appears to be just about none at the present time. If I were to write about the weather this would appear to many about as monotonous as some of our concert programmes, so I will allude to a few things of recent occurrence. Thanksgiving day was very generally observed by the church-going people by assembling at the Bethesda church, where a union service was held. The house was well filled by an attentive audience, who listened to an eloquent sermon from the Rev. Mr. Wilcox. It is rumored that several persons got married Thanksgiving day eve, and it is quite probable the rumor is not without foundation,—nor yet a phantom of the brain.

The vestry of the Bethesda church is now being painted and papered, which will improve its general appearance greatly.

The event of John Brown's death occupied the attention of some of our citizens on Friday, as flags were observed flying to the breeze appropriately trimmed, to show the feeling within of those engaged in putting them up; while others busied themselves in the evening by firing salutes for about two hours, thereby expressing sympathy in a different manner.

The singing school of Mr. Rufus Pierce is progressing, and the term has half expired, and whoever wishes can attend the remainder of the term by the payment of one dollar for gentlemen, and fifty cents for ladies. I would suggest to some of the young gentlemen connected with this school, the propriety of being a little more quiet and orderly when making their exit from the hall after the exercises of the evening are closed,—and of giving the ladies an opportunity to go out unmolested, without being obliged to press their way through the narrow passage which presents itself, as their only alternative—"Time and season for all things."

The Rev. Mr. Barrows has recently returned from a western tour, and has given in his people an interesting account of his journey and the incidents connected therewith.

All our schools, I believe, have commenced their winter terms. Thos. Richardson, Esq., supplies the scholars with books.

The question might with propriety be raised, whether or not too many studies are required to be pursued by the pupils in some of our schools? The general tendency is to overcharge the mind and render the pupil a sort of "jack at all trades and a workman at none."

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

SYMPATHY FOR JOHN BROWN.—On Friday last from 11 to 12 o'clock in the forenoon, the bells were tolled, to indicate the feeling of the inhabitants in regard to the great event which was then about transpiring. In the evening, a Public Meeting was held in Lyceum Hall which was fully attended. Rev. Mr. Eddy, the Pastor of the Baptist Society opened the meeting with a fervent prayer that the martyrdom of Brown might be sanctified to the cause of truth, justice and humanity. Alfred Norton made the opening speech, which was a graphic and truthful delineation of the character of John Brown as a model of true heroism. Rev. Mr. Eddy referred to the old hero, eulogized his principles and forcibly contended that his cause was right, on the general principle that if Slavery was wrong John Brown had not committed the offences charged against him. Remarks were also made by Messrs. Sumner Richardson, James Campbell and N. A. Richardson of the same tenor and spirit. Numerous copies of the address of Brown to the Court after sentence of death had been pronounced upon him, were sold at the close of the meeting, the proceeds to go to his family. In front of the platform was a large placard upon which were these words, "He Dies by the Mandate of the Slave Power, Yet Still Lives by virtue of his Heroic Deeds."

OUR SCHOOLS.—The winter term of the Schools commenced last Monday. Miss Hartwell has been appointed to the Ramford School, in place of Miss Parker, declined and Miss Wheeler to the Wyman School in place of Miss Lawrence, who also declined.

LECTURE.—The third of the series of lectures under the direction of the Young Men's Literary Association, was delivered on Monday evening last, by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Subject—"What is the chief end of man?" It was an able, interesting and profitable lecture, and was listened to with close attention, by a large audience, who frequently manifested their approbation of the views presented, by their hearty applause. The lecture was the same one which he delivered in Boston last winter, which drew upon him the severe censure of some of the religious papers on account of the attacks which he made in it, as they thought, upon their peculiar doctrines. Those papers condemned the lecture, and advised their friends not to encourage the promulgation of such views by not engaging him as a lecturer. Dr. Holmes was under an engagement to give a course of lectures last winter, but one of a course of lectures last winter, but the approval given to them by some of the strict denominational Christians in town, the Committee refused to have that lecture delivered and the doctor declining to give any other, we were consequently deprived of his services in this capacity. This winter the doctor was again announced in the course to be given, and he has improved the opportunity to give us that lecture, which many of

us wanted to hear, but which others did not want him to give. Why he was allowed to do it, we know not, except that we hear that the Committee finding that previous action was not approved of by a large number invited him to deliver it.

We did not, nor have we heard of any others who thought there was anything so very objectionable in his views upon this subject, and we think it exhibits a weakness on the part of those persons who are afraid to have a lecturer express his ideas upon so important a matter, when even they may not coincide with their own. We congratulate ourselves that we were privileged to listen to one so well calculated by his study of human life, to discuss the subject in a fair, candid and liberal spirit, and to awaken and direct our attention to the great question as "what is the chief end of man," and how it should be exhibited.

The next lecture of the course will be given on Monday evening, Dec. 19th, by B. P. Shillaber, Esq. (Mrs. Partington.)

REPORTER.

The friends of Mr. Pippy will be glad to hear that he is surely, though slowly improving. Time will be requisite, but his attendants believe he will, ere long, be restored to better health than he has experienced for many months.

We call attention to the advertisement of Mr. Teare in another column, as no doubt many of our readers will be interested in its import.

Special Notices.

EXHIBITION.

The Stoneham Dramatic Association WILL GIVE AN EXHIBITION, AT THE TOWN HALL, STONEHAM, ON Wednesday and Thursday Evenings, DECEMBER 14th and 15th, On which occasion they will perform the Drama of THE DENOUNCER, Or the Seven Clerks. To be followed by the Farce of the IRISH TIGER! Doors open at 6 1/2 o'clock. Performance to commence at 7 o'clock. TICKETS OF ADMISSION 15 CENTS. To be had at the door. STONEHAM, Dec. 9th, 1859.

WOBURN LYCEUM.—1859-60.

The 6th lecture will be delivered by Mr. James J. H. Gregory of Marblehead, at Lyceum Hall, on TUESDAY EVENING, Dec. 13th, at 7 1/2 o'clock. Subject, "Coal and its Fossils." PHILIP M. CUTLER, Sec'y, Woburn Lyceum, Woburn, Dec. 10, 1859.

WANTED.

To purchase, at this office, Nos. 2 and 13 of Vol. 1; No. 3, Vol. 3; No. 46, Vol. 5, of the Middlesex Journal.

SELECTMEN'S MEETING.

The Board will meet at this Office every THURSDAY EVENING, at 7 1/2 o'clock, for the transaction of business, until further notice.

ROBERT CONN, } Selectmen
JOSEPH KELLEY, }
WM. E. GRAMMEL, } Woburn.
Woburn, March 17, 59. tf

THE LIVER PILLS.

Dr. J. H. FLEMING'S PILLS for Liver and Bile are first used by him exclusively in his own practice. So efficacious were they in all cases of Liver Complaint, that they became famous, and attracting the attention of the medical faculty, passed into general use. They act with great certainty and regularity; the patient almost immediately feels disposition of his case, and is gradually restored to health. With some of the most infamously fraudulent, frequently experiencing immediate relief, after having for months resorted to drugs and medicine of another description, in vain. Diseases of the Liver are very common in this country, and are often frightful in character. Those who experience any of the premonitory symptoms of this dangerous and complicated disease, should at once procure a box of Dr. FLEMING'S PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros. of Haverhill, and, by persisting, thereby, be saved a world of misery.

Purchasers will be careful to ask for DR. FLEMING'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other Pills purporting to be Liver Pills, but none so reliable as Dr. FLEMING'S genuine Liver Pills, also his celebrated Vermifuge, now had at all respectable drug stores. None genuine without the signature of FLEMING BROS.

DR. HOSSETTER'S BITTERS have received the warmest commendation from the medical faculty throughout the Union. As a valuable tonic for the cure of Dyspepsia, Flatulency, Consumption and general nervous debility, it cannot be approached. Every day new cases of its great effect are chronicled through our public journals. There is nothing equal to the enjoyment, to that which the afflicted experience when using this valuable medicine. Its mild tone, its sure and vigorous action upon a disordered stomach, and the clearing of the entire human body, should recommend it to all classes of our community. All that will be necessary to convince the skeptical of its healthy effects, is to purchase a bottle and be convinced. Sold by druggists and dealers generally, everywhere. See advertisement.

DYSPEPSIA.

There is perhaps no disease which deranges the physical comfort of individuals, and families to the same extent as Dyspepsia or Indigestion. Previously to the discovery of the

OXYGENATED BITTERS.

There existed no medicine accessible to those suffering from this wide spread disease, which relieved it in any marked degree.

The power of these Bitters over the above named disease as well as over all those having their origin in imperfect digestion, and functional diseases of the stomach, as well as Asthma and General Debility is beyond all question.

Its speedy and permanent cures of some of the severest and stubborn cases on record is sufficient confirmation of this fact.

COPIES OF A LETTER FROM A SCHOOL TEACHER IN DETROIT.

DETROIT, Mich., June 16, 1857.

Messrs. S. W. FOWLE & Co., Boston.—In reference to the OXYGENATED BITTERS, I can say, that after having tried them for several months, and almost dying with pain and heaviness in my stomach, I was prevailed upon by a friend who had been cured by the same medicine to try a bottle of your Oxygenated Bitters. Before using half a bottle I felt greatly relieved, and by the time I had used two bottles and a half I was entirely well, and still remain so. I know of several cases more distressing even than my own, which have been entirely cured by this invaluable medicine; and it gives me great pleasure to recommend it to any and all who may be suffering from this dreadful mal

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. IX: No. 11.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1859.

(SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.)

Poetry.

DIES IRÆ.

This glorious old Latin hymn by Thomas De Cella, which has so often thrilled the worshippers of the Catholic Church throughout the world, has found many translators. A translator made by E. S. Sargent, Esq., has recently fallen under our notice, and we think many of our readers will be glad to see it in our columns.

I.
Day of ire, that day impending,
Earth shall melt, in ashes ending—
Scarc and Sybil so portending.

II.
Ah! what trembling then, what quailing,
When shall come the Judge unfailing
Every human life unveiling?

III.
Trump shall scatter peals astounding,
On earth's sepulchres abounding,
Gather all men by his sounding.

IV.
Death and nature wonder shaken
Then shall be at seeing waken
Mortals unto judgment taken.

V.
Book of record shall be quoted,
Where all human deeds are noted,
Whence the world shall be devoted.

VI.
Therefore, at that Judge's session,
Shall no secret find expression,
Vengeance sparing no transgression.

VII.
How shall I then, Lord, implore Thee,
Send what advocate before Thee,
When not even the just are worthy?

VIII.
King of majesty transcending,
To thy elect grace extending,
Me save, O Lord, from this meaning!

IX.
Jesus! let Thy love surviving,
Heed in me Thy cause of striving!
Lose me not, that day arriving!

X.
Me, Thy weary cross failed never,
Cross redeemed through Thy endeavor!
Shall such pains be lost forever?

XI.
Just Dispenser of punishment,
Give my suppliant soul remission
Ere that day of inquisition!

XII.
Like a malefactor sighing,
Blush of shame my visage dyeing,
Spare me, Lord! my heart is crying.

XIII.
Who gav'st Mary absolution,
And the thief, from sin's pollution—
Me brought'st hope of restitution!

XIV.
Worthless are the prayers I make Thee,
But, Lord, do not Thy promise break me,
Lest eternal fire I undertake!

XV.
Give me, Lord, the sheep, salvation;
From the goats make separation,
Fixing on Thy right my station.

XVI.
When the accused shall find his earnings,
And be doomed to endless burnings,
Answer Thou my heavenly yearnings.

XVII.
From the dust this imporation—
From a contrite heart this imprecation—
Be, in death, my consolation!

XVIII.
When that day, of tears impending,
From Thy ashes man ascending,
At Thy bar shall be attendant,
Spave, O God! the poor deendant!

A SCENE IN A JURY ROOM.

A THRILLING STORY.

I once had the extreme felicity of leaving my business to serve upon the jury. I pleaded in all manner of ways for release, but to no effect. I could not swear that I was deaf, nor blind, nor yet non compos, but I did tell them that I had already formed an opinion. They asked me if my opinion would prevent me from receiving the testimony in good faith, and rendering a verdict according to it. I replied that of course I should weigh the evidence carefully, and be governed by it. I was informed that I "would do."

The case to be tried was one of arson—then a capital offence—and the prisoner at the bar was a young man named Charles Ambold, whom I had known from boyhood, and who was naturally one of the finest youths in the town where he resided. He had a widowed mother, who depended upon him for support, and his circle of friends was large and choice. I was morally certain that he did not commit the crime, and hence I am sure, those who were friendly to him got me on the panel and had me retained.

The trial commenced and we twelve men took our seats in the jury box. I had a very respectable set with me—only, there was one man whom I didn't like to see there. This man was Moulton Warren. He was a dark-faced, sinister looking fellow—at least to me. I knew that young Ambold had one fault. He had recently been addicted to drink, and had been known to visit disreputable houses. It was one of those houses that had been burned, for setting fire to which he had been apprehended.

Now I had often tried to persuade Charles Ambold from the course he was pursuing. He had repeatedly promised me that he would reform, and as repeatedly he had broken away. I had often talked to him of his poor mother, until he wept like a child; but the effect was not lasting. There was a influence of temptation more effective than any influence I could wield. He would fall away into this evil companionship, and for awhile his manhood was gone. One or two abandoned women had gained great power over him, and upon them he had wasted much of his substance.

And I knew that this very man, who was now upon the jury—this Moulton Warren—was the one who had done more to all others to lead the poor youth away. It was Warren who had drunk with him, and who had led him away to those more abominable haunts of sin and pollution. Why was he

upon the jury? I could only account for it upon the ground that Charles still supposed him to be his friend. The poor scorched insect was still ignorant of the flame that scorched him. He really believed that Moulton Warren was his friend.

The trial commenced. The indictment set forth that Charles Ambold had, with malice aforethought, and with all sorts of wicked and felonious intents, set fire to a dwelling house, thereby endangering human life. This dwelling, as I have already intimated, was a low sink of iniquity, where the abandoned of both sexes were wont to congregate; and where the youthful prisoner had spent much of his time.

The evidence for the prosecution came on, and I was startled. One after another gave in their testimony, some of them very reluctantly, and I was frightened when I saw how plainly it all pointed to the prisoner as the guilty party. Several credible witnesses swore that they had heard him threaten to burn the house down; and others heard him say repeatedly that he wished it was burned down! Then came several witnesses—three of the prominent citizens—who saw him lurking about the premises on the night of the fire.

With regard to the prosecution on the prisoner's part for such a deed, it was proved upon his admission, that he had been ill-treated there and that he had sworn to have revenge. And furthermore, he had been heard to say that his salvation of soul and body depended upon the destruction of that house. Next came more testimony stronger still.

The fire had been set in a back basement room, where shavings and other stuff for kindling were kept. Entrance had been gained through a back window, which had partly been pried open with a stout knife. This basement wall was of brick, and beneath the sash was found the blade of a knife which had been broken trying to raise it (the sash). The blade was recognized as belonging to the prisoner's knife! A maker of cutlery had made a knife to order for Ambold only a month previous, and he knew the blade at once, and swore to it.

But this was not all. The fire had been evidently set first to the shavings which lay upon the stone floor, but piled up against a wooden partition. This floor was damp, and some of the outer shavings were, even not wholly burned up. But just at the edge where the fire commenced, lay a piece of paper, rolled up, and about half burned, and from the manner in which it lay, it was very evident that the fire had been set with it. This piece of rolled paper had been ignited by a match, a number of which were scattered around, and as soon as it was on fire it had been laid on the floor, with the burning end just in the shavings. Of course, these shavings were in a blaze instantly; but the paper took being upon the damp stones, had not wholly burnt up.

And this paper was found to be a part of a letter belonging to the prisoner! A letter which he had received from a friend of his, (and a friend of mine), only a week before! That friend had come to forward and swear that that charred piece of paper was part of a letter which he had written to the prisoner! This friend's name was Stephen Grant. He was a young merchant, and the letter had been written for the purpose of inducing Ambold to reform. Stephen tried hard to avoid testifying, for he knew, as did others, that the fire must have been set with that identical paper; but he was summoned, and he could not deny his chirography.

The case looked dark. Many witnesses were willing to testify to the prisoner's good qualities, but no one could swear that he was not dissipated and degraded. That house had been to him, indeed, a region infernal. Its destruction cried out for his bodily life, and its existence had long been eating away his soul. Poor Charles! I had before been sure of his innocence; but now I could only shake my head and pity him.

Finally he was allowed to speak for himself. He said he was innocent of the crime imputed to him. He said that he had threatened to burn that house down—that he had said about all that had been sworn to. And furthermore, he was around the house on the night of the fire. He was not ten rods off when the flames burst forth, and he was one of the first to give the alarm. He had uttered one cry of fire when he noticed where the flames must have originated, and the thought came to him if he was found there he might be suspected of having set the fire; so he ran away. He also said that three rights before the conflagration, he had been robbed in that house. His pockets had been emptied of everything in them, and his pocket-book, containing forty dollars in money and some valuable papers, had been taken. He had gone there on the night of the fire to try and persuade them to give him back his money and papers—or at least get back what he could. When he got there, he saw a man go in whom he did not wish to see, so he hung around, waiting for him to depart. He was around at the back of the building—and that was an hour before the fire broke out. He knew nothing—nothing. He clasped his hands, and with his tearful eyes raised toward Heaven, he called on God to witness he was innocent.

I have told you that I knew him. I knew him so well, that from that moment I knew him to be innocent. I knew his very soul—I knew how free and open it was—ah, how suitably so! I knew there was no falsehood in the story he told us.

My boy is innocent! My boy is innocent!

I heard the cry, and I saw an old woman sink back into the arms of a male companion. It was his poor mother. Her heart was well nigh broken. Yet I saw all this but little effect upon the mass of spectators. The

prisoner's course of dissipation, his many threats against the house, and the very fact of his having been robbed and abused there had been heavy against him.

The counsel for the prisoner made his speech, which was labored and hard. He was foolish enough to intimate that if his client was around at the back part of the house more than once, he must have been intoxicated. In short, his plea had better been left out. The evidence he could not shake, and he did all he could to suppose evidence, some of it most absurd and ridiculous. I afterwards learned that Moulton Warren engaged that lawyer for the youthful prisoner! The government attorney made his plea. It was plain, straightforward and very conclusive.

The judge finally gave his charge. He was fair and candid. He reviewed the evidence carefully and pointed out such as bore heavily upon the case. He told us if there was a lingering doubt in our minds, we must give the prisoner the benefit of it. But I could plainly see that there was no doubt in his mind.

We, the jury, were conducted to our room by an officer, and there locked up. A silence of some minutes ensued. Moulton Warren was the first to speak.

"Well," he said, "I s'pose there's no need of our bein' here a great while. Of course we all know that the prisoner must have set fire to the house?"

There was something in the manner of that man as he said this which excited my curiosity—I won't say it was suspicion then—only curiosity. He spoke with a forced effort at calmness, which I at once perceived. The more I looked at him the more I became strongly nervous and uneasy, wondering why he should be so anxious to be rid of the case, and have Ambold convicted. I knew that he had frequented that evil house, and that he had done much towards tempting Charles to dissipation. I knew that he was in that house on the night on which the prisoner was robbed—for Charles had told me so when I visited him in his cell. I had then seen the unfortunate youth if he was sure Warren was his friend. O, he was sure of it. He should have hunted him up on the night of the robbery, only they told him Warren had gone.

By and by the foreman proposed that we should each take up a piece of paper and write down our opinion, and then compare notes. I went to my hat, which I had placed upon a table with a number of others, and took out a sheet of paper. I had got half way back to the table when I found I had made a mistake. I had got part of a letter from another man's hat. I was about to turn back when the name of the writer of the letter arrested my attention. I looked more closely, and read, "Stephen Grant." Next I caught this sentence—

"And now, dear Charles, if not for your own, yet for your mother's sake, let me hope you will do better."

I started as though a shot had struck me. I held in my hand the other half of the sheet which had been used to fire the burned house! I went to the table and found that I had taken it from Warren's hat! I looked to see if I had been observed—and I had not. I put the paper back, and then took a piece from my own hat, which was of the same pattern as the other and by its side.

I returned to the table and sat down. Warren was by my side. He had written his opinion, and took a knife from his pocket to cut it from the large sheet.

"Let me take your knife for a moment, if you please," I said to him.

Without hesitation he did so. I took it—it was Charles Ambold's knife—the large blade was gone! With all the power I possessed I restrained my deep emotion, and having cut my paper I handed back the knife.

Why should he have that knife so boldly about him? I afterwards learned. He had not worn those pantaloons before since the night of the fire; and now he used the knife precisely without the least remembrance of the loss it had sustained during a very peculiar piece of work, to the execution of which it was made subservient.

We talked for some ten minutes, and I found that eleven of the jury were bent on rendering a verdict of guilty; though most of them were in favor of recommending the prisoner to mercy. Moulton Warren was decided. He had no mercy at all.

Presently I started up and pretended to be faint. I said I must go out a few moments. I kicked at the door and the deputy sheriff came. He heard my plea and let me out. As soon as we had gained a safe distance, I told him all. He was astonished. He went away, and when he came back he brought the district attorney, and the district judge and the sheriff. I told them again what I had seen—I assured them that I knew what I had seen—that it was no mere suspicion. And I explained, too, Warren's manner in the jury room, and his former connection with the prisoner, and his well known character.

The officers went away, and at the end of ten minutes they returned with a constable added to their number, and this constable had a freshly-written instrument in his hand. The sheriff bade me point out the hat to them, as soon as we entered the room.

The door of the room was opened, and I pointed to the hat. The sheriff took it, and asked whose it was. Warren leaped to his feet and tried to seize it, but he was held back.

Word was instantly sent to the judge that the jury could not agree. They were discharged, and then Moulton Warren was searched. The knife was found upon him, and his behavior at once exposed his guilt. The presence of that letter was accounted for by three men thus far, M. Victor Sejour, Victor Cochinet and Eugene Chapuis.

A new jury was empanelled, and Charles Ambold was acquitted. Shortly afterward Warren was tried, and it was plainly proved that he had set fire to the house, and that the woman who kept it was to have been burned up in it, as he had contrived to lock her into her room shortly after setting the fire. She had incurred his displeasure in various ways, and this was his revenge. Not only she, but two of her girls had suspected him from the first, but they dared not complain, for fear he would not be convicted, and would then be sure to murder them.

The hardened villain confessed his guilt after he had been condemned, and then it was that he told how he happened to be so careless in regard to the paper and knife. It was he who had robbed Ambold, and when he took the old letter from his hat to use it for a torch in setting the fire, he did not notice what it was, and even when that partly burned hat had been exhibited in court he had entirely forgotten that he had torn off the other half and put it back into his hat, as he must have done. The letter had been found in Ambold's pocket-book, and he had kept it because in it the youth had been warned against his influence. He confessed that he had a slight idea of calling the writer to an account when it should become convenient. With regard to the knife it was as I before stated. He took that also from Ambold's pocket, and put it in his own; and on the night of the fire he used it to pry up the sash, and when he had broken it he put it back into his pocket and forgot it.

Thus was Charles saved—and saved from more than an ignominious death, too. He was saved to be a noble, virtuous man; and his mother once more took ample delight and joy in the love and tender care of her only child.

When Charles Ambold knew that Moulton Warren had expiated his crime upon the gallows, he sat down and pondered upon his past life. The thought of his old companion being hanged, sent a strange thrill through his frame. But he was able to trace out, clearly and logically, this terrible result from the course of life the ill-fated man had pursued. He shuddered as he remembered how far he had gone in the same course himself, and he was able to see the only safe path for any youth.

Not only must he shun temptation—not only keep clear of even the appearance of vice—but, above all, must he shun evil companionship. A youth may make all the good resolutions thought can afford, but if he continues an evil companionship he is not safe!

A Matched Pair of Good Stories.

DUMAS AND SCHAMYL.

You have heard, of course, of Alexander Dumas' Russian trip, and, perhaps, some of the numberless stories that were set about in this connection have reached you. Since his return, Dumas has been "run" pretty hard on the subject of his interview with Schamyl. The following anecdote, hatched up by a witty journalist here, is quite as ingenious as any that I have heard on this point.

You must know, he begins, that Schamyl is a well educated man, understanding perfectly all the niceties of the French language. M. A. Dumas, *per se*, with that amiable familiarity for which he is noted, advanced towards the Caucasian chief with open arms and smiling countenance.

"Stop!" cried Schamyl, in a terrible voice, "the English consul has warned me not to receive you, since you are a secret agent of Souloouque."

"It's an infamous lie!" replied M. A. Dumas, *per se*. "England is adverse to me because I am the friend of M. le Baron de Bazeant, who, in one of his delicious novels, had the boldness to call that country a peninsula."

"Who are you?"

"I am the most important man in my country. I have so many honorary decorations that I am obliged to carry them about in a carpet-bag. Europe adores me under the name of the sole original Alexander Dumas. Louis Philippe and Auguste Maquet fell from not having followed my advice. I am the son of a general."

"A negro?"

"No, a republican."

"Why do you come here?"

"To offer you my friendship, and that of the *Monte Cristo*!"

"What is the *Monte Cristo*?"

"It is a journal with four hundred thousand subscribers."

"Do these four hundred thousand subscribers care much for you?"

"They adore me; and I had all the trouble in the world to prevent them from following me out here."

"Well, just write to them, then, that if in one month's time they do not send me a reinforcement of forty thousand men, armed with the Delvigne carbines and commanded by Jules Gerard, the lion killer, I will forward them your head by mail."

You can understand that upon receipt of such a piece of intelligence as this, M. A. Dumas, *per se*, made but one jump from the audience chamber to the writing desk. Five days ago a picturesquely attired Tartar presented himself at the residence of M. A. Dumas, *dit*, Paris, bearer of a very important letter from M. A. Dumas, *per se*.

An hour after the arrival of the Tartar, the subscription book of the "*Monte Cristo*" was transformed into an enlisting roll.

Last Sunday the first secretary of the United States legation went to the office of this journal:

"Monsieur," said he to M. A. Dumas, *dit*, "is your army nearly ready to set out?"

"Alas, Monsieur, I have only secured three men thus far, M. Victor Sejour, Victor Cochinet and Eugene Chapuis."

"And M. Charles Marchal?"

"M. Charles Marchal prefers to remain at Paris. My poor father is lost."

"Reassure yourself; do not give way to a sorrow which, I must confess to you, is far from becoming; your father is saved; my government has given orders to our consul at Odessa to reclaim him."

"To reclaim him? Tell me, in heaven's name, as what?"

"Why, as a runaway nigger."

To describe the joy, the brimming bliss, the boundless transports of M. A. Dumas, *dit*, at this juncture, the feuilletonist concludes, would be a hopeless task.

DUMAS AND SOULOUQUE.

Monsieur Dumas is the subject of the following story now current in Paris:

Soulouque sent an envoy to France, charged with a private mission, and armed with full powers. Shortly after the said minister's arrival, he caused himself to be presented to Alexander Dumas, senior, whose papa, as every body knows, or ought to know, was a magnificent general of molasses color. Dumas, senior, was a shade lighter than was his parent, being of a saddle tint, and Dumas junior, son of Dumas senior, pretends to be almost white. So he is—in the dark.

The Haytien envoy, after diplomatically beating about the bush for a considerable time, finally came to business, and wound up by informing the astonished minister that his (the envoy's) mission to France was for the purpose of demanding the hand in marriage of Dumas, junior, for her Imperial Highness the Princess Olive, daughter of the Emperor of all the Haytys.

"The hand of Alexander?" cried father Dumas, thunderstruck. "Goodness gracious! goodness gracious! The colored puse must be insane! I say you must be!"

He paused. The fact is, the author of *Monte Cristo* bears the enviable reputation of never having deliberately said a disagreeable word to any body. So he simply added by way of saying something:

"It's impossible, sir! Utterly impossible!"

"Why?" demanded the envoy.

"Why? Because—hum!—my son's origin is too obscure for him to dream of such an honor!" and papa Dumas thought this a triumphant piece of cunning.

"Nothing of the sort, sir! And, after all," continued the envoy, with engaging modesty, "what are we? Only parvenus. I myself once peddled oysters. You wouldn't imagine it, I know; but it's a fact. Besides, sir, if we were to demand a Prince, we should be refused; or, at all events, be fobbed off with an old and ugly one. A literary Prince—that's the ticket! He may write as many books down there as he chooses."

Papa Dumas, terribly embarrassed, scratched his ear, and at last said:

"Listen to me. I know Alexander tolerably well. He is continually growling about my ignorance of business; and, as for taking a wife upon my recommendation, he would laugh at the bare idea. Suppose we ask Thompson to break the subject to him?"

The envoy was satisfied with this plan, and Thompson was forthwith desired to repeat the proposition to Dumas junior. Dumas junior swore that Thompson must be crazy, and ordered the servant for a doctor.

"Nonsense!" interposed Thompson. "I am perfectly sane; it is you who are crazy, to refuse such a splendid opportunity. Think of a fortune of several millions!"

"Bah!" retorted Dumas junior. "Too risky! If the old darkey should happen to be dethroned, I would be obliged to support the whole family."

"Not at all, said the sagacious Thompson. "You are to risk nothing whatever. In case of the little accident you mention, you could take the whole concern over to the United States and sell 'em!"

We think this is pretty good for a *canard*—which it evidently is.

A TOUCHING ANECDOTE.—HON. A. H. STEPHENS.

Georgia, in a recent address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the benefit of the orphan asylum and free schools of that city, related the following anecdote:

"A poor little boy, in a cold night in January, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no parental or maternal guardian or guide to protect or direct him on his way, reached at midnight the house of a rich planter, who took him in, fed, lodged, and sent him on his way with his blessing. These kind attentions cheered his heart, and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled round; Providence led him on; he had reached the legal profession; his host had died; the circumstances that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estate. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy years before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulus of a warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motive connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easily to be resisted; he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity; and Mr. Stephens added, with an emphasis of emotion that sent its electric thrill throughout the house, 'that orphan boy stands before you!'"

Time wears slippers of list, and his tread is motionless. The days come softly dawning, one after another; they creep in at the windows, their fresh morning air is grateful to the lips that part for it; their music is sweet to the ears that listen to it; until, before we know it, a whole life of day has possession of the citadel, and time has taken us for his own.

FUN AT HOME.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the dusty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyments must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstone, it will be sought in other, and perhaps less profitable places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment around the lamp and frelight of a home, blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.—*Life Illustrated.*

TEMPER.—Dow, Jr., the very popular preacher, gives sage advice as to the governing of our tempers. There is a whole sermon in this little paragraph:—

"My friends, flying into passion for nothing, or getting into a rage for anything, is a ridiculous business. It is true that it doesn't last any longer than the foaming of a pebble and elude; but while it exists it is enough to make humanity turn her back in disgust. If you only knew what picture you present when the demons of wrath and fury take possession of your hearts. I am sure you would try to keep cool, if you had to sleep in a snowbank. At such times you look like—I don't know what you do look like—you look like the devil cornered by a Christian. But keep cool, under all circumstances. If gnats sting, mosquitoes bite, flies molest, love's stream is ruffled, hopes decline, prospects are dark, money is scarce, life's foot-path is stony and your toes are sore—don't get in a rage but take it easy; and burthen that cause others to foam, you will carry through life as easy as a jackass can carry a bushel of corn and a negro boy to mill. So mote it be."

QUEER—VERY QUEER.—AN EXCHANGE SAYS:

—The other day a young lady, near Zanesville, fell six inches from a door step and broke her neck. In St. Louis a man fell from the fourth story, and lighting upon an awning, escaped with a severe injury to the shoulder. In Buffalo, a lady made an involuntary descent from a second-story window, but was saved from the least hurt, by her crinoline, on the parachute principle. Baldwin, the New York forger, jumped from the cars while the train was going at the rate of forty miles an hour, and escaped, while a plain countryman, in Pennsylvania, not long since choked to death on a bit of meat he was eating for dinner. The lightning will strike one man dead and leave another unhurt. In a railroad accident, one man will be killed lying down on one seat, while his wife in the next won't even spoil her bonnet. In the river or at sea-bathing place, a man who can swim will sometimes drown, while a woman who cannot swim escapes with life! Very queer, indeed—but there's a main spring after all.

A NOBLE LITTLE GIRL.—THE WARENTOWN FLAG

contains an account of the death, on last Thursday week, of a little girl of eight or nine years, daughter of Mr. Traverser Gough, living a few miles from Haymarket. In the absence of all older than herself, the flames took fire. She first tried to suppress the flames herself; then she asked her little sister of four years to throw water on her; but the little one ran, instead, to call the neighbors. When they came, they found her lying out in the yard, and, in reply to the question "what she was doing there?" she said she thought if she staid in the house that the house would catch fire and burn the baby, too. "God bless the darling," every mother will say. She retained all her faculties to the last, conversed freely and bore her sufferings with a degree of fortitude truly remarkable for one of her age. She deserves a better fate.

REPARTEE.—I once heard Lord Broadlands, who was a fast man, ask dear old Mr. Justice Mellow, of convivial memory, if there was any truth in the saying, "As sober as a judge?"

It was a good hit, and we all laughed at it. "It is perfectly true," replied the judge, "as most of these old saws are. They are characteristic at least; for sobriety is the attribute of a judge, as inebriety of a nobleman. Thus we say, 'as sober as a judge, and 'as drunk as a lord.' Mellow was the readiest man I ever knew. He went on to say, 'I know there are men too fond of the bar to sit on the bench, and that there are peers who richly deserve a drop. The first are unworthy of elevation; the last seldom get what is their due.'—*Dublin University Mag.*

WHAT IS NEEDED.—We need for our dwellings more ventilation, and less heat; we need more out-door exercise, more sunlight, more manly, athletic, and rude sports; we need more amusements, more holidays, more frolic, more noisy, boisterous mirth. Our infants need better nourishment than colorless mothers can furnish; poorer milk than distilleries can manufacture. Our children need more romping, and less study; our old men more quiet, and earlier relaxation from the labors of life. All men, both young and old, need less medicine and more good counsel.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

From Our Regular Correspondent.—
NEW YORK DEC. 8.

Old fashioned citizens who think themselves defrauded of an inalienable right if they are kept awake after half-past ten P. M., are in an ecstasy of indignation this week. There is no sleep to be had in the night time, for are we not on the eve of a change in the Mayoralty, and what good citizen will not delight to present his tympanum to the infliction of kettle drums, cat calls, hooting, cheering and indescribable conglomerate sounds which are some way necessarily preliminary to the ushering in of a new city magistrate. The only refuge for the distressed is to "bear a hand" and excite themselves about the approaching conflict in common with the masses of humanity. Truly the triangular conflict is fearful in view, even for one who stands aside spectator-wise, having no more interest in the issue than in a combat of Kilkenney cats. Money is being freely expended by all parties and the issue hangs greatly in doubt. One of the candidates is devoting his personal efforts to ensuring his success in a manner altogether unprecedented heretofore in electioneering for any high office. He is found on the ground in his carriage at the excursions of target companies, pulling out his gold repeater and begging its acceptance to be "shot for" by the company. And it is very generally reported that the bare mention of his name with an accompanying expression of approval, is an open sesame to the liquor cauld in all the groceries of the "hard" wards. People who are less interested in the result for its own sake than for its doubtfulness, are amusing themselves with wagers, for which the opportunity is unusually favorable. Every wire will be pulled in the approaching conflict, which will be undoubtedly conducted on a firmer basis than has frequently been the case. [The contest resulted in the election of Fernando Wood.—*En.*]

Of business there is little to say at this season of the year. Early in January the wholesale buyers of dry goods from the South appear in market and until that time importers and commission merchants are occupied in instructing manufacturers what to make for the coming season, and in financing to meet the pecuniary necessities of those parties. The trade of Broadway is not so flourishing as it would be probably were the weather more seasonable. If such warm weather as we have had continues much longer, it will leave on the hands of dealers much of the provision they have made for their customers in the way of winter clothing.

The underground hall of the Cooper Institute has been shockingly mangled by political meetings of late; the "roughs" are very hard on furniture. The Institute itself is now a place of much attractiveness to a stranger visiting the city. An immense reading room, supplied with an abundance of magazines and newspapers, and many choice books of colored prints, etc., draws out a large company nightly; apparently composed, for the most part, of young working men and clerks, who find the commodious hall a very agreeable relief from the cell-like aspect of their boarding house "hall-chambers" or "sky parlors," with an inclined plane of roof on each side. The Institution is one for which the city can never be sufficiently grateful to the noble-minded Peter Cooper. It has none of the air of literary exclusiveness which repels plain people from the Astor Library; yet everything about reading room is quiet and orderly. The Schools of Design and other features of the Institution are all deserving of attention.

Nothing is more needed than institutions which will centralize the great floating population of young adventurers in this city; give them local attachments, and some place where they will be known and recognized beside the narrow limits of their employer's store or their boarding-house dinner table. In default of this, they will to a great extent seek amusement and friends in the port-house, the beer-concert-saloon, the billiard room and the theatre. Man does not like to be alone among a wilderness of people any more than among a wilderness of the lower animals. It is not sufficient to meet plenty of people; he must have some special attachments, some society, in short, and it is a lamentable fact that many of our young men are obliged to do without this altogether or take such company as may be attractive to them by the expectation of gain.

We ought to have circles of social union in the form of gymnastic clubs, classes for evening study, for musical practice, and organizations for any

The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPEY, Editor and Proprietor.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS.—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, (fourteen lines), one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents. Half a Square (seven lines), one insertion, 50 cents; each subsequent insertion 25 cents. One Square, per year, \$12.00; six months, \$7.00; three months, \$4.00. Half a Square, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.50; three months, \$2.00. Less than half a square charged as a square. Special Notices, inserted in a line, for one insertion, 4 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted until ordered out, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly; transient advertisements in advance.

AGENTS.

North Adams.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINS & CO.
East Woburn.—ALBERT L. RICHMOND.
Salem.—E. F. WILKINSON.
Reading.—THOMAS R. WITTIER.
South Reading.—DR. J. D. MANFIELD.
Worcester.—JOSEPH H. HAYES.
K. M. FETTERILL & Co., Boston and New York, S. B. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer, Boston), are duly empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions for the JOURNAL at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and increasing circulation of the JOURNAL renders it valuable as an advertising medium. It is read and preserved by the best families of Woburn and surrounding towns, among whom it circulates to the extent of 10,000 copies. It is not only read, but it is read in the presence of the family, and its influence is therefore multiplied. By any paper published in Middlesex County, by preserving uniformity in arrangement, equal prominence is obtained by all advertisers. Our terms of advertising are moderate.

JOB PRINTING.

We would call the special attention of our readers to our facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of JOB PRINTING. The variety of NEW AND HANDSOME TYPE with which our office is supplied is very extensive; our presses are new and fast; our workmen experienced and skillful. We have, therefore, every facility for doing all kinds of work, QUICK, NEAT AND CHEAP. Orders left at our office or sent through our agents, will be promptly attended to, and the prices will be as low as can be found elsewhere. Orders solicited.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

MEMBERSHIP will confer a favor by giving notice at the office when they fail to receive their paper, regularly, or change their place of residence, so that we can give notice to our carriers.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 17, 1859.

IN MEMORIAM.

Departed this life on Wednesday evening last, after a painful illness of about four weeks, MR. JOHN J. PIPPEY, Editor and Proprietor of the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Pippy was born at Charlestown, Prince Edward Island, on the 29th of July, 1826. The earlier years of his life were spent at home in acquiring the elements of an English education. At the age of fifteen years, he commenced learning the printer's trade in his native city. After serving a part of the time necessary there, he went to Boston and finished his apprenticeship in the office of the Boston Atlas. He remained in the Atlas office three years as a journeyman, from 1845 to 1848. He returned to Charlestown in 1848. In 1847 he commenced the Reporter, a campaign paper, and continued its publication three months. On the 15th of June, 1847, he was united in marriage to Miss Sarah Margaret Rebecca Moody, of that city. In 1848, he became the editor and proprietor of the Advertiser, and retained his connection with it until the Fall of 1854. In 1850, he resumed his former name at the expiration of six months.

In the Spring of 1854 he came to Woburn and purchased the stock in trade of George W. Fowle, including the Bookstore, Printing Office and Middlesex Journal. From that time he devoted himself with untiring assiduity to the business of the store and the office, till arrested by sickness and death. He found the Middlesex Journal in an almost worthless condition, but his energy and enterprise soon raised it to a high standard of excellence, so that it became one of the very best local newspapers in the country.

Though possessed naturally of a vigorous constitution, Mr. Pippy experienced much ill health during the last two years of his life. The great anxiety caused by the loss of his little daughter in the evening of November 20th, 1856, and the utter prostration experienced when he at length clasped her in his arms, produced an effect upon his brain and nervous system from which it is believed that he never recovered. In 1857 he experienced a somewhat severe attack of Typhoid fever, from which he recovered slowly. Early in the present year he began to suffer so much from rheumatism and neuralgia, that he was often confined to his chamber. The sudden death of his uncle, Mr. Stanger, last August, called him to Charlestown for the transaction of much difficult business, and since his return he has been able to do but little. The stimulus of his native energy constantly prompted him to action, only to be followed by a marked prostration. Securing assistance in the editorial department, he refrained to the great extent from business, while his ever active mind knew no rest till life became extinct. His health continued to fall, till on Monday the 21st of November, an attack of the most intense neuralgia compelled him to take his bed, from which he persisted in saying he should never rise. Delirium supervened on the morning of December 4th, but his intellect became clear several days before his death. He died exhausted from the severity of his sufferings, as calmly as the weak winks to rest.

In the death of Mr. Pippy, not his family and friends alone, but the public has sustained a great loss. He was calculated by nature and by position to exert a moulding influence upon public sentiment, and this he ever desired to turn in the right direction. As an Editor he sought to raise his paper to a high standard of excellence—to make it interesting—to make it a welcome and profitable visitor in the family circle. That he succeeded is already well known. Everything of a questionable character he excluded from its columns. He was conservative, yet independent. He feared not to speak his own honest convictions, and seldom made an

enemy when compelled by his judgment to differ from others in opinion.

He was the friend of sound education, and ever felt a deep interest in the public schools. The numerous articles which he published upon the subject attest the fact.

He was a firm friend of the Temperance cause and gave his columns freely to the promotion of that enterprise. None deplored more deeply than he the desolating influence of intemperance upon society.

He ever felt a deep interest in the prosperity of the town, and lent his influence cheerfully and gladly for its promotion.

He rejoiced in the prosperity of the religious society with which he was connected, and felt a special interest in the new church edifice. He was a member of the committee that selected and purchased the land for its site, and watched the progress of the building with great satisfaction.

In his business transactions he cherished and exercised the strictest integrity. An honorable, high-minded rectitude was the ruling principle of his life.

As a husband and father his character shone with a peculiar brightness. He was endowed by nature with the capacity of deriving his purest joys amid a tenderly loved family circle. The promotion of their happiness, and well being was the burden that rested upon his heart to the very last. His wife and children were his cherished, priceless treasures.

As a friend he was kind, sympathetic, sincere. Those who were admitted into his inner sanctuary of his heart, know the purity of his life, the simplicity of his character, and his power to bind them to him with the cords of a deathless affection. None knew him but to love him. His memory is embalmed in our hearts, who feel—alas! how deeply—that a brother indeed has passed away.

When a man falls thus early in life from a position of usefulness, with such a crushing load of the very life of the survivors, how mysterious seems the hand of Providence. But His ways are not our ways. He ever doeth all things well. May we all who were the constant attendants of the departed during the last few weeks, lay to heart more deeply than ever, that our life is but a vapor that will soon pass away.

"Nothing that lives can bloom
Long upon earth."
Mourner that remains blame,
Die in their birth!
All that the soul desires—
All that the heart desires—
From heart and soul expires,
Leaving but death!

Woburn Lyceum.

The lecture on Tuesday evening was given by Mr. J. H. Gregory, and was the sixth of the course. Its subject was, "The Coal Formation and its Fossils."

The speaker having defined some geological terms which he said he should have occasion to use in his subsequent remarks, proceeded to give some general account of the different strata that form the crust of the earth.

He then described the coal formation, giving its position among the Secondary rocks, and the general characteristics which accompany it. Reasons were given why coal might be looked for at certain points on or near the earth's surface, and why at others, it would be a vain and useless attempt to search for it. The coal fields found in this country were alluded to. The bed in and near Mansfield in this State was said to be of moderate extent, and on account of its extreme hardness did not readily find a market; while the fields of Pennsylvania and Indiana are nearly of quite inexhaustible and of superior quality. On the eastern side of the Appalachian range, the coal is of the hard or anthracite description, but on the western side it is of the soft and bituminous character.

The coal deposits in Europe are generally of the latter kind; some of them are of great extent. In England it has been estimated that her resources in this combustible material are sufficient to last two thousand years at the present rate of consumption. But to these are added the deposits in Wales, the people of that island will not suffer for fuel for another period of time of equal length. The question of the origin of the coal measures was then discussed, and its vegetable character demonstrated from the fact that its minute structure bears all the marks and qualities of that class of organized matter, and from the further consideration that its fossils are the remains of plants and trees, whose forms are yet perfect, while they are converted into the same mineral substance as the whole mass of the deposit. How these large fields of vegetable matter were accumulated in the beds they occupy is a question of much interest, and some of the different theories on the subject were briefly explained.

The great and important consideration to the world, of the accessibility of these coal fields, was commented on, and said to have been brought about by the agency of mighty convulsions which upheaved the lower strata of rocks, forming the mountains and causing the general inequalities of the earth's surface.

The vast coal formations, which in their natural position several miles below the external crust of the planet could be of no service to its inhabitants, were thus brought to their reach. And now, when the necessities of the race demand a supply of fuel cheaper and less liable to exhaustion than the forests that once covered the soil, and are now rapidly passing away, these beds of coal are discovered and opened; and Providence is seen to have been working in the ages of the eternal past in preparing for the wants and happiness of his children whom he designed should inherit the earth, when the "fulness of time should come."

Other points of interest connected with the subject were touched upon, but we cannot follow the lecturer further.

Regarding the treatment of his theme we cannot forbear to add, that Mr. G. at the outset, said that he did not propose to give to his remarks the form of a lecture, but rather to have a familiar talk about the topics to which he should call the attention of his audience. In proceeding, it soon became doubtful which of the two styles of presenting it he had concluded to adopt. It was evident there was a severe conflict going on between the two, but which would get the better of the other was a matter of extreme uncertainty. As the lecturer, frequent reference was required to the manuscript, and

then as *talker*, points were suggested and discussed, to restore the equilibrium. And thus the vibration went on till the conclusion of the whole matter, when the puzzle seemed as great as ever. When will the question be settled, whether it is a *talk* or a *lecture*?

We have so much charity for the Lecture Committee, as to believe that they did not know the qualifications of Mr. G. to properly present the subject he undertook; and the result shows that scientific lectures, which are demanded by so many, are the most difficult to furnish, and are the least satisfactory when given by incompetent persons; and but few others can be had except at prices beyond the reach of an organization like ours.

It also shows that committees cannot be too careful in employing men who need the urging of friends or their own persistence, to get them a place upon our platforms.

UNITARIAN FESTIVAL.—The members of the Unitarian Society of this town met at Lyceum Hall on Monday evening. Until about 9 o'clock the younger portion of the company occupied the floor and indulged in dancing and mirthful sports; after that hour the "children of a larger growth" followed the good example set by the juniors, until a little after 11 o'clock, when the company dispersed entirely satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES at Washington is not yet organized. Mr. Sherman the Republican Candidate is gaining, while Mr. Bocock the Democratic Candidate loses slightly. It is expected Mr. Sherman will finally be elected, meantime the Republicans remain silent in their seats, making no speeches, and allowing the factions of the Democratic party to settle their domestic quarrels in their own way. The Administration party occupies the time in making attacks upon the principles of the Republicans and in calling upon the anti-Leopoldonites and Southern oppositons to unite with them and save the Union by electing their candidate. Their calls have thus far been in vain; obstinate opponents of the Administration insist, first, that the Union is not in danger, second, that if it was, the election of Bocock would do no good.

COSMOPOLITAN ART UNION.—We would call the attention of our readers to the prospectus for 1860 of this highly successful association, which may be found in another column. Subscribers to the Art Journal are absolutely certain of obtaining a full equivalent for their money, while they will obtain a very valuable picture. The inducements held out for the next year are not inferior to those which have swelled the subscription lists in past time; and the response from the public will undoubtedly gratify the managers of the Union.

THE STONEHAM Dramatic Association gave exhibitions in the Town Hall, Stoneham, on Wednesday and Thursday. Although the weather was very unfavorable the first night, a large company assembled, and on Thursday the house was very full. The performances were very successful, creditable to the members of the S. D. A., and highly interesting to the audience.

THE YOUNG LADIES employed in Hill's Shoe Manufactory got up a ball last evening in the sewing room of the factory. We are only informed of the bare fact. We hope to hear during next week that the affair was completely successful.

THE ATTENTION of the readers of this paper is called to the advertisement headed "Wanted," in our Special Notice column. Any one having the numbers of the "Journal" advertised for, and who would be willing to dispose of them, will confer a favor by giving information to that effect at this office, as they are much desired to complete files.

THE LEGISLATURE has disposed of the Liquor question for the present, by referring the Commission's Report, and all other matters connected with the late investigation to the next Legislature.

Capt. M. C. Kenney, of Cambridge, shot himself at his business office on Thursday afternoon. We have heard no cause assigned for the act. Capt. Kenney was a member of the firm of Kenney and Pierce, ice dealers.

THE PAY of the present members of the Legislature stopped on the 15th inst., a pretty sure sign that the session will speedily be brought to a close; the talking machine will not run without treasury oil.

"THE ENTIRE SWINE."—Mr. Artemus Reed of Burlington, last week slaughtered a hog 16 months old, weighing 625 lbs.; the hog of the season, as we are informed. The writer bears willing testimony to the fine flavor of the pork.

MILAGE has been refused to the Members of Congress until they effect an organization. Perhaps if their pay was stopped until that is accomplished we would not be so long without an organized House of Representatives.

FREDERICK W. LINCOLN, Jr., was re-elected Mayor of Boston, on Monday. His name appeared upon the "Citizens" and "Republican" tickets.

MOUNT MOREB LODGE, of which Mr. Pippy was an officer, will attend his funeral in a body, without their regalia.

PERSONS having demands against the Town of Woburn are referred to the notice of the Selectmen under our Special Notice head.

How sweetly doth music sound in the dead season of the night! In the day time it would not, it could not, so much affect the ear. All harmonious sounds are advanced by a silent darkness; thus it is with the glad tidings of salvation; the Gospel never sounds so sweet as in the night of preservation, or of our own private affliction; it is ever the same, the difference is in our disposition to receive it. (Bishop Joseph Hall.)

SECRETARY Gabb, estimates the expenditures for the ensuing fiscal year, at \$66,614,928.79.

Letter from Rev. J. C. Fletcher.

"Come o'er the moonlit sea."

To the editor of the Middlesex Journal.—Dear Sir:—I have just returned home after an absence of some days, and find upon my table your interesting local paper of Nov. 19.

I regret not having seen it sooner, so that I might not have troubled you at this late hour. I usually make it a rule never to reply in the press to strictures upon my lectures. The right of the critic is as sacred as my own, and his opinions may be just as good, and perhaps better than my own.

Therefore, it is even difficult, where mere opinion is concerned, to come to a final decision. I do not wish to enter into a discussion as to the propriety of preferring airs culled from the shores of Naples, (airs and melodies so intimately connected with scenes of nature there and the every day life of the people that we cannot discover them) to the tunes of German operas, etc., etc.; but merely to refer your reporter, who seems to know something about music, to a single fact connected with the question in hand. In his article on my second lecture he refers to the first—that, in Naples, Pompeii, etc., and says of the duet, "Come o'er the moonlit sea," "The melody is worked into the overture (the more instrumental opening of Massiniello), but it is not adapted to any part of the libretto (that portion of the words either sung or recited in an opera)." Now if the critic did not appear to be so well posted in musical matters, it would seem much as if he had never looked at Auber's finest composition—*Massiniello*. In the Paris edition of *Massiniello* (which I thought to be correct as it was published under the immediate supervision of Auber) the favorite air, known to us as "Come o'er the moonlit sea," can be found "adapted," in the most decided manner, "to the libretto," for it forms the principal theme of the finale of the fourth (the most important) act of the opera. This finale occupies twenty-seven pages, the last sixteen of which are devoted to the working up of this melody which is used as a soprano solo, accompanied by chorus and orchestra. I conclude with the quotation employed by the critic "while we hope to nothing extenuate, neither shall we set down ought in malice."

I remain, dear sir,
Very faithfully yours,
J. C. FLETCHER.
NEWBURYPORT, Mass. Dec. 14, 1859.

DONATION.

Last July, Burrage Yale, Esq., of South Reading, presented to the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Society in this town, the sum of fifty dollars. It will be seen by what we publish below that he has offered to give the same School one hundred and twenty dollars in yearly payments of twenty-four dollars. There was a condition attached to the former gift, but none, it appears, to the latter. The offer has been accepted, and a vote of thanks and an invitation for Mr. Yale to attend the Christmas Festival, to be held in the vestry, December 20th, was passed unanimously. The following is a copy of the promise and the letter:—

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

So. Reading, Dec. 6, 1859.
I hereby promise and agree to pay one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Dea. Uriah Manning, in five equal annual installments of twenty-four dollars, payable at South Reading, on the sixth day of August, in each year, till the whole sum is paid, for the use and benefit of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Religious Society in Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The public meeting referred to in the last Journal, to consider various matters pertaining to home education will be held in the Town Hall next Monday evening, at 7 o'clock. The following question will form the basis of the evening's discussion: "What is the influence of incidental and apparently trivial circumstances on the character of a child?" The degree of interest which will attend this first meeting, may, in a measure, determine the propriety of appointing others in the future.

We are sorry to learn that Miss Tenney, teacher in the Greenwood District, has, from illness, been compelled to vacate her school for a week or two. A daughter of Hon. P. H. Sweetser is her substitute for the time being.

The weather is fast preparing business for the ice men. Many who have but little else to do will welcome the time when their services will be required.

For the Middlesex Journal.
English Grammar.

Before remarking further upon the study of English Grammar, we have to notice an error in our last communication, lest one of the illustrations made use of should lose its force. The type made us say "that belongs to you, etc., etc." whereas it should have read, "that belongs to you and I, etc., etc."

As stated in our last, so again we say the rules of grammar are taught but not applied. The remark made of a certain clergyman, "so little connection was there between the text and his discourse, that if the text had a contagious disease the sermon did not approach near enough to catch it," might be applied to the instruction of the present day. We have examined pupils in Federal Money, who could repeat the table fluently, but had no idea that it had an application in every day life, and really thought they had never seen such a thing as a dime, and could not tell what was the value of five cents, or twenty-five hundredths, as they bore no relation to our coins of half a dollar and quarter of a dollar.

A knowledge of grammar is thought to be difficult to acquire, so pupils do not expect to understand it, or make much progress in it. They have no love for it, and the only charm there is about it is that of its mystery. The subject must be stripped of that mystery, and reduced to a level with the capacities of young beginners. But many instructors do not love to teach it. It never was made interesting to them, and they teach it simply as a matter of duty and requirement, and feel satisfied to advance their pupils as fast as they themselves were advanced. If grammar be a favorite branch with any teacher, his school will manifest a love and a zeal for it, and make rapid improvement in it, while those who dislike it, will not succeed in impressing on the minds of pupils its interest or importance. The first thing, then, to increase an interest in grammar is, to procure teachers who understand it and love to teach it, nor let it be argued that a person with inferior qualifications may with propriety be placed over a backward school. Place a poor grammarian in a school where the pupils have but a very little knowledge of grammar, and how long will it be before that school will be sufficiently advanced to entitle them to a good teacher? If the School Committee wish particular attention paid to the subject of grammar, let them be particular in the examination of teachers, and then follow up the schools with their visits, and insist that their desires be respected in practice.

The foregoing remarks express our own feelings. They are simple, but if not just, we hope the error will be pointed out. They are not intended to reflect upon our own schools, which probably

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. IX: No. 12.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1859.

(SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.)

Poetry.

SONG FROM THE SEA OF LIFE.

BY A. M. EDMOND.

Drifting, drifting, ever drifting
From our childhood's sunny shore;
Every wave our life is drifting
Farther to return no more.
Faster, further, o'er the waters
Of a wide uncertain sea,
O'er whose wild and stormy bosom
Guiding path may never be.

Visions of our past existence
When our life was pure and new,
Follow softly in the distance,
Never fading from the view.
Memories sweet of pleasures olden,
Ere the flame of love grew cold,
Where the sands of life were golden
As the shining minutes rolled.

Memories of the loved, who lonely
Left us to return no more—
Passing through death's deeper waters,
Reached the shining port before—
Leaving us to gaze in sorrow,
Through the mist of falling tears
On the ship's wreck of our idols
We had once won, as for years.

Bearing thus a varied burden
Joy and sorrow, care and woe,
O'er the stormy, restless waters,
Of the sea of life we go,
Trembling, doubting, hoping, fearing,
Tossed by each unfriendly gale,
O'er a thousand dangers nearing,
Who shall save us when we fall?

Drifting, drifting, ah, not drifting,
Lo! the hand of love divine,
O'er the currents ever shifting,
Guides this fragile bark of mine,
Peace, my soul! no more repining,
What though winds and waves overwhelm,
See you star!—lovely shining
Brightly on thy timid helm.

Wide thy trembling sail unfurling,
Be no more with fear dismayed,
Hark! thy Lord above the tempest
Whispers, peace, be not afraid.
He will guide the safely ever
Till the stormy journey ceases,
And thy bark is moored forever
In the port of perfect peace.

FARMER BROWN'S SURPRISE PARTY.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

"And what kind of party is a surprise party, Miss Polly?" asked Farmer Brown, as he sat by the kitchen fire, quietly smoking his pipe, and listening to an animated account which his daughter Mary was giving of a surprise party she had attended the previous evening.

Mary drew up her light form somewhat resentfully, and with the least possible toss of her pretty head, she replied,
"If you would only remember not to call me 'Miss Polly,' father. You know how much I dislike it."

"You were named for your grandmother," returned the farmer, "and she was never called anything but Polly to the day of her death. However, we will change it to Molly, if that suits you any better. So answer my question about the surprise party Molly."

"Why, father, I thought every one knew what they were. They are all the fashion, I assure you. A party of young and old, as the case may be, unite together in providing music, a supper, and everything necessary for an evening's entertainment, and agree to meet at a certain time at the house of some mutual acquaintance, who is to be kept in ignorance of their intentions. They take possession of the house—dance, frolic, and enjoy their music and refreshments, just as if they were invited guests. The family finding there is no help for it, take it all in good part, and join in the amusements of the evening. Last night the party was at Mr. Lawton's. I wish you could have seen their look of consternation, as one guest after another appeared until their small rooms were quite crowded. Jang and Margaret made their escape as soon as possible and dressed themselves for the occasion."

"More fools, they," said the farmer—"Better have gone to bed. A pretty pass things have got to, if a man's house is no longer to be his castle. That has been the rule ever since I can remember."

"But there is no harm in these parties, father," urged Mary. "Everything is provided, so that the family thus visited are at no trouble or expense."

"That may be, daughter, and yet there may be a thousand reasons why they would prefer not having the company. It is, in my opinion, an unwarrantable intrusion, and should not be countenanced by sensible people."

"But you would treat them civilly, if they should ever come, father?"

Mary made this inquiry in rather an anxious tone, for more than once she had heard it hinted that "Farmer Brown's old kitchen would be just the place for a dance."

"Civility, to be sure," replied the farmer. "Did you ever know me to be unkind to any one? But I should tell them my mind pretty plainly, I am thinking."

So, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and carefully replacing it in its usual nook, and then walked briskly away to the performance of some of his out-door duties.

"Never mind, Mary," said Mrs. Brown, consolingly, as she observed the look of uneasiness on her daughter's countenance. "I dare say your father will not object to your having a party, if you wish."

"But I do not want to give a party, mother. I want to let them come, if they like, and find that they cannot take me by surprise."

turned to her spinning-wheel, the buzzing of which put an end to all further conversation. Several weeks passed away, and the cool breezes of autumn had given place to the more piercing and decided blasts of early winter.

Once more the farmer sat in his customary place at the fireside. It was near the hour when he usually retired; but as a kind of preparation for his nightly slumbers, he was indulging in a light doze, or perhaps a deep reverie, in which visions of his well-filled barns and granaries, and all the recent harvest, flitted before him in blissful succession.

An attentive observer might have noticed that the fire blazed with uncommonly cheerful light, considering that the old clock had already struck the hour of eight, and that the farmer rigidly adhered to the maxim, "Early to bed and early to rise."

There was an uncommonly careful arrangement of every article in the spacious apartment, and also an unwonted attention to her own toilet, which, added to a certain restlessness in Miss Mary's demeanour, showed, that with her, at least, "coming events cast their shadows before."

At length came a loud, and it must be confessed, somewhat anxiously expected rap at the door.

"Who is here at this time of night?" exclaimed the farmer, as he started from his chair, rubbed his eyes, and looked at the clock.

"Some traveller, I suppose, who wants a night's lodging. Let him in, Mary."

But Mary had anticipated the command, and now ushered into the room a worthy farmer and his family, all in their best attire, and apparently intending to make an evening call.

"Glad to see you neighbor Jenkins. Met with any accident on the road?" was the blunt but kindly salutation of farmer Brown.

"None at all, neighbor Brown. We have just dropped in for a chat, this fine winter's evening."

"Glad to see you," repeated the farmer. "But thought it rather late, that's all. But no matter for that; stir up the fire, Molly, and help the girls off with their things."

But now another thundering rap at the door, and the arrival of a new party of guests excited still more wonder in the mind of the perplexed farmer; while Mary, although she endeavored to appear at her ease, cast many an anxious glance toward her father.

Still more arrivals; the old kitchen was rapidly filling with guests. Mrs. Brown was by her husband's side and whispering an encouraging word in his ear.

"Never mind husband. It must be one of those parties. We will make the best of it. I can warm up the parlor in an instant."

"You will do no such thing, wife. I will manage this affair myself." And the farmer planted his foot on the floor in that determined manner, which long experience had taught her not to oppose.

"I can do nothing with him," she whispered to her daughter. "But do not be discouraged; perhaps he will take it quietly enough."

And quiet enough the farmer seemed, to be sure; for he had re-lighted his pipe, re-seated himself in his arm-chair, and was puffing away with an air of the utmost indifference. Meanwhile fresh guests arrived, and the preparations for the evening's entertainment went on. At length the fiddler, who was seated in an obscure corner of the room, commenced tuning his instrument for the occasion. The sound seemed to rouse the farmer to action. Taking the pipe from his mouth, he said, in a voice loud enough to ensure the attention of his auditors:

"You are heartily welcome, good neighbors. I suppose you have been on some sleigh-riding frolic, and have given us a call on your return. Draw up to the fire as many of you as can find room, and warm yourselves before you go home. And stop that scraping, Simon," he continued, turning to the fiddler. "Your services are over for the evening, I presume."

"By no means, my good neighbor," replied one of the boisterous of the guests. "On the contrary, we have just begun. You must know this is no sleigh-riding frolic, but simply a merry party to be held at your house, with your permission."

"But my permission has not been given," was the blunt reply, "and to my knowledge, you are not invited guests. I have no objections to a party when I choose to give one, but every man's house is his own castle. That's my motto, neighbors. No offence, I hope."

There was a general silence. Many a merry party had been held in the village without the consent of those upon whom they thus intruded, but none against their openly expressed wishes. In vain Mrs. Brown and Mary uttered their whispered remonstrances. The farmer was immovable, and at length, by general consent, another place of assembly was decided upon, and the inhospitable mansion was vacated.

The farmer's dreams were undisturbed, in spite of sundry expressions of chagrin from his wife, and a burst of tears from his mortified daughter; and for many days no allusion was made to the intended surprise party.

Christmas had passed, with all its happy and mournful memories, and the last day in the year was rapidly approaching, when Mrs. Brown and Mary were startled by a sudden announcement from the farmer, that, if they liked to go to a surprise party of his getting up, they might hold themselves in readiness the following evening.

"A surprise party of your getting up? Why, husband!" was the involuntary exclamation of the astonished wife, while Mary, though silent, looked at him with equal wonder.

"Certainly; what is there remarkable in that? Cannot I get up a party as well as any other person?"

"No doubt you can, father; but you call it a surprise party. That is what astonishes us."

"I call it by its right name, Polly, or Molly, if you like it better. It is none of your new-fangled surprises, where people take possession of your house and all it contains, but a real old-fashioned, pleasant way of doing a kindly turn to a neighbor. It is a sort of donation visit (none of your beggarly ones) to poor William Jones and his family. They have been under a cloud for the last few months, and it is time that their neighbors tried to help them to a ray of sunshine. What, with their loss by the fire, and Jones' long sickness and inability to work, they must be poorly provided for this winter."

"But the party, husband, tell us about that," interrupted Mrs. Brown, who, though heartily sympathizing with the sorrows of her neighbors, had a little womanly curiosity to hear more of the proposed entertainment.

"Ay, the party. That is all arranged. I have seen all the neighbors, and they all enter into it, heart and hand. A cordial reception I met with wherever I went, in spite of your prognostications, good wife, concerning the offence which I must have given the other evening. Twelve well-loaded sleighs will start from our door at seven o'clock on the evening of the last day of the year, ready to take up their line of march for William Jones's, and it will not be our fault if his cellar is not well filled with an ample stock of fruit and vegetables, his shed with stock, and himself and his family well provided with winter clothing before the new year dawns. But, on second thought, wife," continued the farmer, "I believe you cannot join in our frolic. Molly may go, but you—a word in your ear."

And the farmer drew the good dame aside and communicated something in a whisper, which called from her several expressions of gratification and applause.

A dark cloud had indeed hung for many months over the household of William Jones. One misfortune had brought another in its train, until the desponding husband and father had almost ceased to hope for a ray of sunshine, and on the last evening of the unhappy year, feeble in body, and dispirited in mind, he sat gazing upon his helpless family, while the heavy sighs which occasionally burst from the oppressed heart, plainly told of the anguish within. With affectionate sympathy his wife bent over him.

"Do you suffer more pain than usual this evening, dear William?" she asked. "I had hoped you were really better."

"And so I am better in bodily health, my dear wife," was the reply; "but on this last night of the year, and thoughts will crowd upon my mind. How brightly dawned the new year's morning, but alas, the clouds soon gathered thickly around us, and now that we have remaining, will be insufficient to furnish food for ourselves and our poor babes, and many long weeks must yet elapse before I can resume my old employment."

"But what a blessing to think that health is surely, though slowly returning, William. Ah, we cannot be too thankful. What are poverty and suffering while you are spared to us?"

The husband's reply was prevented by the merry jingle of the bells, as the first sleigh drove to the door, and a moment after came the kindly greeting of Farmer Jones.

"Good evening, neighbor. Glad to see you looking a little better. A party of us have called to wish you a happy new year. Rather before the time, to be sure, but you must excuse that, as it is kindly meant."

By the time the farmer had finished his speech, a long line of sleighs had drawn up in the little yard, guest after guest appeared with cheerful and sympathizing words, which fell like music on the ear of the sick man and his hopeful wife.

The most sensitive pride could hardly have taken offence at the quiet, kindly manner in which shed and cellar were now filled by one busy party, while another deposited in the little kitchen its appropriate share of winter stores, together with many a useful package of dry goods suitable for both parents and children.

Few words were spoken, but the light which shone on the desponding countenance of William Jones, and the tears in the eyes of his wife, showed that deep feelings were at work within, and as the happy party drove from the door, every heart responded to the farmer's exclamation,—

"That's the right kind of a party, my good friends. The year has been an abundant one to us, and now that it is about to close, it will but obey the command, 'Freely ye have received, freely give!'"

Once more the farmer's sleigh took the lead. As his own dwelling came in sight, he stopped and looked at the merry train, and gave a cordial invitation to dance out the old year in his capacious kitchen. And now the secret cause of Mrs. Brown's absence was explained; for, dressed in her best, the good lady appeared at the door to welcome the guests while they entered, the squeak of the fiddle belonging to old Simon as he sent forth his preliminary notes, might be distinctly heard. An excellent supper appeared, and merrily was the old year danced out.

The *Western Sun*, published at Vincennes, Indiana, makes the following brief report of the doings in that town on Thanksgiving day. We doubt if a more graphic account could easily be written.

"Napoleon's War Horse." Everybody has seen a copy, in some form, of the famous painting, "Napoleon crossing the Alps," and everybody doubtless remembers the noble-looking white horse in the foreground, which leans upon his back the young general of the army of Italy, who leans upon the neck of his rearing steed, and points to the long line of soldiers climbing by tortuous paths the steep and rocky passes of the Alps. This horse is not a mere artist's ideal, but was intended as a portrait of Napoleon's horse Superb. This beautiful animal was a light grey Arabian, about 15½ hands high, slightly, but compactly built, possessing remarkable intelligence and muscular power, combined with a nervous active temperament, and a strong, vigorous constitution.

Superb was a great favorite with Napoleon, and accompanied him in many of his most successful campaigns. In 1813, during the disastrous retreat from Moscow, he was captured by the Russian general Orloff, who kept him as St. Petersburg till 1814, when he was presented to the father of M. Tourmaire, then manager of the imperial circus, a passionate lover and accomplished trainer of horses, and well known for his devoted attachment to the memory of the great Napoleon. Gen. Orloff, in presenting the horse, said, "Jacques Tourmaire, you were greatly attached to the late Emperor of the French, and your attachment honors you. You are known to be a favorite of horses; and, satisfied of the care he will receive at your hands, I to you I confide this, my greatest favorite. Superb is too slight for my use. I have grown too heavy for him. To sell him to a strange master is a fate to which I cannot think of subjecting him. To you therefore I trust him, and as you loved him to whom he first belonged, you will, I am sure, cherish Superb for the memory of his owner, as well as for his own sake." The horse was well cared for by his new master, who brought him upon the stage, and taught him to perform some light part in pieces performed in the circus. Jacques Tourmaire died in 1839, and left Superb to his son, who treated the veteran still with the tenderest care. He was subsequently exhibited in London, and other large cities.

Several years since we read a short history of this horse, published in an English journal, and if our memory serves us well, it was stated that he was sold in 1842, and died in 1841, having lived to the extraordinary age of thirty-nine years.

THE STOMACH AND THE MIND.—Much of our conduct depends, no doubt, upon the character of the food we eat. Perhaps, indeed, the nature of our meals governs the nature of our impulses more than we are inclined to admit, because none of us relish well the abandonment of our idea of free agency. Bonaparte used to attribute the loss of one of his battles to a poor dinner, which, at the time, disturbed his digestion; how many of our misjudgments—how many of our deliberate errors—how many of our unkindnesses, our cruelties, our acts of thoughtlessness, and recklessness, may be actually owing to a cause of the same character? We eat something that deranges the condition of the system. Through the stomachic nerve that derangement immediately affects the brain. Microbes succeeds amiability; and under its influence we do that which would shock our sensibility at any other moment.

Or perhaps, a gastric irregularity is the common result of an over-indulgence in whole some food or a moderate indulgence in stultified food. The liver is afflicted. In this affliction the brain profoundly sympathizes. The temper is soured; the understanding is narrowed; prejudices are strengthened; generous impulses are subdued; selfishness, originated by physical disturbances which perpetually attack the mind's attention, becomes a chronic, mental disorder; the feeling of charity dies out; we live for ourselves alone; we have no care for others. And all this change of nature is the consequence of an injudicious diet.

DECLINE OF FEMALE CONVERSATION.—An English writer declares the fact—that the women of our day do not "converse," and then attributes it to the multiplicity of studies and the evening confinement to books and school companions. He says:—

"It should be as much a matter of duty and of conscience to insist on out-door exercise, and in-door social recreation, as upon any of the regular exercises of the school-room. School studies should be confined absolutely to school hours. To allow them to encroach upon the later hours of the day, and upon the graceful household duties, and recreations, which either are, or ought to be provided for every girl at home; in other words, to subordinate the home-training to school-training, or to intermit the former in favor of the latter, is a most palpable and ruinous mistake. It is bad even in an intellectual point of view."

To say nothing of other disadvantages, it deprives girls of the best opportunities they can ever have of learning that most beautiful, most useful of all accomplishments—the noble art of conversation. For conversation is an art as well as a gift. It is learned best by familiar intercourse between young and old, in the leisure unreserved of the evening social circle. But when young girls are banished from this circle by the pressure of school tasks, talking only with their school mates till they "come out" into society, and monopolized entirely by young persons of their own age, they easily learn to mistake chatter for conversation, and "small talk" becomes for life their only medium of exchange. Hence, with all the intellectual training of the day, there never was a greater dearth of intelligent conversation."

For the Middlesex Journal.
LINES
Addressed to the friends of Mrs. BETSEY R. with of M. O. L. KENDALL, of Bedford, N. H., who died at the residence of her brother, W. W. Gage, in Woburn, and only daughter of Mrs. ANNE GAGE, aged 25 years and 10 months.

BY ANNE GAGE MARSHALL.
I have had a sweet vision, oh, husband,
I have had a bright dream, children dear;
Come gather ye now, mother, brothers,
And the thought of my dream ye shall hear.

I thought, as the friend who has left us,
Was tossing in pain on his bed,
An angel from glory descended,
Addressing her spirit, it said—

I have come from the region of Heaven—
I have come from the home of the blest,
Where the souls of the just are made perfect,
And earth's wearied spirits find rest—

Where God, the all-merciful, dwelleth,
Where Jesus the Saviour doth reign,
And angels and saints in his presence
Bow down to the Lamb that was slain.

Where sorrow and pain cannot enter,
Where weeping and death cannot be,
So trusting our loved ones are ended,
From trouble the ransomed are free.

And mansions are made in that city,
The glory of God is its light,
The gates are of pearl, and the pavements
Are laid with the finest of gold.

No night in that region so perfect,
The glory of God is its light,
And music—most rapturous music—
For thousands of voices unite.

And there, in that beautiful city,
A welcome to each shall be given,
Thy Master hath called—thy labors are past—
Say, wilt thou leave earth to thy Heaven?

She thought of her husband, her children,
Thought, too, of her dear aged mother—
Her place in the church, and her pastor,
And the face of each dearly loved brother—

But the angel's kind words—"work is over,"
Made her bow for his blissful abode,
So trusting our loved ones are ended,
Her spirit went back to its God.

And now, O, ye friends, would ye call her
From the joys which to her are given?
Ah, no! but so live as to meet her
Among the freed spirits of Heaven.

LIQUOR DRINKING.
If men will drink alcohol in some shape, the least injurious time for it is during a regular meal, or within a few minutes after, for then the strength of the stimulus is expended on the digestive organs, and enables them to perform their work more thoroughly; and hence an amount of brandy which would make one tipsy, on an empty stomach, would have no effect if taken during dinner.

But that amount, to be in any way beneficial, must be in proportion to the fat or oil, used at the same meals; then it aids the system to appropriate the fat to itself; in other words, brandy taken with fatty food, tends to fatten quickly, but it does not give strength; fat people are not strong. On the other hand, it is a conceded fact in physiology, that alcohol in every shape impedes the digestion of the albuminous portion of our food, that is, brandy makes no flesh, makes no muscle, and gives no strength.

The prize fighter does not want fat; one man object in his training is to get rid of it, and replace it with substantial muscle—muscle, hence when in training he never touches liquor. The advocates of brandy triumphantly point to a ruddy-faced drinker and well filled skin, but fat is a disease, is a puff; he has no agility of limb, or courage in his heart, for he knows and we do too, that a lean stripping or a plough boy of twenty, who was never drunk in his life, "could whip them all to pieces in five minutes."

Away, then, with all the nonsense about brandy strengthening anybody; it weakens the head, it covers the heart, and wastes away the whole man.

WHY SALT LAKE IS SO SALT.—Mr. Greeley writes from the centre of Mormondom, as to the cause of the saltness of Salt Lake, thus:—"That this lake is salt is no anomaly. All large bodies of water into which streams discharge themselves, will have severely no outlet, or are should be salt. If one such is fresh, that is an anomaly indeed. Lake Utah probably receives as much saline matter as Salt Lake; but she discharges it through the Jordan, and remains herself fresh; while Salt Lake, having no issue save by evaporation, is probably the saltiest body on earth. The ocean is comparatively fresh; even the Mediterranean at Leghorn is not half so salt. I am told that three barrels of this water yield a barrel of salt; that seems rather strong, yet its intense saltness, no one who has not had it in his eyes, his mouth, and his nostrils, can realize. You can no more sink in it than in a clay bank, but a very little of it into your lungs would suffice to strangle you. You make your way in from a hot, rocky beach, over a chain of basalt that is trying to the feet; but at the depth of a yard or more, you have a fine sandy bottom, and here the bathing is delightful. The water is of a light green color, for ten or twenty rods, then 'deeply, darkly, beautifully blue.' No fish can live in it; no frog can abide in it; few birds are ever seen to dip into it."

TOM CORWIN.—A Western editor says he once heard ex-Senator Tom Corwin remark, that when "he first entered an office to study law, he was the subject of ridicule for every student in town, on account of his homespun dress," but adds he, "I have lived to see every one of them ten times as ragged as I was at that time—and why? I was economical—they were spendthrifts."

AN English missionary, now in Sumatra, lately wrote home that he "had the melancholy satisfaction of examining the oven in which his predecessor had been cooked."

GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN.—Trust not to uncertain riches, but prepare yourself for every emergency in life. Learn to work, and be not dependent on servants to make your bread; sweep your floors and darn your own stockings. Above all, do not esteem too lightly those honorable young men who sustain themselves and their aged parents by the work of their own hands while you care and receive into your company those lazy, idle popinjays, who never stir a finger to help themselves as long as they can keep body and soul together, and get funds sufficient to live in fashion. If you are wise, you will look at this subject in the light we do, and when you are old enough to become wives, you will prefer the honest mechanic, with not a cent to commence life, to the fashionable loafer, with a capital of ten thousand dollars. Whenever we hear remarked, "Such a young lady married a fortune," we always tremble for her future prosperity. Riches left to children by wealthy parents turn out to be a curse instead of a blessing. Young women, remember this, and instead of sounding the purse of your lovers and examining the cut of their coats, look into their habits and their hearts. Mark if they have a trade, and can depend upon themselves—see that they have minds which will lead them to look above a butterfly existence. Talk not of the beautiful white skin and soft delicate hand, the splendid form and fine appearance of the young gentleman. Let not these foolish considerations engross your thoughts.

"Maidens, like mortals, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where Scorpions might despair."

WINDOWS OPENED MORE WOULD KEEP DOCTORS FROM THE DOOR.—A very large quantity of fresh air is spoiled and rendered foul by the act of breathing. A man spoils not less than a gallon every minute. In eight hours' breathing, a full-grown man spoils as much air as seventeen three bushel sacks could hold! If he were shut up in a room seven feet long, seven feet broad, and seven feet high, the doors and windows fitting so tightly that no air could pass through, he would die, poisoned by his own breath, in a very few hours; in twenty-four hours he would have spoiled all the air contained in the room, and have converted it into poison! Reader, when you rise to-morrow morning, just go out of doors for five minutes, and observe carefully the freshness of the air. That air is in the state in which God keeps it for breathing. Then come back suddenly into your close room, and your own senses will at once make you feel how very far the air in your chamber is from being in the same wholesome and serviceable condition.

THE RIVAL COOKS.—During a truce between England and France, the cook of a Marshal of France invited the Duke of Marlborough's cook to dine with him. The Frenchman had at his entertainment all the extraordinary kitchen-haws which the fertile imagination of his country's art, could invent or his own whims produce; the Englishman allowed him to be prodigious master in the culinary profession, and on a certain day, invited him to return the visit. The day arrived, and the guests came, and when all were in expectation of a master stroke in giving some dishes a false appearance, or in the artful seasoning of others, there were brought in a plain sirloin of beef, and a plum pudding. After a short surprise, "Sir," said the Frenchman, "this is so common a dish on this occasion, that I did not expect anything like it." To which the other replied, "Monsieur, this is a dish proper for every Englishman to be proud of; this dish has carried my countrymen twice through France already, and I don't doubt but it will a third time."

MANAGING AND FEEDING WORKING OXEN.—Oxen working on a stone-drag, on the foot of a plow, on the sled tongue, cart, spike, or twitching stones or timber, should carry their heads up, as this enables them to do this work much easier; those that work as leaders, forward of other oxen, should carry their heads low, and have the yoke the right length, let the bows suit the neck; the yoke and bows to the leaders should set a little snigger than the oxen. Never use the whip but from necessity. When about to strike the young steer or ox, ask yourself, "Will he know what I strike him for?" Let each ox have a name, and be sure he knows his name. Never speak a word to an ox without meaning; have a particular word to start your team by, that all may pull together. Never hurry your team while riding behind them, lest they learn to haul apart. Oxen should be shed with a broad shoe, to travel on hard roads; the shoe on the fore foot should set back at the heel, nearly half an inch further than the hoof beats upon it. Oxen are frequently lame by reason of short shoes. The best feed for oxen at hard work, is to give to each two quarts of meal, wet mixed with good chopped hay, three times a day, and as much hay as he will eat; this is the highest feed working oxen ought to have, and on this they will work every day.—Yankee Farmer.

A FRIEND.—But, oh! the blessing it is to have a friend to whom one can speak fearlessly on any subject; with whom one's deepest as well as one's most foolish thoughts come out simply and safely. Oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person, having neither to give nor to receive thoughts nor measure words, but pouring them all right out, just as they are, and chaff and grain together, certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and then with the breath of kindness blow the rest away.—A Life for a Life.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

From Our Regular Correspondent.—

NEW YORK DEC. 15.

The municipal election has been certainly the sensation of the week. There was an unusual absence of bitterness of feeling among the rival parties; the great difference between two of the factions being a merely intellectual one, as to which of these two candidates opposed to their common enemy, had the best chance to win. Opinion changed and veered from hour to hour preceding the election, and it was absolutely impossible to foresee whether the two parties opposed to the successful candidate would or would not finally concentrate upon one standard-bearer.

But the election is over and still we are not out of the reach of political excitement.—Business is not brisk; consequently men are willing to talk and when willing to talk they are always capable of being excited. That is the mischief of idleness. If we had a brisk demand for goods which kept our merchants so busy that they had no time to doze over the morning papers, you would hear little enough about politics in the markets. But, as it is, men go down town to their business and find little to employ their hands and thoughts; consequently they drop in upon each other and interchange views on the lubrications of the morning paper. It may truly be said that newspapers give more decidedly the tone to public opinion in New York than in any other city hereabouts; perhaps in the world. The Tribune, Herald and Times are representations and leaders of three political schools which divide the bulk of our citizens; the Journal of Commerce and the Commercial Advertiser give two more shades of public opinion, not so extensively diffused. It is feared by some merchants that the troubles in progress may have an unfavorable effect on the Southern trade with this city, which usually opens about the tenth of January, but this apprehension is not general. However loudly professional politicians may talk they cannot deter the masses from demanding their usual supplies of food and clothing at the usual time; and so long as this continues to be the case merchants will make their preparations to meet the demand at the usual time.

People of a quiet and literary turn of mind would find it to their advantage to keep away from this city for the present. There is no talk but political talk, over the counter, across the breakfast table, in the stages, at the barber's, in the saloon. Politics is an invitingly easy subject of conversation, and when all the tribe of shallow wits pour out their little stream simultaneously on one topic, it is evident that we have more of one thing than sensitive human nature can bear.

But the holidays are coming! So that all dismal talk and sagacious looks and profound forbidding sighs will be banished for a week at least, that we may hold one carnival. The announcements in a literary way for the holidays are thus far very attractive. In the way of bi-journey there is a great deal of novelty offered; to-day there is held an auction sale of 1,251 lots of fancy articles of an immense variety of intent and character; this sale is for the purpose of supplying the trade who sell at retail; it makes a brilliant show and is numerously attended.

There is a disposition to renew agitation on the subject of cheap ferries to Brooklyn. The majority of inhabitants patronize the Fulton Ferry which has always paid a large profit at one cent ferriage, but the rate was raised to two cents after the incorporation of all the Fulton companies into one; so that the Fulton Ferry pays the expenses of others which are running unprofitably or with little profit, at one cent. The people cross Fulton Ferry, and object to paying double fare when a single penny would well support their ferry if it were not saddled with the maintenance of a ferry to the more aristocratic section of Brooklyn, (Wall to Montague) at running at the same fare, while its patronage is very limited comparatively. The question will probably be agitated until the Ferry company give way to the vox populi and let the masses of Brooklyn ride over to their business at the old rate.

The streets have been sufficiently icy for some days past to render walking in the streets a somewhat delicate operation, and skating thereon a very feasible one to numerous small boys. The skating at the Central Park promises to be a greater feature of popular amusement this winter than ever before, and the skate business is looking up already. Patent skates of all kinds are coming into vogue, at high prices; skates which need no strapping and buckling, so that a royal road is now open to this high art.

The Insurance Companies are making very little money this winter; fires are unusually frequent.

THE EXPENSE OF IDLENESS.—Few people ever seem to be aware how expensive a thing is idleness. It is narrated of Montague, that in making up his usual account for his own personal disbursements, he always added, "Item—for my abominable habit of idleness, one thousand lives." And if a man of business will calmly sit down and estimate the valuable time he has unnecessarily wasted, even the most active will be apt to shudder at his thoughtless extravagance. If so persons were to waste a moment in idleness which could be employed in labor without detriment to health or mental improvement, how many absolutely impoverished people would then be left in the world! How many hospitals less would society require! How strangely diminished the number of almshouses and penitentiaries!

Never remind other people of personal deformity, or of their relatives who have disgraced them.

Poetry.

The Withered Daisies.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE THE RIVER."

"Because she loved them,"

You ask me why I loved them so,

Those little simple flowers,

That over every pasture bloom,

In April's sunny showers;

And why a daisy wreath I twine,

Instead of dewy roses,

To hang about the holy shrine,

Where our lost child reposes.

Twas in the spring time that she came,

And all the forest rang,

Were bright with flowers without a name—

The hills were white with daisies.

You know how beautiful the grove,

How fair and sweet and holy,

But the violet, with morning dew,

Is not more pure and lowly.

She fitted like a sunbeam bright

Around our cottage door;

Her footsteps as a fairy's light,

Made music on the floor.

On every flower of root or blade

She lavished childish praisings;

She loved all things the Lord has made,

But most she loved the daisies.

How many thoughts beyond her years,

That then were all unclouded,

We think of now, with blinding tears—

Sweet thoughts, which we needed,

These happy years we led her feet

Along life's weary ways;

The fourth, we laid her down to sleep

Beneath the April daisies.

Tis well, and we are reconciled,

For he who gave the blossom,

Who lent to us our angel child,

Recalled her to his bosom;

And waiting till his angels come,

To sing with him his praises,

I'll keep her blessed memory

Enshrined in April daisies.

Business Cards.

CENTRAL CASH STORE!

The Subscribers having taken the store

lately occupied by Mr. O. Beaman, in Kelly's

Building, Main Street, would respectfully give

notice to the citizens of Woburn and vicinity,

that they will keep constantly on hand, all kinds

of

West India Goods, Groceries,

Provisions, Flour, Grain, Crockery, Earthenware,

Glass, Stone and Plaster Ware,

which they offer for sale, for CASH, or on as can

be bought at any time to the credit.

We would also respectfully give notice to our

examine our stock of goods, which are carefully

selected, and of the highest quality, and at the

lowest possible prices.

Goods delivered on order.

J. PETTINGILL & FOLLSMERE.

Woburn, April 15th, '59.

East Woburn Grocery Store.

H. RAMSDELL informs the inhabitants

of EAST WOBURN, that he keeps constantly

on hand a large and complete stock of

CIGARETTES, of all descriptions, and of the best

quality, and of the most fashionable brands,

which will be sold at the lowest possible

prices.

East Woburn, Sept. 1st, '59.

WILLIAM PRATT,

Watch-maker and Jeweller,

And dealer in Watches, Jewelry, Fancy

Goods, &c.

347 Washington Street, Boston.

Particular attention given to repairing Watches.

May 14, '59.

FATHER KEMP,

AND

B. F. NICHOLS,

Respectfully give notice to their friends and

the public, that they have opened a

NEW BOOT AND SHOE SALOON

142 Hanover Street,

Next door to the Tea Store between Blackstone

and Union Streets.

June 1st, '59.

BOSTON.

LUMBER.

TO CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS. All kinds

of LUMBER, of the best quality, and at the

lowest possible prices, for sale at very low

prices, for sale at very low prices, for sale

at very low prices, for sale at very low

prices, for sale at very low prices, for sale

at very low prices, for sale at very low

prices, for sale at very low prices, for sale

at very low prices, for sale at very low

prices, for sale at very low prices, for sale

at very low prices, for sale at very low

prices, for sale at very low prices, for sale

at very low prices, for sale at very low

prices, for sale at very low prices, for sale

at very low prices, for sale at very low

prices, for sale at very low prices, for sale

at very low prices, for sale at very low

prices, for sale at very low prices, for sale

YOU HAD BETTER

TRY MY MOTHER'S SALVE.

This Celebrated Preparation has

been a remedy for the most distressing

diseases, and has been the means of

restoring to health and vigor the most

debilitated and diseased, and has been

the means of saving many lives, and

has been the means of saving many

lives, and has been the means of saving

many lives, and has been the means of

saving many lives, and has been the

means of saving many lives, and has

been the means of saving many lives,

and has been the means of saving many

lives, and has been the means of saving

many lives, and has been the means of

saving many lives, and has been the

means of saving many lives, and has

been the means of saving many lives,

and has been the means of saving many

lives, and has been the means of saving

many lives, and has been the means of

saving many lives, and has been the

means of saving many lives, and has

been the means of saving many lives,

and has been the means of saving many

lives, and has been the means of saving

many lives, and has been the means of

saving many lives, and has been the

means of saving many lives, and has

been the means of saving many lives,

and has been the means of saving many

lives, and has been the means of saving

many lives, and has been the means of

saving many lives, and has been the

means of saving many lives, and has

been the means of saving many lives,

and has been the means of saving many

lives, and has been the means of saving

many lives, and has been the means of

saving many lives, and has been the

means of saving many lives, and has

been the means of saving many lives,

and has been the means of saving many

lives, and has been the means of saving

many lives, and has been the means of

saving many lives, and has been the

means of saving many lives, and has

been the means of saving many lives,

and has been the means of saving many

lives, and has been the means of saving

many lives, and has been the means of

saving many lives, and has been the

means of saving many lives, and has

been the means of saving many lives,

and has been the means of saving many

lives, and has been the means of saving

many lives, and has been the means of

saving many lives, and has been the

means of saving many lives, and has

been the means of saving many lives,

and has been the means of saving many

lives, and has been the means of saving

many lives, and has been the means of

saving many lives, and has been the

means of saving many lives, and has

been the means of saving many lives,

and has been the means of saving many

lives, and has been the means of saving

many lives, and has been the means of

saving many lives, and has been the

means of saving many lives, and has

been the means of saving many lives,

and has been the means of saving many

lives, and has been the means of saving

many lives, and has been the means of

saving many lives, and has been the

means of saving many lives, and has

been the means of saving many lives,

and has been the means of saving many

lives, and has been the means of saving

many lives, and has been the means of

saving many lives, and has been the

means of saving many lives, and has

been the means of saving many lives,

and has been the means of saving many

lives, and has been the means of saving

many lives, and has been the means of

saving many lives, and has been the

Woburn Book Store.

A LARGE SUPPLY OF

NEW BOOKS, STATIONERY, WRITING

PAPERS, BLANK BOOKS, HOUSE

PAPERS, FANCY GOODS, &c.

Consisting of works in History, Theology, Poetry

Fiction, Agriculture, the Arts, and general literature.

A constant supply of all the

LATEST BOOKS.

In the Engraving of Washington, this splendid

engraving is from original paintings by Hickey,

and is engraved on steel in the highest style of

art. They are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,

and are each 20x25 inches, and contain

100,000,0

